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LATIN AND GREEK VERSE

BY THE REV.

THOMAS SAUNDERS EVANS, M.A., D.D.

OF ST JOHN'S COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE,
LATE CANON OF DURHAM, AND PROFESSOR OF GREEK AND
CLASSICAL LITERATURE IN THE UNIVERSITY OF DURHAM.

EDITED, WITH MEMOIR,

BY THE REV.

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PREFACE.

THIS volume is published in compliance with a wish very warmly expressed by numerous friends and admirers of Professor Evans. Those who are more immediately responsible for its issue have been actuated, independently of this external appeal, by an affectionate desire to furnish a memorial of an original and highly gifted man, considered by many to have few rivals in his special department of scholarship. They venture also to hope that it may exercise some reinvigorating influence upon a branch of scholarship which has flourished in this country in the past, but is at present, in the opinion of some competent judges, exhibiting unmistakable symptoms of decay.

The compositions now given to the public are only a portion of a much larger number found amongst Professor Evans's papers. Many of those that are withheld well merit publication. But for the purpose now contemplated it has not been deemed necessary to print

them all or indeed desirable to put forth a collection of more than moderate dimensions. Those pieces have been selected which seemed to be the most finished or most characteristic of the author's genius and his singular felicity in handling the two great languages of civilised antiquity. Many of his best productions, having already appeared in print, are more or less extensively known. Of these therefore a considerable number, though not all, have been excluded from this volume. Amongst the omitted is the very amusing poem called The Nihilist in the Hayfield, afterwards more appropriately designated The Agnostic in the Hayfield. It was printed separately, but only a limited number of copies passed into circulation, the remainder having been destroyed in a fire which occurred on the premises of the publishers. Space however could not be found for it in this book. There remain therefore ample materials for a supplementary volume which could scarcely fail to be appreciated by scholars and to render effective service to persons engaged in classical education. Whether any such supplement will ensue is contingent, in some measure, upon a demand arising for it.

J. WAITE.

NORHAM, *September*, 1893.

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MEMOIR.

THOMAS SAUNDERS EVANS, fourth son of David Evans of Belper, was born on March 8, 1816. He sprang from an old Welsh family, which had already produced men of ability and learning. His paternal great-grandfather, in whose mould he was apparently cast, was Vicar of Headcorn in Kent towards the end of last century. He was an excellent Greek scholar and left behind him many literary notes and papers, marked, as Mr Evans often said, by critical insight of a high order. He was reflected in his great-grandson in other respects besides his scholarship, for he is said to have had a musical and pathetic voice, and he was so impressive a reader of the Anglican Church services that, according to a local tradition, people came from far and near to hear the Litany in his church.

The most noticeable circumstance in Mr Evans's early boyhood was his devoted love of architecture. When he was eight years old he knew by heart every church in the neighbourhood of his home. He invested those he admired with a kind of personality and spoke of them as objects of affection. One of his sisters states that he would stand a whole afternoon on the steps of a shop door in Derby silently contemplating the beautiful outline of the tower of All Saints Church. During a visit to an aunt at Lichfield he spent five consecutive hours in committing to memory the noble west front of the cathedral, and shortly afterwards made an accurate drawing of it simply from recollection. The pictures

with which he thus stored his mind were not merely stereotyped impressions, but served him as a collection of suggestive forms, which he soon showed a premature power of moulding into new and ingenious combinations. There is considerable beauty as well as originality both of conception and detail, if not a touch of genius even, in the sketches of his boyhood. Had he been allowed to follow his youthful bent, he would have pursued architecture as a profession, and he retained his love of it throughout his life. There is an interesting example of his artistic skill preserved in the Dean and Chapter library at Durham in the form of a cathedral carved in rock-salt, with which he strove to beguile his grief on the death of his wife. It was, indeed, executed as a memorial of her. He was perpetually designing and if a friend lent him a book it rarely came back without its margins being embellished with towers, spires, façades and similar devices.

These creations of the finely-pointed pencil which he always carried about with him seem to have aided the processes of his thought. Many of his books are profusely illustrated with these graceful fancies, clustering most richly around the passages on which he had pondered longest. There was, in fact, a real and close analogy between his architectural taste and his scholarship.

When he was nine years old, he was sent for tuition to an uncle, the Rev. George Evans, Vicar of Ruyton, near Oswestry. He too was a sound scholar, a man of vigorous intellect, and a strict disciplinarian. His nephew was drilled by him into a thorough acquaintance with the Eton Latin and Greek grammars and made to learn by heart a portion of Vergil every day, in the repetition of which he committed a false quantity only at the risk of a flogging. Finding that his uncle was sensitive to an east wind, which as long as it lasted would postpone lessons to a later hour, he tied down the church weathercock so as to point fixedly eastward. The persistent immobility of the vane aroused suspicion, which

led not only to a solution of the mystery but to the chastisement of the culprit. This uncle laid the foundations of his scholarship and first introduced him to his favourite Vergil. The impressions left by the two years he spent at Ruyton never faded from his memory and the manner in which he recalled them showed how observant he must have been as a boy. His quaint descriptions of the antique church-services, the high-backed pews, the pictures of Moses and Aaron in the chancel, the old-world congregation, the manners, speech, and rustic costume of the country-people, sounded like some of the best passages of Fielding's novels. He used to say :— 'The world has turned a sharp corner since then.'

At the age of twelve he went to Shrewsbury school, then under Dr Butler, unquestionably the most eminent teacher of his time. Asked what he had read, he mentioned a few books. 'Take your Vergil,' said Dr Butler, 'and construe.' He delivered his rendering in a boy's treble and with some trepidation in the presence of the formidable Sixth, but it secured him a place in the Lower Fifth. When his proficiency in grammar was ascertained, he was more than once called up to recite sections of it as an example to the Upper Forms.

The general school-life of the period was somewhat rough. Spartan diet was the order of the day. Fights were fierce and frequent, amounting at Shrewsbury, it is said, to as many as seventy in one term. Under such circumstances, if they are not exaggerated, work must have been pursued in the daily dust of battle. However the preparation of lessons and the regular compositions were rigidly exacted at Shrewsbury whether fights were few or many. In any case they probably did not discompose in the least a boy of Mr Evans's temperament. He speedily acquired a wonderful fertility and fluency in verse-writing, which became one of his chief pastimes. The customary exercises, though sufficiently numerous, left him a margin of leisure, which he employed in recording boyish adventures, happy thoughts, or any entertaining trifles

in Latin or Greek lines. The promise of his future eminence as a composer is discernible in a copy of Elegiacs, written when he was about fourteen, commemorative of an escapade in which he and a comrade who was, like himself, on the aeger-list, played truant and made an angling expedition to the Severn. His questionable state of health is intimated in the opening lines :

> Me nuper medicus, sed non ego, credidit aegrum;
> nec scripto fuerim sanus an aeger opus.

Then he describes the tremulous delight of hooking a trout, the sunny hours on the river-banks, and the unwelcome warning to depart given by the declining God of Day.

> Gressibus inuitis fluviales linquimus undas;
> fata coegerunt linquere; uesper erat.
> ipse nouem ostendi truttas sociumque rogaui:
> tu quoque quot pisces? rettulit ille decem.

Next comes the sudden apparition of two masters, the flight of the delinquents, their hiding in the long grass, the capture, the laughter of masters and boys, and of Phoebus himself at the jest. The piece winds up with a moral reflexion in allusion to the punishment which was not escaped.

> Cepimus ut pisces capti sumus, unde patebit
> simus ut ignarum quid ferat hora genus:
> hoc liquet, hoc certum est, si quis mala retia tendat,
> in laqueos aliis quos locat ipse cadit.

The mark of ownership inscribed on the fly-leaf of his books was :—

> Hice liber meus est, quis enim iam nesciat illud?
> respiciat nomen qui male credit, Evans.
> sed quoniam cui nomen Evans sit plurimus alter,
> praenomen Thomas est mihi, nomen Evans.

There is much other material of a like kind very apt and clever as the diversion of a school-boy.

The blue ribbon of Shrewsbury was the prize awarded to

a poem in Latin Hexameters on a given theme. The subject for 1834 was Arcticus Oceanus. Though low in the sixth at the time Evans was probably bound to compete for this distinction, usually achieved by the head-boy. Dr Butler, according to a description given of the scene by one who was present, entered the school-room dressed with his habitual punctiliousness and said amidst the silence of eager expectation :—'The exercise which has been successful this year is 'one of no ordinary kind. It is worthy of Vergil. Its motto 'is 'Pelham.'' It was Evans's motto. It has not been found possible to recover a copy of this composition. Mr Evans was heard shortly before his death to recite some ten lines of it, which had in them a clear and stately Vergilian ring and, if they might be taken as a sample of the whole, it must have been an exercise such as is rarely sent in by a school-boy.

The winning of this prize was the culminating point of Mr Evans's success at Shrewsbury. Shortly afterwards he went to Cambridge.

Shrewsbury was at this time and afterwards a classical school such as has never been surpassed. Parr, Monk, Drury, Longley, Dr Scott, Master of Balliol, and Kennedy extolled with one voice Butler's learning, teaching, and general system. A saying of Wordsworth, Master of Trinity, though curious, is strong testimony to his fostering care for the interests of the school. 'Dr Butler comes here year after year, just as a 'first-rate London milliner makes a yearly visit to Paris,—to 'get the fashions.' Mr Evans wrote to him as follows :—'I 'shall never forget my early days, for to speak what I think 'in common with others, so beautifully solemn was your 'Lordship's manner of unfolding the properties of the ancient 'writers that those who heard could not choose but learn ; 'nor is it strange if in me, among many of your pupils, there 'was kindled a flame which I hope will never be extinguished.'

The amount of work the boys did for themselves and the wide range their reading took excites genuine surprise.

Mr Evans, before he left the school had filled several manuscript volumes in which Latin and Greek words and idioms are carefully tabulated with their nearest English equivalents. He used to say in his architectural phraseology :—'Words are the bricks of language. With them we 'must build,'—and he always insisted emphatically on what seems to be very much overlooked, that a copious and exact vocabulary is one of the very first requisites for a scholar. Professor Mayor's remarks on the private reading of the Shrewsbury boys in the Classical Review (Vol. III.) are most interesting. They render perfectly intelligible the extraordinary roll of University distinctions gained by the school. It carried off University scholarships in Oxford in five successive years from 1828. Between 1840 and 1860, fifty-one Fellowships in Oxford and Cambridge fell to Shrewsbury men. At the date of the seventy-ninth Porson Prize, that honour had been won forty times by Salopians. Yet the school had a most moderate endowment and its numbers ranged from about 100 to 150. Kennedy's brilliant career as an undergraduate at Cambridge is said to have been mainly due to what he had acquired at Shrewsbury. A like statement applies with more or less truth to other scholars of high mark.

To the Shrewsbury of that date belongs the credit of having, as a classical training place, cultivated gifted boys to the top of their powers and done all that could be done for boys of moderate ability, for whom schools mainly exist.

In April 1835, at the age of nineteen, he was entered as Pensioner at St John's College, Cambridge, of which his eldest brother, the Rev. John Harrison Evans, appointed Headmaster of Sedbergh School in 1838, was then Foundation Fellow. Here he rejoined some of his old school-comrades, F. A. Paley, Henry Thompson, William Parkinson, and others who had preceded him to the University. The history of his career as an undergraduate is meagre. Though always fond

of vigorous and bracing exercise, a stalwart pedestrian and swimmer, he did not take much part in the regular athletics of the University. As he was of a very companionable temperament and generally left vivid impressions of himself in the minds of those with whom he lived, such of his college-contemporaries as still survive probably retain reminiscences of his sayings and doings in the social life of the University. Some of these recollections, if they were recoverable after the lapse of more than half a century, would no doubt furnish a more life-like idea of the man than any specification of arid dates and facts can possibly do. But they are not forthcoming. In 1836 he ran a neck-and-neck race for the University Scholarship and one examiner considered him to stand first. The copy of Greek Iambics which he sent in on the occasion was pronounced by Bishop Maltby to be 'the very best he had ever known done in an examina-'tion.' It was at Cambridge that he became notable, like Shilleto, for impromptu renderings into Latin and Greek verse, of which there are many amusing specimens. A friend, strolling with him in the sunshine over the turf in the grounds of S. John's, said:—'Well, Evans, what do you intend to do? 'Will you come to my rooms and have some potted beef, 'or are you going to bask here?' His answer was: 'suaue 'uorare bouem sed suauius apricari.' Tom Taylor, the well-known dramatist and former editor of Punch, asked him at a wine party to give on the spot in a Latin Hexameter:—'forty oxen feeding like one.' 'Well,' he answered without pause, 'you shall have it with one false quantity:—quadraginta 'boues pascentes unius instar.' On his asserting that there was no saying in any language or dialect which could not be readily and accurately reproduced in the Greek Iambic Trimeter, some one said:—'Let us have in an Iambic line—'"Well old stick-in-the-mud, how's your conk?"' He immediately replied:—'ἐν βορβόρῳ στηρικτέ, πῶς ἔχεις κάρα;' His mock-heroic version of 'like beans,' given at a later date, was:—

'Pythagorae cognatarum de more fabarum,' in which however he granted that 'de more' should be 'more' simply.

He took several college prizes and in 1838 won the Porson. Butler, then Bishop of Lichfield, naturally gratified by another Shrewsbury laurel, said afterwards of the composition he sent in, that 'by general consent it was allowed to rank among the 'very best of those competitions.' Having failed to gain a place in the Mathematical Tripos, he was debarred by University rule from going in for Classical Honours. Shilleto, in a letter, expressed his regret for this mishap which Mr Evans 'shared with several other first-rate scholars' and said that, after a careful inspection, in his capacity of examiner, of the work of the other candidates, he had no doubt Mr Evans would have been 'amongst the very foremost men of his year.' Mr Evans brilliantly avenged himself for what he considered a hardship by writing the 'Μαθηματογονία, or the Mythological 'Birth of the Nymph Mathesis.' This composition, which was printed, attracted the general attention of scholars and was greatly admired. Butler, in a complimentary letter, asked for two copies of it and sent one of them to Maltby, whom he pronounced to be 'one of the very best judges on such a 'subject that Europe could produce.' The two learned Bishops concurred in the verdict that they were 'decidedly 'the very best Greek verses either of them had ever read.' Butler circulated them through the entire Bench of Bishops. Professor Mayor says that they 'would not have disgraced a 'Tragedian in the best days of Athens.' Notwithstanding his mathematical failure there was some expectation that his known classical attainments would have secured him a Fellowship at St John's.

He took his B.A. Degree in 1839 and then spent a year at Cambridge, probably taking pupils. In 1840 he visited his brother at Sedbergh, where he was struck and greatly diverted by the native manners. He described these to his friend Dr H. Thompson, in a letter apparently modelled on the style

of the Agricola of Tacitus which he had just been reading. From this characteristic travesty the following passages are extracts which may possibly be found entertaining.

'The hyperboreans are a singular race of beings: the men 'are lofty in stature, stern of aspect: the women, not so tall, 'are notwithstanding broad, deep-waisted, sturdy: high cheek-'bones is a predominant feature in either sex: their hair, red 'or brown, their eyes, black or blue, proclaim a Saxon or a 'Norman lineage.

'Their shoes roofed with leather, what is worthy of remark, 'repose upon wooden foundations: hence, the streets of their 'town being narrow and full of galleries and echoes, and the 'timber-work of these enormous slippers clanking against the 'stones or stumbling across a doorstep as chance or inebriety 'may direct, the northern Britons surpass all other nations in 'the noise of their tread; so clamorous and so terrific are the 'symptoms of their whereabout that, if their approach were 'heard and not seen, you might call them heroes rather than 'men.

'Sitting, standing, or walking, they weave the air with 'clouds of smoke. A clay pipe is ever in their mouths, which, 'protruding from their lips and claiming a common origin with 'themselves, seems to form an essential part of their earthly 'composition. But this is not the case; the instrument being 'a hollow tube through which is inhaled not the frankincense 'of Arabia, but a more fragrant herb which, traversing the 'broad Atlantic, scatters joy and smoke over the western 'world.

'The natives, wholly destitute of pride, neither wear locusts 'in their hair nor call themselves coeval with the soil: York 'and Rome are esteemed alike. Naturally deficient in sensi-'bility and handicraft they devote themselves neither to 'music nor fencing, and the former of these accomplishments, 'while it is little cultivated by the higher classes of society, is 'regarded by the dregs of the commonalty as frippery and

'moonshine. The singing in their churches bears testimony 'to my assertions, where, incontinent of voice, heedless of 'harmony and effect, they pour forth a stream of fortuitous 'tones. Pickpockets are rarely found among them, for, as I 'have before observed, their fingers, void of discrimination and 'feeling, are little adapted to discover the apertures of costume, 'still less to explore.

'Slow to anger, when enraged they surpass the Bengal 'tiger in fury: like a prodigious rock, they prefer rest to 'motion, but when they have received an impulse, their down-'ward course is marked by blood and dismay. Differing from 'the French, they recoil from riots and revolutions: sought by 'battle not seeking, sometimes provoked by perils, never 'provoking, they are less the suitors of jeopardy than jeopardy 'of them. But when the war-storm has once broken, disdain-'ing flight, fearless of death, they conquer or fall.

'On festive occasions, fired with rum and courage, they 'rush into battle armed with fists and fury; they beat, they 'bruise, they batter, or interweaving their arms in bitter 'friendship, nails, teeth, and timbered shoes supplying the 'place of more manly weapons, tearing, biting, kicking, their 'comrades shouting, hallooing as favour or caprice may incline, 'they fall one or both to the ground; at length, the conqueror 'being proclaimed, the mangled pugilists, their eyes blackened 'or eclipsed, their nostrils swollen or bloody, all traces of 'features and humanity obliterated, are borne away by their 'companions triumphantly clamorous or ingloriously dumb.'

A portion of a copy of Latin Hexameters, composed in a hayfield during the visit to Sedbergh, accompanied this letter. These verses were incorporated, with very slight changes, into the poem afterwards published under the title of 'The Nihil-'ist in the Hayfield.'

In 1841 he was appointed a Classical Master at Shrewsbury under Dr Kennedy. Thus two of the most accomplished scholars of the day were brought into close cooperation. His

school-work was the composition of the Sixth Form and the general teaching of the Fifth, with that of the Sixth in case of Dr Kennedy's absence. So responsible a charge indicated Dr Kennedy's complete confidence in his scholarship and his power of communicating it. This trust was amply justified by the results. Professor Mayor, in an obituary notice of Mr Evans in the Eagle of June 1889, says with reference to this period:—

'I had the great happiness to be one of his earliest pupils 'and learnt for the first time in my life what composition 'means and how it imparts as no other training can impart 'a living sympathy with the great masters of style.'

Between Dr Kennedy and Mr Evans a lasting friendship grew up. It was a pleasure to hear them speak of each other. Both were sincere men, quite devoid of any disposition to flatter or bestow undue praise. Each held the other's learning in the highest estimation. Mr Evans said he had never come into contact with any man who surpassed Kennedy in width and variety of information, or in power of speech, or in tenacity and exactitude of memory. Kennedy always took Mr Evans's counsel in adjudging and correcting the prize compositions. He said that he considered him a 'thorough 'scholar, equally accurate and elegant'; that, 'as a judge of 'classical composition, he hardly thought his superior could 'be found'; and that, besides his accuracy and elegance, he believed there were few scholars 'more large or profound.' Of his biblical learning also Kennedy spoke with a grateful recollection of 'many an interesting and to him instructive 'conversation' on the 'interpretation of the New Testament, 'especially the Epistles of St Paul'; and of the assistance which he had been 'glad to obtain from him on matters of 'doubt in the interpretation of Scripture.' At a later date, when he was engaged on his grammatical works, his correspondence with Mr Evans shows how highly he valued his judgment upon what he had then in view, an entire remodelling of classical grammars. On questions of taste these

scholars did not always agree, and it was amusing to hear Mr Evans complain in his good-natured manner of Kennedy having altered, without consulting him, and having thereby disfigured a passage in one of his compositions published in the Sabrinae Corolla.

During his Shrewsbury period he experienced a great sorrow in the loss of a sister to whom he was much attached. She was nineteen years old and is said to have been both gifted and handsome. She died in 1843 after a single day's illness. He took the bereavement so heavily to heart that it seems to have influenced the current of his career. Several of his letters of this date indicate that the rooted religious feeling which was a part of his nature was strongly asserting itself and turning his thoughts to Holy Orders. There is reason to believe that his sister's death decided him. He was ordained Deacon in 1844 and Priest in 1846.

He now entered upon one of the most active and in some respects the most progressive stages of his life. To his school-work were added the duties of the curacy of St Mary's, Shrewsbury. His days were spent in teaching, his evenings and holidays in visiting the parish. In one of his earliest parochial calls he was asked bluntly by a controversial butcher how he proved the divinity of the Saviour; 'I have not come 'to discuss theology, Mr Turnbull,' he replied with great suavity, 'but to inform you that I have been appointed curate 'of St Mary's.' Those who knew the charming simplicity of his manner will be able to picture him making this answer, which in fact fully met all the requirements of the case. His first essays in preaching were made in the pulpit of St Mary's and Kennedy who heard him there pronounced him a 'good 'preacher' even at that early stage of his experience.

He began also at this time to deepen his classical scholarship, instigated in all likelihood by his school-work and by his intercourse with Kennedy. He said modestly at a later date:—'I had no pretensions to scholarship until I reached 'the age of twenty-seven. It was then I commenced to read

'and think for myself, carefully analysing the meaning of 'words and the grammatical structure of the dead languages.' A man who had written the Μαθηματογονία eight years before, could be said to have no pretensions to scholarship only in a special sense. Till then his scholarship had been empirical rather than scientific. He was perfectly familiar with the facts of the classical tongues, and was imbued with the spirit of them. Few men could use their nicest and subtlest forms of expression with equal ease and grace. But he had not made their vocabulary or structure a matter of rigorous philological investigation. From phenomena he now proceeded to principles, observing the true order of acquiring the mastery of language. If he was late in beginning this kind of study, it is probable that, had he begun it earlier, the full flow and freedom of his composition would have been impaired, from the tendency of strict method to check the spontaneous play of imagination, feeling, and taste. It is to be regretted that so little is left on record of the results of his analytical research, which, as Dr Sanday has observed, was of a truly scientific character. It was pursued partly in the seclusion of the library; mainly on his long and often lonely walks. Only shreds of it were ever committed to paper; still less was given to the public. What did become known was, with the exception of an occasional but always interesting article in a periodical, communicated in the lecture-room or in casual conversation. He was averse to writing, most unobtrusive in social intercourse and perhaps carried too far his repugnance to anything like a display of learning. The spirit of the maxim 'scire tuum 'nihil est, nisi te scire hoc sciat alter' was totally alien to him. The late Principal Shairp, a warm admirer of his erudition, advised a near connection of Mr Evans's to take habitual notes of what he let drop in conversation, saying that, if this were not done, much would be lost to the world. The suggestion was not acted on because such a practice would have been distasteful to Mr Evans had he become

aware of it. But much, no doubt, perished with him in consequence, and much is but dimly remembered which, had it been carefully jotted down, would have been prized by scholars and divines. To enquirers or interested listeners he was most unreserved in imparting his knowledge and his theories. But he said more than once that conclusions, which he had reached after long thought and made known to others had been printed and become public property without any acknowledgment of their origin. In one or two cases he remonstrated with writers by whom this had been done. The truth was that his mode of stating his views, which bore the signature of the man as distinctly as the language in which they were conveyed, was so lucid and attractive that they took root in men's memories and then passed from mouth to mouth in ever-widening circles till the centre of radiation was forgotten. The bread which he cast upon the waters returned to him after many days as if another's hand and not his had cast it. He became more reticent in his later years, perhaps contemplating, what was repeatedly urged upon him, the publication of some of the fruits of his long meditation on scholarship and theology. He once asked a friend his opinion on the primary and derivative senses of χρηματίζεσθαι. On receiving an answer he said he did not think it was quite right. Asked in turn what his own view was, he answered:— 'Well I think I have made it out,' but he declined to say more. So χρηματίζεσθαι possibly carries a secret in its bosom which has yet to be wormed out.

His ordination was apparently the occasion of his directing his attention still more closely to Hellenistic Greek, which study he now took up with increased ardour and continued diligently to the end of his life. Here again it is to be regretted that so comparatively little of the products of his thought came to light. The felicity with which he applied scholarship to purposes of interpretation was seen in his sermons and more conspicuously in his exposition of the

First Epistle to the Corinthians in *The Speaker's Commentary*. It is well illustrated in his Shrewsbury time by a letter addressed to the Rev. A. T. Paget, Fellow of Caius College, Cambridge and, at that date, a colleague at Shrewsbury, who had expressed his dissatisfaction with the stereotyped phrase 'justification by faith' and desired to have Mr Evans's opinion on the point. Mr Evans begins his answer with a characteristic apology for not replying earlier. He says that 'every chink and cranny of his time is crammed with occupation', but that he 'happens to have a loophole of an hour or 'two through which he hastens to slip a reply into the letter-'box' of his friend's 'expectation.' He then examines with great exactness all the terms and especially the prepositions employed by S. Paul in connexion with justification and draws the conclusion that they represent only different aspects, which he describes very luminously, of one and the same general truth. This truth he considers to be correctly embodied in the expression 'justification by faith.' Carefully as many distinguished theological scholars have traversed the same ground since, perhaps nothing that they have said is more convincing and certainly nothing is clearer than this close and well-reasoned disquisition, which is obviously the result of independent thought. He begs his friend to return him the letter, as he will probably require it for the composition of a sermon on the subject. This request is an example of the conscientious pains he always bestowed on his deliverances from the pulpit.

In 1847 he was appointed to a mastership at Rugby under Dr Tait. Arnold had been dead five years, but the surviving influence of his powerful spirit still held sway in the school. With Arnold's growing sense of the value of Latin and Greek verse-writing as an instrument of education, he would have prized Mr Evans's unsurpassed powers in that department of scholarship. With his strong conviction that the interpretation of Scripture is a study to be pursued in the first instance

according to the laws of language irrespectively of foregone dogmatic decisions, he would have felt the same sort of satisfaction which Kennedy had derived from intercourse with one whose habitual method this had been for some years and who had acquired singular skill in the application of it. The spirit of Arnold however as breathed at Rugby by those who had been his coadjutors or pupils, however estimable and excellent, was not identical with the spirit of Arnold himself. Mr Evans was not altogether in touch with it; neither was Dr Tait, nor his successor Dr Goulburn. Both among his earlier and later colleagues at Rugby there were men of eminent ability, such as Bonamy Price, Cotton, afterwards Bishop of Calcutta, C. A. Anstey, C. T. Arnold, Theodore Walrond, J. C. Shairp, subsequently Principal of S. Andrews, Dr Potts, late Principal of Fettes College, who have all gone to their rest; C. Evans, now Rector of Solihull, C. B. Hutchinson, G. G. Bradley, Dean of Westminster, J. W. Jex-Blake, Dean of Bath and Wells, Richard Congreve, R. B. Mayor, the present Archbishop of Canterbury and A. G. Butler. Dr Temple, the present Bishop of London, was head-master when Mr Evans left.

He succeeded a man after his own heart, his old friend and tutor George Kennedy, a scholar of very high repute, as composition-master to the Sixth Form, combining with that work, by an irony of circumstances, the teaching of the lowest Form in the School, consisting of some ten or twelve boys. It was in a history lesson with these little boys that having asked for what a certain King of England was remarkable he received the answer 'for vice and immortality', whereupon he said 'you are right, my boy, to a t'. A failure of this very juvenile Form in one of the school examinations drew from him in conjunction with Mr C. Evans a copy of racy Greek anapaests, contained in this volume, in which he castigated them smartly for their idleness and stupidity and at the same time assuaged his own wrath. Dr Goulburn

promoted him to the mastership of the Twenty which, being a shell to the Sixth and next to it in rank, was the nursery of scholarship, while the Fifth was in the capable hands of Dean Bradley. An account of him as he appeared in the eyes of the more gifted Rugby boys at this time is given by Mr A. Sidgwick in the *Classical Review* (Vol. III. No. 7). Being too young for admission to the Sixth Mr Sidgwick had to remain one year and three-quarters in the Twenty. The lack of motive to exertion which resulted from this position was, as he recalls vividly and gratefully, made good by 'the higher 'kind of stimulus to eager and careful classical study which 'Mr Evans's teaching supplied.' When he entered the Twenty, he says, he conceived of grammar as a dull aggregate of rules to be applied mechanically in order to avoid blunders. 'When I left the Twenty,' he adds, 'I conceived it an 'imperfect but indispensable attempt to delineate the fea- 'tures of a living thing of thought, profoundly interesting in 'the way that a great personality is interesting, a thing in 'which all the parts and elements had an inner coherence 'that could be felt when it could not be expressed, and the 'apprehension of which required a combination of subtle 'intellectual sympathy with precise and elaborate comparison 'of particulars. And I believed that by the guidance of a 'master I had been brought face to face with the essential 'features of the two entities of this class called Greek and 'Latin, and that whatever knowledge remained for me to 'learn I could acquire for myself.' He goes on to testify 'to 'the remarkable impressiveness of Mr Evans's teaching. I 'have had, at Rugby and since, classical masters to whom I 'owed much, still, when I think of subtle discussion on 'language, I always find the most natural embodiment of it 'in recalling Tom Evans's tall figure and grave face with hair '*then* raven-black, his slow deliberate emphatic statement 'and the bright smile that used occasionally to break out, 'when he came to the really cogent argument, the really

'luminous distinction, the really close-fitting English equiva-
'lent.'—'I should be inclined to lay even more stress on his
'—as it seemed to me—unique gift of writing Latin and
'Greek verse, especially Greek, as if it was the natural mode
'of expressing his feelings; and on the fine literary sensibility
'shown in his translations of the work done in form, made
'more effective by his slow and loving delivery of the passages
'on which he had spent special care.'

Notwithstanding the difficulties with which Dr Goulburn had to contend at Rugby, at no time in the history of the school was there a higher polish of scholarship or a more brilliant roll of academical distinctions than during three years of his headmastership. This result was considered by competent judges who had every opportunity of forming a correct opinion to have been largely due to the advancement of Mr Evans to a position in the school which gave him a firm hold upon the scholarship. Lessons in the Greek Testament were also a part of his work and a colleague has described them as 'marvellous and most interesting even to 'the dullest boys,' and adds that 'his lessons in Sophocles 'produced a great impression.' One of his pupils who attended both, now a distinguished scholar, says of those on the Greek Testament :—'they were no less remarkable than his 'classical teaching. Few of us will ever forget the revelation 'of *method* received from these lessons; the sense of grap-
'pling at first hand with a hard and important problem, a
'patient and thorough attempt to make out all that was
'conveyed.' He goes on to say with regard to his composition teaching :—'the same profound and passionate study
'of expression, the same mastery, fertility and felicity on his
'own part, were perhaps even more noticeable here than in
'his form lessons.' He adds :—'whether we worked and
'learned from him or were idle and threw away our chances,
'there was no boy who came across him who did not feel
'for him the warmest respect and affection. That he was

'kind and gentle and polite, with an old-fashioned courtesy 'and charm, transparently simple and candid,—these things 'we could all see: that he was warm-hearted and unselfish 'and unworldly and reverent and filled with good thoughts, 'though we did not speak much of this and it might not be 'easy to say how we knew it, yet this too was not unknown 'to us.'

His time at Rugby was probably one of the happiest portions of his life. It brought him into close and sympathetic intimacy with Dr Goulburn. They did not see much of each other after their Rugby relationship ceased, though they met occasionally, but letters testify in a touching manner to the warm personal affection which subsisted between them. Amongst the other masters also he found some most congenial and attached friends.

The Archbishop of Canterbury joined the staff in 1852 and Arthur G. Butler a little later, both of whom, as a colleague expresses it 'delighted in him.' His letters written at various times to the Rugby associates of his work and walks in Greek Iambics, Latin Hexameters, Elegiacs, or Lyrics on subjects grave or gay are as happy as anything ever produced in this style outside of Greece or Italy. Many of those that refer to the mere passing trifles of the day, over and above their graceful facility, are extremely diverting from the *curiosa felicitas* with which they present objects and ideas of daily modern life in the purest language of classic antiquity. They illustrate Horace's hint:

> Dixeris egregie notum si callida uerbum
> reddiderit iunctura novum—,

in which art Mr Evans was very ingenious. One or two examples of this kind of correspondence may be cited. At second lesson a little boy named Davies, to whom Mr Evans assigned the Terentian motto—Davus sum non Oedipus, and whom he described as Δάφιν τὸν εὔκολον μὲν ἀλλ' οὐκ εὐμαθῆ,

as *γραμμάτων ῥίψασπις ὤν, καὶ βιβλίων ῥίψοπλος*, would bring a twisted note to Mr C. Evans in which was written:—

ὁδοιπορῶμεν; ποῖ πορευσόμεσθα; ποῖ;

To one such note Mr C. Evans sent for answer:—

Χαῖρ' Ἀττικιστῶν Ἀττικώτατον κάρα·
ὁδοιπορεῖν ὁ Ξένιος οὐκ ἐᾷ μ' ἔτι,
ὅσον τι χρῆμα ξυγγενῶν προσέρχεται,
μήτηρ, ἀδελφός, καὶ κασίγνηται δύο.
ἀλλ' εἴγε βούλει, ξύζυγες τήν γ' αὔριον
ὁδοιποροῦντες Αἴσχυλον πατήσομεν.

Mr Evans's rejoinder to this was:—

Ὦ κάρτα δυσπήμαντε τῆς ὁμιλίας
ἐπιρροῆς τε τῶν ἐν οὐ καιρῷ φίλων·
ὅθ' οὐπιὼν δίαυλον ἥλιος δρόμον
κάμψει, τότ' εὐθὺς ἀποβαλὼν τὰ βιβλία
μάλ' ἡδέως σοί γ' ἐξόδους κοινὰς ἰὼν
θέλω πατεῖν κέλευθον Αἴσχυλον θ' ἅμα.

A note of thanks to the same friend for having taken morning prayers and calling-over for him, when he had been too late to do so himself, perhaps delayed by his 'timber antagonist,' as he called one of the school-gates, begins as follows:—

Λόγῳ μὲν ἤκουσ'· οὐ γὰρ οἶδα καὶ παρών,
ὡς ἀντ' ἐμοῦ σύ, διάδοχος λειτουργίας
πρόθυμος, ἦλθες εἰς ἀνάγνωσιν λιτῶν
κἀπωνόμασας ὀνόματα τοῖσι παιδίοις.

After some preliminary lines accompanying and describing a present of a set of bowls to C. T. Arnold, the part played in the game by the Jack and his good wishes on his friend's settling in a new house are expressed thus:—

Αλλ' εὔχομαί σοι καὶ τὰ πράγματ' εὖ τρέχειν
ὡς εὖ δραμεῖσθαι τάσδε πεδιάδας δοκῶ
σφαιρῶν παχειῶν τέσσαρας ξυνωρίδας·
καὶ πρός γε τούτοις ἓν κύκλωμα πύξινον

σμικρὸν μέν, ἀλλὰ δεινὸν ἡγεῖσθαι δρόμου,
λειμώνιον χλίδημα.

An invitation to C. T. Arnold to walk to Coventry with him is conveyed in these lines :—

Βούλει δι' ὕλης πευκίνης τῇδ' ἡμέρᾳ
ὁδοιπορῶμεν κοινόπουν ὁμιλίαν
εἰς τὴν παλαιὰν ὑψιπύργητον πόλιν,
οὗ φασὶ τὴν γυναῖκα τὴν φιλόπτολιν
ἀφιππάσασθαι δημοτῶν στενάγματα.

On the walks mentioned in some of these notes the topics of talk would be, as one of his frequent companions says, 'That *μεσίτης ἑνὸς οὐκ ἔστιν* in the Galatians or that *ἐν μορφῇ θεοῦ ὑπάρχων* in the Philippians, or that anomalous *μή*, or 'that *γε*, or the misguided Johnians who failed to elect him a 'Fellow of his College : *ὦ τῶν φρονούντων φλαῦρ' Ἰαόνων γένος.*'

In these peripatetic conversations his habit was frequently to halt and, with the point of his umbrella, to draw diagrams in the dust, like another Archimedes, only not to illustrate geometry for which he had done enough in his *Μαθηματογονία*, but to make clear some point or argument in scholarship or theology. 'Here are three concentric circles', which he described on the ground. 'Around the common 'centre and within the circumference of the innermost is the 'pure light of the city of God. Between the circumferences 'of the first and second is the twilight of its suburbs. 'Between the circumferences of the second and third is the 'vast belt of cosmic darkness.' He used this figure afterwards in his commentary on the First of Corinthians.

He had at his command a boundless wealth of analogies and imagery. In a discussion on Tenses he said :—'Every 'action has a beginning, a middle, and an end. The aorist 'shuts them up like a telescope of three slides into one whole.'— 'You ask me to explain *περιποίησις*. I will illustrate its 'meaning for you. I take a handful of mixed grain and chaff

'and place it on a table. I pick out the grain as the valuable 'part which I wish to preserve and appropriate. I dispose it 'around the central refuse, like a circumference. The grain 'has undergone *περιποίησις*.'

It was during his Rugby mastership that he married, in 1849, Miss Rosamond Broughton, fourth daughter of John Broughton, Esq. of Llwynygroes House, Llanymynech. At Rugby also his five children were born, two daughters and three sons. Of his wife it would be out of place to speak here at any length. He was repeatedly heard by intimate friends to say, both before and after her death, that she was 'a 'person of angelic nature.' Those who knew her will not think that his expression requires much allowance to be made for it on account of a husband's affection. It was impossible to be in her presence and not be touched by her sunny smile, her gentle speech, her most winning manners and the personal beauty which was a suitable symbol of her character. Many letters shew how much at Rugby and elsewhere she was both admired and loved.

The following graphic letter which portrays Mr Evans to the life will be read with interest and sufficiently testifies to the warm attachment which existed between him and Dr Benson.

My dear Dr Waite,

My letter, in which I gladly promised to note down some reminiscences of my dear friend Thomas Evans, has been somewhat delayed by the difficulty I have found in condensing my reminiscences. While there is no figure, face or voice which visits me in greater clearness, and while my impressions of his character, genius and spirit are no less vivid in my mind, I think there is no one whom I find so much difficulty in describing. It is easy to repeat anecdotes, and of no one do more amusing anecdotes live, but these are not the man.

I first knew him when he was 36 years old and I was 22, in 1852, and I admired and loved him on the spot. It was impossible not to see that he was a fine gentleman and loveable genius. How full of character, the flash of his clear brown eye, his rich complexion, lithe figure, jet ringlets, his sudden laughter and bend of enjoyment, and the rich voice which in a few minutes was sure to have uttered some good saying about language, or quoted some choice line, or created on the spot a hexameter or an iambic! For he was an enthusiast about language. Beautiful words were a feast to him; and 'he thought in numbers for the numbers came.' He was a great walker; and one would meet him miles from Rugby striding measuredly along and rhythmically swaying his stick on his shoulder—and he would be surprised at the insight of any friend who asked him after the progress of some beautiful translation in which he was visibly absorbed. He was Master of the Twenty and I was Tutor of the School House in those happy days when masters and boys were allowed time to think out their work, and Dean Bradley and Principal Shairp, Charles Evans, Charles Arnold and Henry Highton were among our colleagues. His hours and mine so coincided that twice a week he and I could take a long walk together directly after breakfast. I not only much enjoyed this but profited immensely. Our 'Leschai' were crowded with three things—Language, Architecture, and Religion. The language consisted of minute discussion of fine problems in Greek; those problems by which he made so many a fine scholar in the Sixth and Twenty. Μή, εἰ, and τε led to heights and breadths which exempted us from any reproach of being γονιοβόμβυκες.

But it must be understood he was the guide. Many days' walks were wisely spent over ἁρπαγμός, not a few over χρῆσαι μᾶλλον, with all that they brought us to. He conceived the highest admiration for Prince Lee's scholarship, and I remember long after being tickled with delight when

he said one day, 'How hard you fought over that text. 'You weren't right, you know, but you did fight well.' There was such an ardour in him, such sweetness and such fun—fun that often broke out, owing to his absence of mind, or rather his immoveable concentration on the one point before him, in a shout of laughter, some time after the idea which had started it had subsided. His copious vocabulary was an amusement to himself as well as to his friends. I remember one day he was forcing the excessively awkward gate which then admitted one from the Dunchurch Road to the Close, how he broke out—'Thou gate! Thou a gate! How often 'hast thou held me hostage with books, gown, and umbrella, 'while the clock was striking seven a.m. and Big School was 'being locked by Patey! My wooden enemy, my ligneous 'barricado, my timber antagonist!'

I remember his looking forward with immense interest to meeting Bishop Phillpotts of Exeter, not without a certain tremor at what he conceived to be his formidable opinions, which he hoped not to be obliged to dispute, as he infallibly would have done if they had emerged. But his account of it was, 'B. I was charmed. I sat next him and I had a long 'talk with him afterwards. He is very highly read, very 'acute, very accomplished. And he really has an excellent 'appreciation of the Aorist.' The Greek Testament, as has appeared already, was a constant subject. He had but lately entered on it critically, so as to delight in what he would call 'its not debased but supremely refined Greek, one might 'say on the very verge of over-refinement. For languages as 'they live on only multiply distinctions.' He was of a deeply religious nature, and would at that time triumphantly have described himself as an extreme Low Churchman. He had a course of sermons on Δαιμόνιον and on the last 'Αποστασία τῆς πίστεως, not ἀπὸ τῆς πίστεως, as he would say. I believe he never read much formal Theology. But he became more and more a devoted student of the thought and language of

the Greek Testament. It was indeed his Theology. And he made discoveries. His two sermons at Durham on Baptism and the Eucharist are expressive of the change. Other phases of thought were not without interest for him. His perfect simplicity of nature, absence of mind and thoroughness of conviction came out in his first answer to a stranger, who, in reply to some simple observation of his, said 'Ah, I 'am an Agnostic.' With large bright eyes turned full on him, Evans slowly replied, 'Are you indeed? Is not that a 'very silly thing to be?' 'The Agnostic in the Hayfield' was the fruit of his reflection on the subject.

It may be guessed that he was wasted on the stupid boys of his form; that a trickster found no difficulty in repeating Virgil or Sophocles fluently to him, or in withdrawing from his rather large collection 'copies' which might not have pleased him. An epigram, to the point of which the subject was less sensitive than was fitting, was the worst consequence. But by all he was beloved and admired as 'a very deep 'scholar' and the able men who passed through his hands know how much they owe him both in thought and in diction. As he was a great lover of his friends, and a great lover of children, one of the most beautiful of gifts was an ode from him.

His other dearest subject was Architecture. He had never learnt to draw, but his sketches of cathedrals in the air, beginning from the top of a pinnacle and carried down in perfect proportion were exquisite. And the fantasy was marvellous with which he would hew and pile stones and build sand-castles with the polished steel spade which he carried for that purpose. This was his play, and I never knew any one who could so feel and so explain the right and the wrong of delicate points like the proportion of battlements, the pitch of roofs, the slope of a weathering. He at Durham and I in Cornwall were parted as far as two friends could be. I remember the delight with which I hailed him

once on the platform at Taunton. He came to my carriage window, and at once plunged into one or two passages and the Revised Version of them. As my train moved away he accompanied it walking quicker and quicker, and still analysing and quoting, to the utmost horn of the long platform, and the last I heard and saw of him was his tall and still elegant figure, his long arm stretched out and his umbrella pointed still, as he exclaimed 'The Version is a failure, it's a failure, 'it's a failure.' But the last time of all when I saw much of him was when he paid me a visit at Bamborough. He was still absorbed in the Revised New Testament. He would controvert its principles and its details by the hour, and I never felt what absorption was, until he went with me to Lindisfarne and, I am certain, never saw it. His second passion was swallowed up by his first.

He is thus quite unlike any other man I have known. But he seems to me a complete type. The perfectness of his scholarship in instinct and by meditation, the delicacy of his taste in the finest of arts, his sensitive honour and purity, his candour, and his movement in religion are all of the same mould and it is a rare one.

Yours most truly

EDW. CANTUAR.

Sep. 1891.

In 1862 Mr Evans was appointed by Bishop Baring to the Professorship of Greek and Classical Literature in the University of Durham, to which office a Canonry in the Cathedral is attached. The Bishop's earnest wish was that he should give lectures on the Greek Testament. 'Half the 'benefit of your scholarship would be lost,' he wrote, 'unless 'you do so.' Nothing would have been more in harmony with Canon Evans's own inclination than to comply with the Bishop's desire. But an objection was raised on account of the definition of the Professor's duties laid down in the

University Statutes. The Bishop was urgent and contended that, as the duties of Professors had not been so rigidly restricted by Statute heretofore, the objection should not be insisted upon now when a valuable opportunity offered itself. As however exegetical lectures on the New Testament of a very superior order were at that time given to Theological Students by the Professor of Divinity, Dr Jenkyns, the University authorities felt that it would have been invidious to alter the existing arrangement with regard to a branch of work already in most efficient hands. The Bishop was mortified by his failure to carry his point. His object was excellent. He knew by experience how few candidates for Holy Orders show any scholarly ability to interpret the Greek Testament and he wished to turn what he considered Canon Evans's unequalled powers in this branch of theological learning to the advantage of the students in the northern University and of the northern Dioceses. He was not the only one who regretted that no means of doing so was devised.

Bishop Baring also, with a view to availing himself of Canon Evans's pastoral services and to give him fuller scope for his preaching, suggested that he should take an Incumbency in the city. But it would have been a step of questionable wisdom and Canon Evans thought it better to decline. Between the Bishop and him there subsisted a bond of warm personal friendship, with which some divergence of doctrinal views did not in the least interfere. Some two years before the Bishop's death, the writer of this memoir heard him speak of Canon Evans in most affectionate terms, with tears in his eyes, and express the profound satisfaction he felt in the reflection that he had appointed such a man to the Professorship.

The Warden of the University when Professor Evans joined it was Dean Waddington of Trinity College, Cambridge, an able Church historian and scholar, a straight-forward man, averse to all intrigue, favouritism, or arbitrary use of power,

and notable for his sumptuous hospitalities and his genial bearing. His home was a centre of social gatherings of a most agreeable description and his personal influence operated as a bond of harmony in Chapter, University, and city. He was succeeded by Dean Lake.

The Professor of Divinity was Dr Henry Jenkyns, brother of the well known Master of Balliol. He had a singularly clear and impartial intellect and was a most lucid and efficient lecturer. Many men owe him a deep debt of gratitude not only for the substance of his teaching, but for his perfect equity in the treatment of religious questions, of which he gave them a most valuable example. He and Professor Evans occupied contiguous houses and lived on terms of cordial friendship. He was succeeded in the Professorship by Dr Farrar, whose wealth of erudition and vivid power of lecturing it would be difficult to surpass. The Professor of Mathematics was the Rev. Temple Chevallier. There were also able men and good scholars amongst the University Tutors; such as Dr Hornby, the present Provost of Eton; the late Edward Parry, Bishop of Dover; the Rev. J. J. Barmby, then Principal of Hatfield Hall; R. B. Hayward, now mathematical Master at Harrow; and subsequently Dr Sanday, Ireland Professor of Exegesis at Oxford; Dr Plummer, now Master of University College Durham; and Mr Jevons. Dr Holden, Headmaster of Durham School, was his old school-fellow and friend.

But the most marked figure was Henry Phillpotts, Bishop of Exeter and Canon of Durham. His reputation in Church and State had been achieved long ago. He was now in his latter days. But his intellect was as vigorous and subtle as it had ever been. He spent his time mainly in theological study. Those who passed his house in the College could see daily through his dining-room window the back of his head and a folio volume propped up in front of him. His reading and preaching in Cathedral were indescribably impressive

and solemn ; his conversation astonishingly varied, animated, and fascinating. Amongst scholars he would pour forth floods of Latin verse, not only with feeling but with the finest declamatory skill, or would discuss abstruse passages in S. Paul's Epistles adducing out of his accumulated stores of patristic learning illustrative lights which had escaped the notice of other thinkers. Kindred tastes brought him and Canon Evans much together. They spent hours in the discussion of subjects in which both were profoundly interested and their intercourse ripened on both sides into sincere personal attachment. The Bishop not long before his death presented his friend with a valuable collection of engravings from Rubens's landscapes, 'to remind him,' as he said in an accompanying note, 'of one who is thankful to have made 'your acquaintance at the close of my life.' He was a great admirer of Canon Evans's preaching and one of his very latest letters expresses the great comfort he derived from the reflection that the Cathedral pulpit would have so worthy an occupant.

At one of the Bishop's frequent and delightful dinner parties, Professor Evans quoted Martial's epigram—

> Callidus imposuit nuper mihi caupo Rauennae;
> quum peterem mistum uendidit ille merum.
>
> Ravenna's crafty tapster was a cheat;
> I called for half-and-half; he served me neat.

'Quote correctly, Professor,' said another scholar at the table, who was somewhat of a Rupert in conversation, 'quum 'mistum exegi.' 'Surely that can scarcely be right,' answered Mr Evans. 'Why not?' 'Well, I think Martial would not 'have used the word "exegi" in such a case, and, at any 'rate, he should have said "exigerem".' 'I do not know what 'he would or should have said, but I will lay you a wager of 'ten to one that I am right.' The Professor, unaccustomed to this brusque style of argument, looked perplexed as if

wondering whether he could have fallen into some unaccountable blunder. When the party rose to go into the drawing-room, he crossed the College to his own house and brought back with him a small copy of Martial. 'Bishop,' he said, looking as if he had been the object of a nefarious assault, 'do you know I was quite right in my quotation? Here is 'the book.' 'Yes,' said the Bishop, 'I knew you were right, 'but you also made a mistake.' 'A mistake!' 'Yes, you 'did not know your man. You should have taken his wager 'and made him pay ten pounds for his positiveness and 'ignorance.' That is what the Bishop himself undoubtedly would have done.

Durham was in those days a delightful place of residence. Its vast crown of towers looking down majestically from their rocky throne on the steep woods and orchards that hang upon the banks of the encircling Wear is unsurpassed in Europe. Professor Evans sang its glory in many happy Latin and Greek lines. Another who had for years told and scanned its towers and marked well its bulwarks with affectionate admiration called it Mount Zion, 'beautiful for 'situation, the joy of the whole earth,' and said it could only be described in the finest language of the Psalms. Of its stately castle, once the residence of the powerful Palatinate bishops, he said:—'On the north side lieth the city of the 'great King.' From the hills that stand round about it, the eye can feast on varied views of which it never wearies. About its precincts and on its outskirts are pleasant walks on slopes, in dells, in flowery woods blue with wild hyacinth or red with ragged-robin. If ever place was fitted by nature, history, and the hand of man for the serene pursuits of learning it is the spacious enclosure on the northern ledge of that river-girdled summit with its goodly buildings and wealth of libraries. If ever sanctuary was meet for solemn worship, it is the adjacent temple, consecrated by centuries of holy memory, soaring heavenwards and glorious enough within

to subdue the most frivolous soul to an attitude of reverence. But the charm of Durham was not wholly nor chiefly due to its outward grandeur and beauty. In no country-town and neighbourhood perhaps could a society have been found more diversified, more happily blended, more hospitable or more agreeable than that of Durham and its immediate vicinity when Canon Evans went to it. He was often heard to express his gratified surprise at the assemblage of persons he found there, the mode of life, the tone of thought and feeling that prevailed. Besides the College and University circles there were in and near the city numerous families of position and culture. To one of these belonged Dora Greenwell the poetess, essayist, and biographer of Lacordaire. She was a frequent visitor at Canon Evans's house and became the warm friend of his elder daughter, who contributed the Durham chapter to her Biography. Durham was changed since the days of golden stalls and the princely splendours of the Palatinate, but not for the worse, and it still remained a unique place. Professor Evans's fame as a scholar had preceded him, his compositions being sufficiently well known, and he was cordially welcomed as a powerful accession to learning. But, independently of this, his personal qualities soon made him a leading figure. He was felt to be a perfectly new and most genial element in the social intercourse. Thus everything seemed to prognosticate a happy period in a fresh and friendly world.

A cloud however was gathering which presently overcast the prospect with a dark shadow. Mrs Evans's health, which had been very delicate for some time even at Rugby, began to occasion serious alarm. Her strength gave way and her sufferings increased. After a year of patient and resigned endurance, she died in November, 1863. This was, humanly speaking, the severest calamity that could have befallen Canon Evans and his household. Of the personal bereavement it is impossible to speak. It is enough to say that he

was never the same man again. A tinge of habitual sadness became observable in his look and a tone of it audible in his voice. He was left with the sole responsibility of a young family, the burden of which weighed upon him, while the loss of a sweet companionship left a blank in his existence, rendering many things an effort which would otherwise have been only a refreshment. He was thrown upon his own resources and his habit of taking long solitary walks grew upon him.

He lived in Durham nearly twenty-eight years. But in the life of a scholar and an ecclesiastic long periods pass unmarked by any events sufficiently noteworthy to be of general interest. As his sons and daughters grew up they filled, no doubt, more and more the void made in his affections and he was one of those natures which feel a peculiar support in being surrounded by the persons nearest and dearest to them. Unhappily in 1870 he lost his youngest son, a handsome, interesting, and remarkably intelligent boy, who died very unexpectedly at the age of eight years from the effects of a fever. His two other sons went to Wellington College, then under Dr Benson, and passed on, the elder to Cambridge, the younger to Oxford. His elder daughter Rosamond had been married in 1869 to the Rev. J. Waite, Master of University College, Durham. Thus for the greater part of the year the only child who was constantly with him was his younger daughter. These material changes in his home-life rather deepened the shade of melancholy which his first great bereavement had brought upon him. He was indeed surrounded by friends who held him in the highest esteem and regard, and many men connected with the University and the Cathedral rejoiced in an opportunity of sharing his walks. Such companionship beguiled his mind from sorrowful recollections and helped to maintain his cheerfulness. The general currents of his thought held on in their ancient channels. Probably no man ever realised

more fully than he did at this time the solace which countless scholars have derived in days of depression from the habit of Latin and Greek composition. It was his chief diversion and many of his best pieces are of this date.

When the *Speaker's Commentary* was undertaken, he was one of the first persons applied to as a contributor by the able and courteous editor, Canon Cook. The part offered to him was the First Epistle to the Corinthians, the Second being entrusted to his son-in-law, the Rev. Dr Waite. Had he been free to exercise his choice he would not have selected the First Epistle to the Corinthians. It treated, he said, a number of miscellaneous matters arising out of the historical circumstances of the Corinthian Church for enquiry into which he did not think that he had any peculiar aptitude. He had previously bestowed much closer attention upon the later Epistles, to the Ephesians, Philippians, Colossians, and Hebrews, the more advanced and abstruse doctrines of which had a special attraction for his contemplative and transcendental mind. This was part of the reason why he did not launch at once and energetically into his commentary, and it accounts for any appearances of unevenness which his work may be thought to exhibit. When it saw the light, however, he had truly little reason to be dissatisfied with the public verdict. It was not only a new departure from the stereotyped form of commentary, but it excited greater interest and was considered more original than that of any other contributor. It settled definitively a variety of vexed points by sheer force of exact and pellucid scholarship. It is a treasury of materials for preachers and future expositors. Its novel imagery takes the reader by surprise. The language is of unique mintage, always to the point, sometimes quaint and even humorous, a thing unusual in modern commentary, yet free from the faintest tincture of irreverence, of which indeed he was incapable. It is not easy to see how the distinction between κοινωνία, 'communion' and μετάληψις,

'participation,' so often confounded, could be more appositely stated than in the following terms :—'This word 'communion' 'generally denotes the fellowship of persons with persons in 'one and the same object, always common to all and some-'times whole to each. By way of illustration : when the sun 'shines upon a band of haymakers in a field, these do not, 'properly speaking, partake of the sun : there is no true 'participation : we cannot say that a portion of ten beams 'is assigned to *A*, of twelve to *B*, of twenty to *C* : rather 'the undivided sun is common to all the labourers and whole 'to each of them : they have all a κοινωνία or common 'interest in one and the same sun. Even so Christ, the 'Sun of Righteousness, shines upon his own, equal to all 'and total to each.'

Nothing could be better than the following rationale of the idiom according to which the Greeks, instead of 'rather than' say 'rather than not,' and use similar expressions in which the negative seems superfluous and almost contradictory :— 'The explanation of this sudden apparition of the negative 'just where it is logically not wanted seems to be this. When 'in comparing two alternatives *A* and *B*, I pronounce aloud 'in favour of *A*, I mentally pass a negative judgment against '*B* : and if I speak with some emotion, this mental negation 'springs up irrepressible and makes itself heard in the second 'clause, and that because I am eager to deny the contents of 'the second clause *considered apart from the first*. In fact 'feeling masters logic and suddenly blurts out a negative, or 'what is the same thing, changes the logical τις into a senti-'mental οὐδείς.'

No one will perhaps deem it worth while to discuss further the meaning of the much debated passage, 1 Cor. vii. 21, after his explanation of it. He justly quarrels with Hermann's famous distinction between εἰ καί and καὶ εἰ on the ground that in εἰ καί the καί has nothing to do with the εἰ, but affects the word or words that immediately follow. He then points

out what both the tense and sense of χρῆσαι require, and characteristically winds up with these words :—'"In slavery '"wast thou called? Never mind :—still, if thou art also '"*able* to become free, rather make use of it than not."' 'The above rendering which, in spite of the four gram- 'matical and three logical objections advanced by some and 'stated at length in Alford's commentary, Greek usage 'seems simply to *demand*, receives logical support from the 'next verse rightly understood.'

The following remarks on this same passage happily illustrate not only the shrewdness, but the good sense of Mr Evans's criticism :—'To do what so many do, to unearth τῇ 'δουλείᾳ out of the distant δοῦλος and then to drag it all the 'way to χρῆσαι and there affix it alien to an alien tense is as 'awkward as it is far-fetched : and even when it is appended to 'χρῆσαι, it is inapposite to the tense and to the sense of the verb, 'which means "avail yourself of it." Above all τῇ δουλείᾳ is not 'only too far off, but also too big a word to be *understood:* it 'must have been *expressed* in full, and if it had been *expressed*, 'it should rather have been connected with χρῶ or ἀποχρῶ.'

These are only instances, taken almost at random, from a large quantity of matter as fresh in substance as it is in form. Besides the elucidation of particular passages, a flood of light is here and there poured on general points of scholarship such as the later usages of ἵνα and on the prepositions. He used to smile at his own phrase, the 'subjective ecbatic' sense of ἵνα, but it is a very correct middle term between the purely telic sense vindicated for it by some in all cases and the purely ecbatic sense which others assign to it in many cases. He did not allow either view, though with greater precision he asserted a 'definitive' use. Nor was it without a touch of humour that he spoke of an 'atmospheric' use of prepositions, but the word indicates none the less appropriately on account of its playfulness a fact of language which he was the first to point out clearly. His note on 'baptism for the dead' and

the 'elliptical' employment of prepositions is an example of his dexterity in applying to learned criticism the expressions of our own 'daily talk,' and is well worth study on other grounds. It goes further than anything that has yet been advanced to establish an ancient view. Quite in his style is the way in which he stigmatises 'the wicked Marcion' for 'wilful misrepresentation' in making his 'credulous hearers' believe that ὑπέρ has a sense impossible in the context of the passage and not found elsewhere in the New Testament. 'But what cared Marcion for that? Marcion had a heresy to 'found and he founded it on this passage.' This commentary is a mine of precious ore which will probably be worked out for general use by middle-men, but the credit of the original deposit will not be theirs. To mark its high appreciation of the work the University of Edinburgh conferred on Canon Evans the degree of D.D.

It created surprise that he was not included amongst the Revisers of the Authorised Version of the New Testament, being more eminently fitted perhaps than any one else in England to share in such an undertaking. As a matter of fact both he and his son-in-law were proposed as members of the Revision Committee by Bishop Ellicott its chairman, who wished all the Universities to be represented on it. But Archbishop Thomson, who never favoured the Revision project and seemed to be of Dean Burgon's opinion that it was "the most ill-advised of literary adventures," formally requested that no one in his Province should be invited to take part in it, nor did Mr Evans regret this exclusion.

He was elected in 1864 to represent the Dean and Chapter of Durham as Proctor in the northern Convocation and held the office by re-election until the time of his death. He was not a frequent speaker in that body. On one occasion he took an opportunity of delivering some sharp strictures on the Revised Version, but the exigencies of the debate did not admit of his giving full utterance to his views.

His professorial work at Durham consisted in lectures, aiding the students in composition, taking part in the examinations, and attending meetings of the Senate and the University Convocation. He never entered a lecture-room without careful premeditation, no matter how familiar he might be with his subject. His view was that there was always new light to be obtained and no finality to the possibilities of discovery. It was also a matter of conscience with him to impart his very best to his pupils. To some this painstaking seemed superfluous, whereas in fact it gave his lectures that perennial freshness and finish which distinguished them. His bearing in the lecture-room gratified the students as much as the substance of his teaching enlightened them. 'The pleasing and varied voice of the Professor,' writes the Rev. J. R. Marston, 'the solemn sweetness of his delivery, 'the pauses of meditative silence, the peripatetic visitation of 'the men, that he might consult the text of one or catch the 'rendering of another, the kindly recognition of a new-comer, 'the affable condescension of his appeal to a senior pupil, all 'dwell in the hearts of those who heard him.'

He had no great taste for the transaction of business and was not scrupulously regular or punctual in attendance at Senate. But when a question which he deemed of moment to the University was to be discussed, he studied it and gave his judgment clearly and decisively nor was it ever easy to move him from his opinion. He acted much in the same way with regard to the meetings of the Cathedral Chapter. When Church Preferment was to be disposed of, all Canons were expected to be present. His principle on such occasions was, other things being equal, to support a Graduate of Durham or a man who had some pretensions to scholarship. In appointments to Incumbencies his vote was not determined by any consideration of parties within the Church. A man who had shown extreme tendencies in either direction he did not favour.

Of his canonical duties the most important in his eyes was his preaching. He was displeased, not to say rather shocked, when told as he once was that he took his sermons too seriously. It was not in his nature to take them otherwise than most seriously. There had been and still were good preachers in the Cathedral. But his choice of topics, his mode of treating them, his style, which was a faithful mirror of himself, and his manner were all new and striking. In the structure of his sermons there was no trace of conventionality, and on that account they were a little criticised by some who admired them but had a fixed ideal of pulpit discourses to which those of Canon Evans did not conform. He had probably never read a page of rhetoric in his life with a view to sermon-composition, or studied any theory about what a sermon ought to be. He pursued the current of ideas into which his subject drew him and meandered into no irrelevance. The connection was so perspicuous that simple minds readily followed it and were gently raised into regions of thought unfamiliar to them, in which he moved naturally and with ease. He used little gesticulation or vehemence of delivery, but more in his later than in his earlier years. The interest of his preaching was due to his matter, set off however by language often tinged with poetic colour or pointed with some fine touch of scholarship, an apt antithesis, or an epigrammatic phrase, by the melodious pathos of an expressive voice, and by some other undefinable attraction. It conveyed the impression of independent thinking and deep religious earnestness combined. It was listened to with close attention in the Cathedral and highly prized in ordinary Parish Churches. It was indeed remarkable how, as many have had opportunities of observing, it riveted even rustic congregations, although it might have been thought to move on a plane which entirely transcended their mental level. It took great hold upon the undergraduates, who continually made written applications to him to print his sermons. As an illus-

tration of his style may be cited, after what has been said of his friend Dr Phillpotts, an extract or two from his obituary sermon on that Prelate, though other sermons would furnish more characteristic passages:—'The powers of his intellect 'were such that no subject was too large for its capacity, no 'point too minute for the keen scrutiny of its eagle gaze, no 'labyrinth of thought, whether in subtleties of scholarship, or 'in details of business, was too intricate for it to unravel, an 'intellect which on some remarkable occasions was able to 'pick up loops which other great minds had allowed to drop 'or to pass unnoticed.'—'He was a great student all his days. 'Hence, in the fall of the leaf, in the decay of the physical 'energy, he experienced no decay of mental activity: his 'intellectual machinery was never out of order, but always 'bright with the polish of constant use, the wheels of thought 'ever moving or ready to move.'—'His elocution, his delivery 'of a sermon or a speech was most remarkable, the proper 'stress, the true emphasis, the correct pause, the musical 'tone, the latent fire, the suppressed thunder of the spirit, 'the tongue kindling into utterance from the inspiration of 'a profound conviction.'—'He was the most beautiful reader 'I ever heard. There is a chapter in one of the Gospels 'which declares the startling signs of the Second Coming. 'I have been told that, when within these walls this solemn 'chapter was read by the Bishop of Exeter a sort of sacred 'spell was cast over the listeners, causing an almost awful 'silence, as if in expectation of the sudden appearance of 'those terrible signs.'

Though Canon Evans was naturally of a very robust constitution, he did not, for about three years before his death, enjoy perfect health. He suffered from severe bronchial cough and from sleeplessness. He went abroad a few times to Switzerland and German watering-places, but without receiving any marked benefit. In 1889 he went up to London for special medical advice, attended by his two sons and his married

daughter. His case proved to be serious, but the results of medical treatment were so satisfactory that a hope was entertained of his complete convalescence. He was removed to Weston-super-Mare where his two sisters resided, his unmarried daughter and his sons accompanying him. Here, whilst apparently making progress, he suddenly and tranquilly expired, the immediate cause of death being an obstruction in the circulation, technically called embolism. It is touching to record that during his last hours, his elder son, offering him some dark potion, which had been prescribed, said :—'Here 'is your sable milk, Father,' imitating the quaint and playful language which he had often heard his father use. His father smiled and said :—

Atrae iuvencae lac Acherontium.

This was his last Latin verse, which he uttered almost with his last breath. He died a few minutes afterwards. He was buried in the church-yard of Durham Cathedral. The funeral service was read by his friends Archdeacon Hamilton and Canon Tristram. He sleeps by the side of his wife, his son, and two grandchildren immediately under the shadow of those towers which he had so often lovingly described.

He will not be forgotten by anyone who knew him. 'In 'most of the characteristics of his mind,' Dr Sanday wrote, 'he stood unique amongst men.' This was in part due to his being gifted by nature with a firmness of mental and moral fibre which resisted the influence of mere circumstances and surroundings, such as mould so largely the ordinary types of character. His frequent self-abstraction was both a proof and a safeguard of his intellectual independence, being nothing else than an absorbed preoccupation with the working out of his own ideas. Few owed less to systems or to the guidance and inspiration of others. He had the capacity to hammer out his views on his own anvil and the courage to trust them until it could be proved that he had shaped them wrongly.

Yet he was no despiser of other men's opinions, but used them largely as touchstones wherewith to test his own. Dr Hornby says :—'He was very original and independent 'from his habit of thinking for himself rather than depending 'upon commentators and from a consciousness, which with 'all his natural modesty he could not fail to possess, that his 'learning and his natural gifts gave him a right to take his 'own line in matters of scholarship even in the teeth of great 'authorities. I have never talked with any man from whom 'I learnt so much that was not to be found in books.' A similar statement might be made with regard to his views on other subjects which he had studied. There was always a freshness in them and a large ingredient of his own. Nor was his individuality merely intellectual. It belonged to the whole man, and while it distinguished him from every one else it seemed quite consistent in itself. It may be an illusion of memory, but it is difficult to conceive any one of his characteristics, even his stature, movement, features, utterance, apart from the rest. Everything about him appeared to be the proper complement of everything else. It would have been surprising if one so gifted and so unlike others had not fallen into some seeming eccentricity. His genuine simplicity, however, rendered him incapable of the least affectation of peculiarity. His general manner was a happy mixture of quiet dignity and suavity. It had in it a tincture of antique politeness but no formality. His courtesy was unvarying and impartial. He accosted the simplest persons with whom he came into contact with the same affable urbanity that he showed to equals. In social intercourse there was no lack of light and shade about him. He was grave or gay as circumstances or his mood prompted. When cheerful he often gave vent to his spirits in hilarious laughter. Professor Sanday describes a conversation he had with him in the Cathedral Cloisters at Durham. He was giving an account of an examination paper on the Epistle to

the Philippians set by him at Rugby. 'The work was well 'done,' he said. 'I gave A. four hundred and B. four hundred 'and fifty marks out of five hundred. And what do you 'think I gave S.? I gave him seven hundred out of five.' Then turning round and beaming with his own jest, he burst into a sonorous peal of merriment which made the cloisters ring and must have startled the worshippers in the Cathedral, if there were any there. How full a vein of fun there was in him many of his compositions show, especially the 'Agnostic in the Hayfield,' in some of the touches of which Vergilian restraints are quite cast aside. In a rapid or excited conversation he would often sit by and take little part. He did not care to enter the lists with a vehement talker. In a more tranquil interchange of ideas he took his share and no more with great and obvious relish. He was seen at his very best when he entertained as guests in his house any of his school or university comrades that he really loved. Their presence brightened him and seemed to open up all the fountains of his mind. It was a genuine pleasure to hear a conversation between him and that noble-hearted man and admirable scholar, his Lucretian friend, H. A. J. Munro. It is difficult to imagine that either he or Munro were ever happier than in each other's company. Each mind scintillated through friction with the other and gave out without stint or reserve all its rich wealth of ideas and accumulated knowledge, and it was surprising to observe how gay and fluent Munro often became in the process, the grave and rather sad expression which was habitual with him entirely disappearing. Professor Evans ran into monologue chiefly when he was with a single friend, generally in walks or, on other occasions, when the opportunity was offered to him or deliberately planned, as it often was, on account of the pleasure it gave to listen to him. 'For he 'neither harangued nor preached,' to use Mr Marston's words, but 'poured forth a clear and sparkling stream of purely 'colloquial eloquence' or, according to occasion, of more learned

discourse. Attempts have been made to reproduce some of these effusions, but the matter without the man, even if correctly given, could convey only a meagre idea of their real character. Dr Hornby's picture, however, is life-like :—'I 'can see him now stalking along or turning solemnly round 'and standing still, with outstretched hand, as he recited 'some passage or poured out his comments didactically, with 'a measured cadence, or breaking into a very joyous laugh at 'some comical illustration or parallel which he had prepared 'in order to show the full absurdity of the view he was 'condemning. Very delightful and instructive it was to hear 'him on such occasions or simply to start him on a topic of 'his own and listen to the carefully weighed words and 'matured judgments which he would deliver on the point in 'question.'

He used to say that he was not quick in seizing new ideas. His mind, it is true, was not of the mercurial order and besides was often, even in conversation, far away on its own tracks, so that he realised at the moment little more than the sound which entered his ears. Dr Hornby, who formed a very correct estimate of him, may again be cited :— 'With all his acuteness and subtlety he seemed sometimes 'slow in apprehending a new point which was brought to his 'notice. Sometimes he would ask one to repeat what seemed 'quite plain or he would listen to the quotation of some 'witty saying with perfect gravity, as if he thought it poor or 'disliked it. But it was a great mistake to suppose that no 'impression had been made. The next time one took a walk 'with him one would find that he had been turning the 'remark or quotation over in his mind with the result either 'that he accepted it and repeated it with great glee, or that 'he had found some flaw in it, over which he would make 'admirable fun.'

When his thoughts were on the spot, so to speak, they were sufficiently prompt. He was called in Durham 'the

witty Canon.' On occasions he could turn his wit to account. Once when he was sitting in the class-room at Rugby to superintend a mathematical examination, some of the boys were engaged on a Trigonometry Paper, and one of them, called Tawney, well knowing Mr Evans's innocence of the subject, went up and asked him whether in one of the questions *cot* had not been printed for *cos.* Mr Evans, catching the situation at a glance, said audibly :—'Well, Tawney, there is πράττειν 'and πράσσειν, τάττειν and τάσσειν, and so on. But, to go no 'further than your own name, there is Tawney and Sawney. 'Possibly there is no great difference.' It is fair to say that Tawney was a boy of marked ability and that Mr Evans had a very warm regard for him.

He was intolerant of agnosticism, and having been asked in the presence of one who professed that no-creed what 'agnostic' meant, he said :—'The term explains itself. It 'means an ignoramus.' The kindly humour of the manner in such sallies prevented the salt from causing any smart. When someone at a small party in Durham remarked that it was a pity so pleasant a man as B. should be always biting his nails and his son be following his example, Mr Evans said :—'That is only natural ; the son has his father at his 'fingers' ends.' These sayings are only intended to give an idea of his ordinary talk and explain what was meant when he was accredited with wit. Had he chosen habitually to burnish and wear that light armour of the mind, he might have made a figure in it, but he had no such ambition. What he said of this kind was purely casual and spontaneous.

It has been said that he was no popular orator, and that is true in the current acceptation of the phrase. Yet when he appeared on the platform he riveted attention. His thoughts were clear and pointed and lost none of their point in the language which gave them wings and fixed their barb in the minds of the listeners. His presence at a public dinner was

the pledge of a good speech. He felt very warmly on political matters and some of his speeches which are in print contain invective as vigorous as that of the 'divine Philippic' itself. But as a rule they show how, after stating gravely his strong convictions, he could move his audience to laughter by a long-drawn series of pleasantries irresistibly and often fantastically comical.

His power of attracting others without effort and at once winning their esteem and regard was extraordinary. It is illustrated by the Archbishop of Canterbury's expression, 'I admired and loved him on the spot,' and by Dr Hornby's simple words, 'I was very fond of him.' It was due to an undefinable charm incapable of analysis. What he gained so speedily he did not lose on closer acquaintance. Subsequent experience detected nothing which occasioned any modification of first impressions. He was an example of the potent influence which a gifted man without guile unconsciously exercises upon those who come within his sphere.

Of the multitudinous anecdotes which cluster around his name, some are figments not happily conceived, some distortions, and some so inconsistent with his known character, that it is a marvel how they ever found their way into print. Most of them are due to his short-sightedness or his mental absenteeism. This latter peculiarity certainly often produced laughable results. While engaged on his contribution to the *Speaker's Commentary* he was one of a party of guests at the house of a friend. On entering the breakfast-room one morning, he said aloud with an abstracted air, before greeting any one, 'Ah, Pryce Jones for flannel,' to the astonishment of the company. He was ruminating on the right translation of ὑπέρ and the claims of 'for' to be accepted as a correct equivalent to it in the phrase 'baptized for the dead.'

The best reflector of his mind will always be his scholarship. It was not that of the comparative philologist nor that

of the textual critic, although of two or more readings he was an excellent judge as to which yielded the best idea or was most in conformity with the spirit of the writer. But the languages of Greece and Rome were to him the noblest of all vehicles for the expression of thought. As such he studied them with a view first to interpreting the best writers in each, and then using them himself, or, in his capacity of teacher, enabling others to do so. Within these limits he pursued, consciously or unconsciously, a strictly scientific method of inductive analysis and one of the most searching scrutiny. His younger son Willoughby who, as his constant companion for many years, had fuller opportunities of knowing his mind than any one else, says :—'By a process of 'distillation peculiarly his own he arrived at conclusions 'respecting difficult points of scholarship. These conclusions 'were with untiring patience re-distilled and again analysed 'until their product appeared to him as clear and true as 'knowledge and judgment could make them. Not even then 'was he satisfied, but kept ever on the alert to detect some 'impurity which might have escaped his rigid *ἀνάκρισις*.' His investigations were no toil to him but a pleasure. He would allow unsettled questions to simmer in his mind for years, and they often seemed to clear themselves by the automatic action of his thoughts or sudden flashes of intuition, helped by side-lights which parallel studies shed upon them. After all his enquiry he was very modest about its results. He rarely said more of any conclusion than that he thought it was right. Of others he spoke as worthy of consideration but requiring to be tested. Of *πλήρωμα* he declared that he had examined it for thirty years and had not made it out, and he doubted whether it ever would be made out, by which he probably meant that its full purport in the Epistles to the Ephesians and Colossians would never be fathomed.

He was aided in his researches by three powers which he

possessed in an eminent degree, mental pertinacity, imagination, and memory. He hunted down an obscurity to its last lurking-places with dogged persistency and never quitted it until he had unearthed it. His imagination, combined with a singular fineness of discrimination, gave him a facility after long practice in detecting a common idea underlying many seeming diversities, stripping off the incrustations of usage and exposing the central kernel. He picked up missing links and traced latent ligaments of meaning by a sort of instinctive perception. His pupils will remember countless cases in which he put into their hands a master-key opening many locks. The same imaginative faculty enabled him to invent a profusion of analogies and illustrations which made his conclusions clearer to himself as well as others. His memory was peculiar. It may be doubted whether he ever forgot anything which had once obtained full access to his mind. He was oblivious only of things which, whether he had heard or read them, had produced absolutely no impression upon him. He often reminded persons of words uttered by them years before which had totally escaped their own recollection. Strange to say, unmathematical as he was, he retained numbers with unerring accuracy. He frequently told men who had distinguished themselves in Cambridge examinations forty years before exactly how many marks they obtained and how many they were ahead of the man below them. He remembered the precise distances of the heavenly bodies from each other and once created great amusement by correcting an astronomer who was delivering a public lecture in Durham. In his own studies he seemed to know the date of every step in his progress and would mention the year in which he 'made out,' as he used to say, this or that point, or in which a new idea struck him. One result of his modes of thought on his scholarship was a rooted distrust of general rules and the rigid application of them. To many current rules he denied all right of existence. Admitting others he

saw clearly where they broke down with reference to particular cases and with what limitations they required to be applied. There was no point in which his nice discernment was more conspicuous. A rule as used by him was like the κανὼν μολύβδινος of Lesbos, which adjusted itself to all irregularities of surface.

The lucidity and picturesqueness of his teaching has already been mentioned. It struck every appreciative pupil the moment he had the good fortune to come under it. Mr Marston, an undergraduate at Durham, highly esteemed by Professor Evans and afterwards admitted to his friendship, says, in a brochure written shortly after Mr Evans's death, that the first lecture of his which he attended was a revelation to him; he found himself in a new world; and learned from the opening lines of the Oedipus Rex things of which, though ably taught, he had known nothing. He adds:—'His exposition of the Greek Testament in the class-room or by the fireside was that which few men hear and none hears more than once in his life. He could flash upon an obscure text full and instant elucidation. His canons of language were perfectly consistent; they were laws discovered not rules formulated.' It may be observed, by the way, that in fixing these canons he employed largely the familiar phrases and usages of our own language.

Though the matter with which he had chiefly to deal bristled with the dry thorns and briars of lexicography and grammar, his mode of presenting it was so dramatic and often playful that it impinged and took fast hold on the memory. 'This passage is a hotly contested field. The battle rages around the εἰ καί, which after all is not the central position.' The Greek particles, all the uses of which, Dr Sanday says, 'he seemed thoroughly to have fathomed,' he treated as if they were living beings. One 'pointed forward' to another 'as a finger-post.' A third would 'stand in an expectant attitude and wait only to be disappointed,'

while γε was summoned before the court to give account of itself. He was once heard to call αἰώνιος into the witness-box and hold a long dialogue with it in the form of a minute cross-examination, in which he gradually elicited all that he thought the term had to disclose. In the same strain he treated on a public platform the rendering given by the Revisers to Col. ii. 18, 'Let no man rob you of your prize' μηδεὶς ὑμᾶς καταβραβευέτω. He first called upon κατά to appear, which he said was in league with βραβεύειν. 'Are 'you aware, κατά, that the Revisers charge you with robbery?' 'No, Sir. But I am no robber. The Revisers have con-'founded me with ἀπό. He is a great thief. I am down-'right, Sir, I am.' 'True, you may go, and send me the verb 'βραβεύειν. Well, βραβεύειν, what do you mean?' 'I mean, 'Sir, that I am an umpire, master of the games, controller of 'the contests.' 'Good. So you are. Are you aware that the 'Revisers have associated you not with the umpire, but with 'the prize which the umpire awards, degrading you from a 'person to a thing? However I will do my best to reinstate 'you.' So he did in many a long talk. Whether his own view of the passage was correct is another matter. But he asserted that the instances generally adduced in favour of the version of the Revisers did not support it at all, and that 'to rob of a prize' would be ἀποβραβειοῦν. However, the above examples are cited only as illustrations of his manner.

He was drawn much more forcibly to the poets than the prose-writers of antiquity. Of the former his predilection was for the dramatists and Homer among the Greeks, among the Latins for Vergil and Horace. Of the Greek dramatists he considered Sophocles not only the most accomplished master of language both in polish and terseness, but the most skilful constructor of a plot and the finest delineator of character. He held his sense of proportion to be all but perfect, and his dialogues and choral odes to be exactly adjusted to the requirements of the piece. He regarded as a

chief excellency of this poet his chastened self-control both in thought and expression and, in a word, looked upon him as a model of strict classic taste. The simple grandeur of Aeschylus had not the same charm for him, though he was clearly master of that poet's phraseology. From some of the Latin poets, whom he otherwise admired, he was repelled by their impurity. He expostulated with a distinguished editor of one of them for not having resorted to expurgation. On receiving the answer that this could not be done 'in justice to the poet,' he rejoined—'In justice to the poet it ought to have been done.' Dante could not have known Vergil better than he did. Besides catching his spirit, he had noted the minutest particulars of his form. He had all his rhythms and cadences at his fingers' ends, so to speak. He had taken the percentage of his dactyls and spondees, his spondaic lines, lines ending with a monosyllable, and his elisions. When one of his compositions was somewhat censured on account of the number of its elisions, he said that modern scholars did not seem to comprehend the beauty of elisions, nor to be aware of the frequent and skilful use made of them by Vergil.

He accepted criticism of his work with the most unruffled equanimity. On being told that Bishop Ellicott had pointed out an incorrectness in his well-known definition of an ellipse in the *Μαθηματογονία*,—*κύκλος μὲν οὔ· κύκλου δὲ φιλτάτη κάσις*, which, the Bishop said, should have run *οὐ κύκλος, ἀλλὰ φιλτάτη κύκλου κάσις*, he smiled and said:—'If an ellipse 'had been as different from a circle as a square is, the 'Bishop's remark might hold water, but inasmuch as it is '*μόνον οὐ κύκλος*, all but a circle, I think my line is correct.' When a slightly inappreciative criticism of his Oenone appeared by an Oxford scholar, who took exception to some points in the versification and the phraseology, he merely observed with the calmest good nature:—'Well, he may have 'laid his finger on a few blemishes, which he has culled out 'and put together without attempting to estimate the merit

'or demerit of the composition as a whole.' He had a letter from the Poet Laureate, thanking him for his 'very skilful' rendering of 'Oenone.'

Of Mr Evans as a divine nothing more need here be added to what has been already said. Some of his sermons will probably be published. But no adequate judgment can be formed of him without keeping in memory that his mind moved as habitually in the atmosphere of Christian thought and sentiment as it did in the region of classical learning, and that he was more familiar with the Greek Testament than with any heathen writer. The following observations of Mr Marston are very just. 'Christianity was not only the 'food of the Professor's intellect; it was the breath of his 'daily being. His parting words to me were in effect these:— '"Learning, scholarship, and the finest mental gifts are as '"nothing to the humble and childlike spirit, which has '"promise of an entrance into the Kingdom of God." This 'lesson he reiterated with pathetic tenderness. It was the 'last he ever gave me. There abides therefore with us the 'image of one on whom nature and grace conferred many 'titles to reverence and love. He had the genius of the 'scholar, the reverence of the Christian, a brilliant wit, a 'genial courtesy, a heart whose truth and tenderness folly 'could not embitter nor fraud make callous. His culture was 'free from selfishness, his learning from ostentation.'

The author of this memoir must be allowed to say that in some respects he was not the proper person to write it, although he enjoyed the privilege of being most intimate with Canon Evans. His near family connexion with him has impeded the freedom of his utterance. He has therefore allowed others to speak, wherever that was possible. Where he speaks from his own experience, he has conscientiously

avoided exaggeration. He is profoundly indebted to Professor Mayor, of Cambridge, and Henry Thompson, Esq., M.D., of London, both of them old and dear friends of Professor Evans, for their invaluable aid. Without the help of their distinguished learning and critical judgment and the pains they have kindly bestowed upon the examination of a very large number of compositions and the selection of those which were most worthy of publication, he would have found it extremely difficult to discharge properly his task of Editor. He wishes also to acknowledge warmly his obligation to the Archbishop of Canterbury and Dr Hornby for their most kind letters, and to the Rev. C. Evans, Rector of Solihull, for valuable information with reference to Rugby. He has also cordially to thank Dr Sanday for many very just remarks. It should perhaps be noticed that two constructions of doubtful correctness are found in the Latin Verses. They will be obvious to scholars, but they have not been thought a sufficient reason for withholding the excellent pieces in which they occur.

JOSEPH WAITE.

COMPOSITIONS

AND

TRANSLATIONS

IVVENILIA.

LAVDES APOLLINIS.

Damon et Thyrsis.

D. IMMEMOR errantis paulisper, Thyrsi, capellae
ilicea mecum lento subside sub umbra.
Th. nam non sanctior ulla tegat quae Pana iacentem
hospitiis ramorum ingentibus aut ubi Faunus
Maenalios calamo siluestri inspiret amores;
hic queruli fontes, hic plurima concinit ilex
alitibus zephyroque adsibilat; hic quoque, Damon,
prospicere est summis pendentes rupibus haedos.
D. at quin Latoïdae congesto ponimus aras
caespite libamusque noui duo cymbia lactis?
eia age, deuexum nam uesper obumbrat Olympum,
tu leuibus calamis, ego carmine, ruris amantem
ambo Latoïden cantemus, Apollinis ambo
nomen ad astra feramus; oues et pauit Apollo.
quomodo siluestri Phoebum dicemus auena
ipsum Pieriis fidibus cantare peritum
Haemoniique iugis Pindi deducere Musas?
quantum nectareo cedunt cerealia suco
pocula, Picenis quantum uaccinia pomis,
tantum pastores Damon et Thyrsis, Apollo,
carminibus Damon, tibi cedit harundine Thyrsis.
Phoebus carminis auctor, acuto Phoebus Olympum
carmine demulsit princeps fixitque canendo
heroasque deosque et conscia sidera caeli;
nec ualuere Ioui iam tum sua fulmina, at ales

armiger in sceptro pennas laxauit inanes
uoce soporatus liquida ; stetit immemor hastae
Mauors nec magnam percussit Gorgona Pallas
nec sua Iunoni furibundae profuit ira.
pandite Castaliae, nam panditis omnia, Musae ;
quae iuga, qui fontes, quae non didicere cauernae
Latoïden ? ille aut myrteta sonantia Pindi
aut procul auritis nutantem pinibus Oeten
Aonia mouit cithara atque ediscere amores
iussit inauditos, illum agnouere canentem
antra Therapnaea atque adytis clamantia longe
respondere cauis ; Eurotas audiit amnis
argutasque unda docili motauit oliuas.
Pan amat Arcadiae siluas, amat Ismaron Orpheus,
Phoebus palmiferam Delon Tenedumque Claronque ;
flumina Phoebus amat Permesia, nec mea numquam
Aoniis idem mutauit pascua dumis.
huc ades o Pataraee ; tibi hic purissima mella
plenaque pressantur spumantibus ubera mulctris ;
hic pastae cytiso aut detonsa fronde salicti
pabula persultant laeto sub sole capellae ;
hic querulis Zephyrus suspirat odorifer alis
per ualles plus quam Elysias collesque supinos
quis sata laeta Ceres inuiderit, Euius uuas.
huc ades o Pataraee fauens ; tecum adsit Iacchus ;
adsit Acidaliis comitata sororibus Hebe ;
nec, si nostra tibi sordebunt moenera, nostras
aspernare preces neque dedignator, Apollo,
laudibus ipse tuis praesens me afflare canentem ;
fer citharam plectrumque ; tuae quoque saepe solebant
ad citharae sonitum Aemathii saltare bubulci ;

cum quondam pingues Admeti inglorius haedos
curabas et cum Amphrysi fontana bibebas
pocula nec flaui Ganymedis egentia dextra.
fortunata suo Latonia numine Delos!
Nereos illa minas audebat Apolline nato
spernere natiuisque sedens dominarier undis:
illic Ionios olim fumantibus aris
tura ferunt cumulasse triumphalesque fauentis
concinuisse dei pharetras arcumque sonantem.
nam quis Apollineas, uictricia tela, sagittas
sensit quin animam in caelestes sparserit auras?
nec potuit Phoebo luctanti obsistere Python
ore uenenato insurgens, neque profuit illi
radere humum squamis et sibila colla tumenti
aëra uerberibus caudae pulsare, sed ipsum
eructantem ignes atque in sua fata ruentem
arcitenens prostrauit: ibi alto a uertice Pindus
annuit atque imis laete intonuere cauernae
ex adytis: ibi uocales Heliconis ad undas
unanimi cithara Musae paeana sonantes
ipsae Phoebeis laurum imposuere capillis;
nec timuit iam tum immani serpente perempto
Delphicus armentis pastor, sed ut ante per umbram
fusus populeam cantauit Apollinis arma
seruatumque pecus, Phoebum cantauit amica
upilio Cirrhaeus harundine. nos quoque Phoebum
gaudentem pharetra, nos Phoebum ruris amantem
cantamus uallesque cauas cliuosque cubantes
Latoïden iterum atque iterum resonare docemus.

Mazeppa's Ride.

NO, NO! From out the forest prance
A trampling troop, I see them come;
In one vast squadron they advance.
I strove to cry, my lips were dumb;
The steeds rush on in plunging pride;
But where are they the reins to guide?
A thousand horse and none to ride!
With flowing tail and flying mane,
Wide nostrils never stretched by pain,
Mouths bloodless to the bit or rein,
And feet that iron never shod,
And flanks unscarred by spur or rod.
A thousand horse, the wild, the free,
Like waves that follow o'er the sea,
Came thickly thundering on,
As if our faint approach to meet.
The sight renerved my courser's feet,
A moment staggering feebly fleet,
A moment with a faint low neigh
He answered, and then fell.
With gasps and glazing eyes he lay
And reeking limbs immovable,
His first and last career is done.

Byron, *Mazeppa*, xvii.

FALLOR an agmen adest? non fallimur; agmen equorum
huc rapidis, uideo, motibus urget iter.
uox quater orsa loqui, nisu quater haeret in ipso;
prosiliunt magni turbinis instar equi.
scilicet indomiti resonis spatiantur in aruis,
nec dominos frenis qui moderentur habent;
crinibus ad rapidam caudisque undantibus auram
et patulis uento naribus agmen adest;
libera sanguineis non ora premuntur habenis;
uincula non onerant terga nec aera pedes;
gressibus adsiliunt resonantibus, aequoris instar,
cum rapidis in se conglomeratur aquis.
uidit et ad uisum renouatis uiribus agmen
flectit iter fractis uiribus aeger equus;
haeret et extremo gemitum de pectore ducit,
et cadit exhausto corpore fessus humi.
pondus iners iacet ac, dura porrectus harena,
luminibus fixis languet, anhelat, obit.
sic iacet et leto feruentia membra rigescunt;
qui labor huic princeps, ille supremus erat.

Sonnet on the death of Mr Richard West.

IN VAIN to me the smiling mornings shine,
And reddening Phoebus lifts his golden fire:
The birds in vain their amorous descant join,
Or cheerful fields resume their gay attire:
These ears, alas! for other notes repine,
A different object do these eyes require:
My lonely anguish melts no heart but mine;
And in my breast the imperfect joys expire.
Yet morning smiles the busy race to cheer,
And new-born pleasure brings to happier men:
The fields to all their wonted tribute bear:
To warm their little loves the birds complain:
I fruitless mourn to him that cannot hear,
And weep the more because I weep in vain.

Gray.

QVIS DESIDERIO SIT PVDOR AVT MODVS
TAM CARI CAPITIS?

NEQVIQVAM Aurorae ridet mihi lucidus ortus
ingrediturque rubens aureus orbis iter:
nequiquam alituum spirat concentus amorem
uernaque mutata ueste uirescit humus:
heu, alium mea sermonem desiderat auris,
haec alias quaerunt lumina delicias:
unum me penitus torquet meus unius angor;
quaeque placent animo dimidiata cadunt.
nec minus hortatrix operum lux aurea surgit;
et noua fert aliis gaudia, nulla mihi:
omnibus almus ager sollemnia munera reddit,
et responsuris dulce queruntur aues:
heu, ego ad occlusas aures queror inritus, et quod
uana cadunt oculis flumina plura cadunt.

MIRANDA. FERDINAND. PROSPERO.

Mir. Do you love me?

Fer. O heaven, O earth, bear witness to this sound,
And crown what I profess with kind event,
If I speak true; if hollowly, invert
What best is boded me to mischief! I
Beyond all limit of what else i' the world
Do love, prize, honour you.

Mir. I am a fool
To weep at what I am glad of.

Pros. [*aside*] Fair encounter
Of two most rare affections! Heavens rain grace
On that which breeds between them!

Fer. Wherefore weep you?

Mir. At mine unworthiness, that dare not offer
What I desire to give; and much less take
What I shall die to want. But this is trifling:
And all the more it seeks to hide itself
The bigger bulk it shows.

SHAKESPEARE, *Tempest*, Act III. Sc. i.

ΑΓΑΘΗ. Ἆρ' οὖν ἐρᾷς μου;
ΦΕΡ. γαῖαν οὐρανόν θ' ἅμα
τοῦ ῥήματός μου τοῦδε μάρτυρας καλῶ,
χἅπερ λέγω νῦν, ἦν ἀληθεύων λέγω,
ἐμοὶ προχωρήσειεν εὐπετῶς ἔπη·
ἀλλ', ἢν ἐρῶ ψεύδορκος ὢν ψευδῆ τάδε,
τὸ πᾶν προσέρπον καίπερ εὔποτμον θεοὶ
τρέποιεν εἰς τὸ δυστυχές· πάντων μόνη
τῶν ὀλβίᾳ τῇδ' ἐμπεφυκότων χθονὶ
εἶ φιλτάτη σὺ τιμιωτάτη τ' ἐμοί.
ΑΓ. ὅπερ μ' ἀρέσκει, τοῦδε δακρύουσ' ὕπερ
μωρά τις εἰμ'.
ΠΡΟΣ. ὡς εὐπρεπεστάτη γ' ὁρᾶν
ἡ τῶνδ' ἐραστῶν συζυγεῖσ' ὁμιλία·
θεοὶ καταστάζοιεν εὔκαρπον χάριν
τῷ τοῦδ' ἔρωτος ἐκγόνῳ βλαστήματι.
ΦΕΡ. τί δ' οὖν δακρύεις;
ΑΓ. μωρίαν ὀφλισκάνω
ἄτολμος οὖσα τοῦθ' ὅπερ δοῦναι θέλω
σοὶ καὶ προτείνειν κἀπὸ σοῦ λαβεῖν ὅτι
λαβεῖν θέλοιμ' ἄν, μὴ λαβοῦσα δ' ἂν
θανεῖν.
ληρῶ δ', ὅσῳ τ' ἔρωτ' ἐμὸν κρύπτω τόσῳ
ἐκφαίνεταί τε κἀπὶ μεῖζον ἔρχεται.

1834.

King Lear.

BLOW, winds, and crack your cheeks! rage! blow!
You cataracts and hurricanoes, spout,
Till you have drenched our steeples, drowned the cocks!
You sulphurous and thought executing fires,
Vaunt-couriers of oak-cleaving thunderbolts,
Singe my white head! And thou, all-shaking thunder,
Strike flat the thick rotundity of the world!
Crack nature's moulds, all germens spill at once
That make ingrateful man!—
Rumble thy belly full! Spit, fire! Spout, rain!
Nor rain, wind, thunder, fire are my daughters:
I tax not you, you elements, with unkindness;
I never gave you kingdom, called you children;
You owe me no subscription; then let fall
Your horrible pleasure; here I stand, your slave,
A poor, infirm, weak and despised old man:
But yet I call you servile ministers,
That will with two pernicious daughters join

ΑΦΙΕΤ' ἄνεμοι πνεύματ'· ἐντόνοισι δὲ
γνάθους διαρρήξασθε μαργῶντες πνοαῖς.
ὄμβροι καταρρεῖτ', αἰγίδες τ' ἐπίσσυτοι,
ἔστ' ἂν διύγρων νάμασιν πυργωμάτων
θριγκοὺς κατακλύσητε· καί σu πύρπνοος
φλὸξ αἰθαλοῦσσα, φερομένη, νόημ' ὅπως,
πρόδρομος κεραυνῶν δρῦς διαιρούντων βίᾳ,
κατανθράκωσον λευκόθριξ τοὐμὸν κάρα.
σὺ δ', ὦ τινάκτειρ' οὐρανοῦ τε γῆς θ' ἅμα,
σκήψασα, βροντή, στρῶσον ἐκτάδην πάχος
εὔκυκλον αἴας· ῥῆξον ἀρχαίους τύπους
ξύμπαντα δ' ἐξάλειψον ἐν πληγῇ μιᾷ,
ἃ δυσχαρίστους σπέρματ' αὐξάνει βροτούς.
βρυχωμένη δ' ἀν' αἰθέρ' ἐμπλήσθητί μοι.
πρὸς ταῦτ' ἴτω μὲν πῦρ, ἴτω δ' ὀμβροκτύπος
ζάλη, ζάλη γὰρ οὔτε πῦρ κεραύνιον
οὔτ' ὄμβρος ἐστὶ τἀμὰ δυστήνου τέκνα·
οὐχ ὑμὶν ἐγκαλοῖμ' ἄν, αἰθέρος γόνοι,
οἳ' ἀντιπάσχω πρὸς τέκνων· καλῶς γ' ἂν οὖν
τοῖς οὐ λαβοῦσι σκῆπτρ' ἐμοῦ δόντος πάρα,
τοῖς οὐχὶ τοῦδε πατρὸς ὠνομασμένοις
κοὐδέν τί μοι γεγῶσιν ἐξυπηρετεῖν
ὀφειλέταισι· τοιγαροῦν ἐâθ' ἅδην
τὸν δειματώδη κότον ἐπισκήπτειν ἐμοί·
δοῦλος παρ' ὑμῖν δεσπόταις ἔστηχ' ὅδε
πένης, ἄναλκις, πάντ' ἀτιμασθεὶς γέρων·
καίτοι φρονοῦντας δοῦλ' ὑπηρέτας καλῶ,
οἳ' συζυγέντες ὀλεθρίᾳ ξυνωρίδι

Your high engender'd battles, 'gainst a head
So old and white as this.—
Let the great gods
That keep this dreadful pudder o'er our heads
Find out their enemies now. Tremble, thou wretch,
That hast within thee undivulged crimes,
Unwhipped of justice. Hide thee, thou bloody hand;
Thou perjured and thou simular man of virtue
That art incestuous: caitiff, to pieces shake,
That under covert and convenient seeming
Hast practised on man's life. Close pent-up guilts
Rive your concealing continents and cry
These dreadful summoners grace. I am a man
More sinned against than sinning.

SHAKESPEARE, *King Lear*, Act III. Sc. ii.

τέκνων ξυνήψαθ' ὑψιγέννητον μάχην
πρὸς ὧδε γραῖον, ὧδε λευκανθὲς κάρα·
ὦ πρὸς θεῶν τάδ' αἰσχρὰ κοὐκ ἀνασχετά.
μελησάτω νῦν θεοῖσι τοῖς ὑπὲρ κάρα
βαρὺν βρόμον μεθεῖσι τοὺς ἐχθροὺς βροτῶν
μαθεῖν ὅπου γῆς τυγχάνουσ' ἱδρυμένοι.
κακοῦργε, φρίξον, ὅστις ἀμπλακήματα
τὰ μήτ' ἀναπτυχθέντα μήτε πω δίκης
πληγὰς λαβόντα σῖγ' ὑπὸ στέρνοις ἔχεις.
κρύφθητι μὲν χεὶρ ἥτις εἶ φονόρρυτος,
κρύφθητι δ' ὅστις εἰς θεοὺς ψεύδορκος εἶ,
χὥστις λόγοις μὲν σωφρονεῖς, ἔργοισι δὲ
λέκτρων ἀθίκτων ἦλθες εἰς ξυναλλαγάς.
ἀμυσσέτω δὲ τάρβος αἰσχρουργούς, ὅσοι,
κρυφῇ λαβόντες καιρόν, ἀνθρωποκτόνων
ἥψασθε μὴ δοκοῦντες ἅπτεσθαι τρόπων.
αἱ δ' εὐφύλακτοι τῶν βροτῶν πανουργίαι,
σκοτίας διασπᾶθ' ὁρκανῶν περιπτυχὰς
φθογγάς τ' ἀφεῖσαι τούσδε συγγνώμην ἔχειν
ἱκνεῖσθε τοὺς κήρυκας· ἀλλά—τἀμὰ γὰρ
πεπονθότ' ἐστὶ μᾶλλον ἢ δεδρακότα.

PORSON PRIZE COMPOSITION, 1838.

NOW entertain conjecture of a time,
When creeping murmur, and the poring dark,
Fills the wide vessel of the universe.
From camp to camp, through the foul womb of night,
The hum of either army stilly sounds,
That the fixed sentinels almost receive
The secret whispers of each other's watch:
Fire answers fire: and through their paly flames
Each battle sees the other's umber'd face:
Steed threatens steed, in high and boastful neighs
Piercing the night's dull ear; and from the tents,
The armourers, accomplishing the knights,
With busy hammers closing rivets up,
Give dreadful note of preparation;
The country cocks do crow, the clocks do toll,
And the third hour of drowsy morning name.
Proud of their numbers and secure in soul,
The confident and over-lusty French
Do the low-rated English play at dice;
And chide the cripple tardy-gaited night,
Who, like a foul and ugly witch, doth limp
So tediously away. The poor condemned English,

ΝΥΝ *ἐννοεῖσθε καιρόν, εὖθ' ὁμορροθοῦν*
βρόμῳ βάδην ἔρποντι διατόρου κνέφας
μέγ' ἀμφιχαῖνον αἰθέρος πληροῖ κύτος.
κατ' εὐφρόνην γὰρ κοιλογάστορα ψόφος
βομβεῖ τις Ἄρεως δίδυμος ἐν μεταιχμίοις,
ἄσημ' ὑπηχῶν· ὥστε τοὺς τεταγμένους
σχεδὸν δέχεσθαι φύλακας ἀλλήλων πάρα
ψιθυροὺς λαθραίας ξυμβόλων παραλλαγάς.
φρυκτοὶ δὲ φρυκτοῖς ἀντιλάμπουσιν, φλόγα
ξανθὴν πνέοντες· ἣν διοπτεύων Ἄρης
λυγαῖον ὄμμα δέρκεται, διπλοῦς διπλοῦν.
πώλων δὲ πώλοις ἀνταπειλούντων σκότον
βάλλει δι' ὠτὸς οὐράνια, κόμπου πλέα,
φρυάγματ'· ἄνδρας δ' ἱππότας σκηνῶν ὕπο
κοσμοῦντες ὅπλοις δορυφόροι σπουδῇ σάγας
σφυρηλάτους γομφοῦντες εὐπαγῶς ἔχειν
δεινόν τιν' ἤδη φροιμιάζονται κλόνον.
οἱ δ' ἐξ ἀγρῶν ὄρνιθες ᾄδουσιν λιγύ·
χαλκοῦς δὲ κλάζων ὄρθρον ἀγγέλλει βαθὺν
κώδων, τετάρτου φύλακος ὡς κληρουμένου.
καὶ μὴν ἐκεῖ μέν, ἀνδροπληθείᾳ στρατοῦ
ἀβουλίᾳ τε κουφονῷ γαυρούμενοι,
Γαλατῶν ὁ θερμὸς ὑψίφρων τ' ἄγαν λεὼς
τοὺς ἀνθαμίλλους τοὺς ἴσους τῷ μηδενὶ
κύβοις διεμπολῶσιν· ἐν δὲ κερτομεῖ
βραδυσκελῆ τις εὐφρόνην, οἵᾳ σχολῇ
στυγνή τις ὡς Ἔμπουσα χωλεύει βάδην.

Like sacrifices, by their watchful fires
Sit patiently and inly ruminate
The morning's danger; and their gesture sad,
Investing lank-lean cheeks and war-worn coats,
Presenteth them unto the gazing moon
So many horrid ghosts. O now, who will behold
The royal captain of this ruin'd band,
Walking from watch to watch, from tent to tent,
Let him cry,—Praise and glory on his head!
For forth he goes, and visits all his host;
Bids them good-morrow, with a modest smile:
And calls them brothers, friends, and countrymen.
Upon his royal face there is no note,
How dread an army hath enrounded him;
Nor doth he dedicate one jot of colour
Unto the weary and all-watch'd night:
But freshly looks, and overbears attaint,
With cheerful semblance and sweet majesty;
That every wretch, pining and pale before,
Beholding him, plucks comfort from his looks:
A largess universal, like the sun,
His liberal eye doth give to every one,
Thawing cold fear.

SHAKESPEARE, *Henry V.*, Act IV. Prologue.

οἱ δ', ὡς θανούμεν' εὐμαρῆ προσφάγματα,
ἄνδρες Βρεταννοὶ τλημόνως φρυκτοῖς πάρα
θακοῦσ', ἀγῶν' ἑῷον ἐννοούμενοι·
ὁμοῦ δ' ἔχοντες σχῆμά θ' ὡς λυπουμένων,
γνάθους τ' ἀσάρκους, κοὐκ ἀγύμναστον μαχῶν
στολήν, Σελήνῃ νυκτὸς ὀφθαλμῷ βλέπειν
σκιῶν πρέπουσιν ἐμφόβων μιμήματα.
νῦν τοῦ πανωλοῦς τοῦδε τὸν σεμνὸν στόλου
λοχαγὸν εἰσιδών τις, ὡς σκηνήν τε καὶ
φρουρὸν πρὸς ἄλλοτ' ἄλλον εἰλίσσει πόδα,
πῶς οὐκ ἂν εὔξαιτ', ὦ θεοί, δότ' εὐκλεὲς
τούτου γενέσθαι μηδ' ἀκήρυκτον κάρα;
στείχων γὰρ οὖν τὸν πάντα ποιμαίνει στρατόν,
ἀσπάζεται δὲ σωφρόνως γελῶν ἅμα,
καὶ δὴ κικλήσκει ξυγγόνους, ἄνδρας φίλους,
καὶ ξυμπολίτας ἐν τρίτοις προσφθέγμασιν.
ἔν τοι προσώπῳ γ' εὐγενεῖ σῆμ' οὐκ ἔνι,
οἵῳ ξύνοιδεν ἐγκυκλούμενος στρατῷ·
οὐδ' αὖ τι φρουραῖς παννύχοις παρειμένος
ἤμειψε χροιᾶς ἄνθος· ἀλλ' ὁρᾷν πρέπει
ὑγιής· κόπον δὲ καρτερῶν ὑπερτρέχει,
ἄναξ τύραννον σχῆμα φαιδρωπόν τ' ἔχων·
ὥστ', εἴ τις ὠχρὸν ὄμμα τήκεται τάλας,
τοῦτον δεδορκώς, αὐτόθεν θαρσύνεται·
οὗ πρευμενὴς ὀφθαλμός, ὥς τις ἥλιος,
κοινόν τι πᾶσιν εἷς πολὺς χαρίζεται,
ψυχρὸν φίλαις αὐγῇσι θερμαίνων φόβον.

LATIN.

NARCISSVS.

Svi amans sine rivali.

IN RIPA uitrei lacus iacentem
Narcissum attenuat sui cupido,
cui frontem Pario politiorem
saxo, cui roseas genas stupenti
interpres liquor exprimit fidelis.
tantum in se miser altero laborat
quantum non Paris arsit in Lacaena,
non in purpureo Phaone Sappho.
en, ut bracchia porrigit silentem
nympham fluminis inuocans, ut ambas
mersat fonte manus et inde tollit
flentes, quippe dolent redire solae.
infelix puer, unda te dolosa
lento macerat igne; nunc, miselle,
sentis quid sit amare, tu sequentum
nympharum in tua damna non amator.
nam nolens Cytherea tam uenustum
riuales in amore habere nullos
te sic diuiduum resoluit, ipsum
riualem tibi mutuamque flammam.

AMICO VXOREM DVCTVRO T. S. E. GRATVLATVR.

LYNTONAE, A. D. III. ID. IVL. 1852.

EN ego per terras et per freta mobilis erro ;
tu constans in amore manes defixus ibidem ;
non tibi curriculis opus est aut axe rotarum
fulmineo, non ueliuola rate ; tu celer erras
mente ; Dionaeis auibus liquidum aethera tranas
siue Cupidinibus mauis et Amoribus ales
purpureis. at forte, piger dum carmina pango
litora prospectans longe et freta candida uelis,
tu uelox animoque et corpore uique uaporis
ridens atque gemens Lancastria moenia uisis,
moenia non tibi clausa, tuam claudentia. sed qua
uoce salutanda est ? quo nomine gaudet ? Elisa ?
an Laura magis ? an Maria ? quocumque uocatur,
non placitura minus mulier tibi qui petis ipsam.
nam rosa, nomine si tantum mutetur, eisdem
luxuriet foliis et eundem reddat odorem.
Iphianassa frequens Euripidis esset in ore
atque Agamemnonios etiamnum anteiret honores,
ipsa uocata Chloe seu Delia siue Neaera.
clarant arma uirum aut sapientem audire, puellam
pingere acu uelum musamque accendere cantu ;
haec si forte tuae sunt moenera, gratulor ; at si
accessit mens recta, dei memor, ingeniumque
mite, uerecundum, morumque modestia simplex,
laetari iubeo fatisque fauentibus uti.
illam ergo felix felicem tempore ducas
composito laetumque trahas uxorius aeuum.
Lyntonae quae sit facies, quam mira uenustas,
te quoniam monet usus et experientia quondam,
Musa supersedeat mea dicere. uiue ualeque.

CAROLO EVANDRO, VXORE DVCTA, T. S. E. GRATVLATVR.

LAVDO uirorum in castra iugalium
quicumque uenit transfuga, caelibum
fastidiosus, qui laborant
in dapibus ueterique Baccho,
qui posse malunt, consule quo liquor
fumos recentes Massicus hauserit,
primore discreuisse lingua,
quotue dies trabe de salubri
dorsum ferinae pingue pependerit
sensisse puro naris acumine;
quam cernere uxorem pudicam,
dum sedet ad calathos Mineruae,
aut litterarum nomina dum docet
natos loquaces, dulce parentium
exemplar et prolem futuram
grande domus columen paternae.
abeste quisquis temnere Martias
audes kalendas et Mareoticum
uxoriam auersatus ulmum
sub platano bibis otiosa.
ergo maritorum insitus ordini,
Euander, audis tu quoque coniugem
nactus renidentem. quod oro
omnibus ut numeris rotundet
uobis supremus laetitiae dator;
qui uestrum ut uno lumine conscium
utrumque consentiret astrum
instituit sapiens et annis

coire sidus iussit euntibus.
laetare nupta; tu mihi uir uiro
esto salutatus; ualere
te iubeo et bene feriari,
cui nuptiarum serta recentia
fragrant et ardet fax noua coniugi,
non illa dilapsura uanos
in cineres, sed amore pinguis
fulsura, donec tradiderit faci
lumen supremae. quid loquor? o procul
sit flamma quae deducit omnes
unde negant remeare quemquam!
quo, Musa, tendis? pandere me iubes
quid sit futurum? quot pueri focum
qualesque circumstent paternum
eloquar an sileam? silebo
quod celat aetas, hac prece subdita;
sit liberorum nobile ius trium
uestrumque nostrumque et placentem
quisquis amat sine fraude nuptam.
uentosa Vectis me tenet insula
quae bellicosam murmure Galliam
fastidit undarum procellis
atra fluentisonoque ponto.

Redevnt in avrvm tempora priscvm.

O SATVRNIA regna! Cotta clamat;
aurum quaelibet ora fundit, aurum
Australes Californiique montes.
o felix redeunte tempus auro!
o mores! bona uerba, Cotta, quaeso;
auri, Cotta, redit satis superque;
non Virgo redit* aureique mores.
sed quacumque sacrum scatet metallum,
illuc pessima quaeque congregantur,
mendax, insidiosus, aleator,
uanus, deliciarum amans, gulosus,
praedo, fur, homicida, temulentus,
exlex: Cotta, quid aureae putandum est
aetatis rediisse praeter aurum?

* Iam redit et Virgo.
Verg. *Buc.* Ecl. iv. 6.

To H. A. J. Munro, after receiving a copy of his Translations into Latin and Greek Verse.

ILLE ego qui quondam Grantae sub moenibus altis
errabam magno Musarum instinctus amore,
Munro care, tibi peritura poemata pango.
te pono ante oculos iubeoque adstare neque absens
adloquor adstantem, usque adeo mihi corde sub alto
uiuit forma uiri, uultus, color, ingenium, uox.
uersiculos laetus legi et bis terque relegi
laetior usque tuos. quantum, si uiueret, ipse
confessurus erat Graius*, tibi me quoque tantum
confiteor debere. at per uestigia uatis
Peligni minus isse reor te, maxime Munro,
quam signasse nouum sermonem, dum tibi Musam
Nasonis numerosque repraesentare uideris.
de sermone tuo morem gere pauca monenti.
si qua forte satus Romana gente fuisset
Aeschylus atque elegos uoluisset adire Latinos,
talem crediderim scripturum carmina uatem
haud aliena tuis, qui stant quasi marmore uersus
et similes solido structis adamante columnis.

* Allusion to Munro's translation of Gray's *Elegy*.

At puto de uerbis *it iter*, si uersa retrorsum
sic starent *iter it*, flueret numerosior ordo.
nonne Maro *uia ui* posuit bis, *ui uia* nunquam?
ni fallor, Sophocles iterans *it it* edidit unus.

Verum hoc non poteram ieiunum scribere carmen
nec tibi gratari, quamquam est mora longa bilustris,
cum Lucreti operum interpres praestantior audis
quam rerum naturai Lucretius ipse.
magnum opus et numeris plenum omnibus unde perenne
nomen erit Munronis et aeternabitur aere
plurima lectorum durando saecula uoluens.
haec quae scriberet Euander longinquus habebat.
unum oro super; ad fines si te bona nostros
fors fumusque ferat, noli me abscondere uectus,
uectus Hyperboreos in montes ignibus ales;
sed quando Scotus uolucer* te uoluet ad Arcton,
lentior adlabens Dunelmi respice turres
tergeminas molemque piam super urbe sedentes,
oblitusque Caledoniae paulisper auitae,
huc deflecte pedem, memoris memor hospes amici.

* The Flying Scotchman.

Autobiography of a Goosequill.

TEMPORA quam mutantur! eram pars anseris olim:
nunc sum penna breuis, mox resecanda minor.
de patre rostrato sine glorier ante recidar
quam breuior. princeps ille cohortis erat.
nunc longa ceruice minax et sibilus ore
currebat per humum: nunc dubitante gradu
et capite obstipo steterat similisque putanti
quo sol deficeret tempore quaque tenus.
saepe anatum mediocre genus breuioraque risit
colla suis, risit rostra canora minus.
et quotiens risit, concordes nos quoque pennae
risimus, atque alae concrepuere pares.
'stranguler atque coquar,' stridebat gutture ouanti,
'ni crepat horridius, quam strepit anser, anas.
'dem iecur in lances, in puluinaria plumas,
'ansere si melius cantat anhelus olor.'
haec et plura quidem croceo dabat ore cachinnans.
galle, cachinnanti territa terga dabas.
flaue pedes, flaue ora parens, alia omnia candens,
multicolor pauo te bicolore minus,
hoc quoque iactabas, niuei splendoris habebat.
nec rostro exciderat uox ea uana tuo.
a quem portabas uentrem et quam uaricus ibas,
altiliumque timor deliciaeque coqui!

a quotiens tecum laetabar, siue biremis
liuentem per aquam candida uela dares:
siue uolaturum grauiter te passa leuaret
ala, ministerio proficiente meo!
a stagni decus! a ranarum gurges et horror!
a desiderium uulpis, opime pater;
sol medium, memini, conscenderat aethera, dumque
derides anatum colla minora tuis,
efflaras: Taratalla coquus tibi guttura longa
fregerat elidens, exscideratque iecur.
haec, pater albe, tui memor heu non alba litura
flens cadit in chartam. nunc mea fata sequar.
uellor, et aligenae uelluntur rite sorores;
mox patior morsus, culter acerbe, tuos.
rasa cauor dorsum; tum fissa cacuminor ima:
est mihi lingua; loquar: sunt mihi labra; bibam.
atramenta bibo: nouus adfluit halitus: arsi
currere sub digitis et sine uoce loqui!
o ubi terrarum loquar? o ubi nuntia mentis
audiar in Graecis stridere litterulis?
Musarum domus est: piger adluit amnis; agerque
collibus, ut flumen mobilitate, caret.
Camum Castalia Polyhymnia, Pallas Athenis
mutauit Grantam: quo coiere pares,
me quoque fors deuexit eo: diagrammata duco;
scribere uersiculos conor: utrumque decet.
terra, tuos sequor errores, dum uolueris inter

quae fugiunt solem flumina* quaeque petunt.
tum lapidis iacti curuum signare tenorem
instruar an doceam, quis scit? utrumque puto.
pons sacer est, asinorum infamia: saepe per illum
iuit inoffensus, me duce, discipulus.
tandem, praetrepidans orbem quadrare, cucurri
noctes atque dies irrequieta duos.
futtilis ille labor quanto stetit atramento!
uana quot inscriptis signa uoluminibus!
me tunc, dum totiens in gyrum uoluor, adorta est
uertigo capitis: dissiluere genae:
succubui, excideramque manu, ni prensa tenerer:
tam graue quadrando uulnus ab orbe tuli.
non sum qualis eram: fio maculosa: fatisco:
uarica, rostrati more parentis, eo.
arent labra siti: cessat facundia linguae:
dirigui: careo mobilitate mea.
lector, in hoc, maculis ueniam da, carmine, nostrae
quicquid erat reliquum garrulitatis, habes.
haec memor in nostro sit scalpta querella sepulcro,
'Penna, leui chartis sit tibi terra leuis.'

* Magnesia flumina saxi. LVCRET.

Rugby, March, 1858.

Carmen Feriale. 1865.

NVNC uocat lassos operum uacare
illa nos optata quies bimestris :
indigent libri quoque feriarum
pollice fessi.

nec uoluptatum studiosiores,
otium quod nil agat otiemur ;
uela non cessat dare qui remisit
nauita remos.

impigros aequis pueros magistris
mutuus coniungat honos fidesque, et
idem amor Musarum animique feruor
simplicis idem,

quamdiu dux noster, et ille noster
sit diu, rerum regimen tenebit,
mitibus lenire seuera prudens,
utile dulci.

qualis autumnus uariat racemos,
litteras ludis bene temperamus
more maiorum : neque semper unum
tendimus arcum.

est enim et ludis sua disciplina :
nec semel Rugbeia, ferire sollers,
Martis undeni tulit incruentam
splendida palmam.

saepe, custodes patriae, sub armis
prodeunt centum pedites, parati
plumbeos torquere globos in hostem
terga daturum.

plangit inclusos pila pulsa muros :
transuolat Campum pede tunsus orbis,
surgit exsultim, super hanc an illam
non sine plausu

emicet metam, dubitans. et aptas
saltibus crates canerem et sub ulmis
aemulos cursus, nisi postularet
seria carmen.

nos enim, quotquot sumus hac in aula,
imus in palmas operosiores :
ire nos inscripta iubent in illis
nomina muris.

utiles si quos animaeque magnae
prodigos Eoa tulere bella,
siue quos clarauit Apollinaris
laurea ciues,

seu quis et praeco Crucis exsulauit
Indicum passus Libycumue solem ;
illa nos exempla monent alumnos,
quid proba possint

corda, quid doctrina bonique mores,
quid Dei supremus amor. uirorum
talium Rugbeia ferax in omnes
floreat annos.

Dunelmi, a. d. XVII. *Kal. Iun.* 1865.

ΜΑΘΗΜΑΤΟΓΟΝΙΑ.

THE MYTHOLOGICAL BIRTH OF THE NYMPH MATHESIS.

PREFACE.

WHERE the following curious fragment of antiquity was discovered, the Editor is anxious to conceal; because, about the same spot other curious fragments may still be lurking. For great is the glory of restoring old manuscripts: and the more solitary we are in our fortunate researches, the more exceeding is the lustre of our fame.

The Poem itself was probably written in the reign of Ptolemy Philadelphus, the royal patron of Lycophron and Euclid. To this conjecture we are invited by the general tenor of its language, while the mention of the Parabola and the Ellipse clouds the horizon of that brilliant hypothesis. For although Apollonius of Pamphylia did about that period compose many treatises upon Conic Sections, yet doubtless he invented neither the Ellipse nor the Parabola. The introduction, therefore, of these beautiful but mysterious curves, is an anachronism indeed, but an anachronism of the highest order: for Euripides assigns a premature date to inventions which existed *before*, our author to discoveries that were made *after* the age in which he lived. Bold and aspiring, in the extravagance and inebriety of his genius, dashing into the waters of futurity,

"He pass'd the flaming bounds of time and space."

ΜΑΘΗΜΑΤΟΓΟΝΙΑ.

ΛΟΓΟΣ τίς ἐστιν, ὥς ποτ' ἀνθρώπων γένει
ἐλθὼν δι' ὀργῆς Ζεύς, ὅσ' ἐξημάρτανον,
ἔχρηζεν αὐτοὺς ἀντιτίσασθαι δίκην.
ἀλλ' ἠπόρει γὰρ ζημίαν, οἵα ποτὲ
κακοῖσιν ἔργοις προστεθεῖσ' ἀντιρρέποι.
τέλος δὲ νεύσας τοῖς θεοῖς σιγὴν ἔχειν,
"ἀκούσατ', ὦ θεοί, φησι, τὸν βραχὺν λόγον·
θνητούς, ἃ δυσσεβοῦσι, τιμωρήσομαι.
Ἥφαιστε, σοὶ δ' οὖν χρέος ἐπιστέλλω τόδε,
εὐθὺς πρὸς Αἴτνην βὰς Ἐρινύων μέτα,
δειναὶ γὰρ εὑρεῖν, ἐκπόνει πόρον μέγαν
κακῶν, ὁποῖον μηδέπω κάτοισθ' ἰδών."
καὶ ταῦθ' ἅμ' ἠγόρευε, χὠ τέκτων πυρὸς
χωλὸν πόδ' εἵλκε, δρᾶν παρεσκευασμένος.
καὶ δὴ παρῆσαν χθόνιον ἐς κατώρυχα
γραιαὶ παλαιαὶ παῖδες, ὅ τε μουνωψ στρατός,
οἱ μὲν πονοῦντες, αἱ δὲ μηχανώμεναι.
οἱ γὰρ Κύκλωπες ὠλένας πεδαρσίους
μετὰ ῥυθμοῦ κούφιζον· ἀντέκλαζε δὲ
μυδροκτυποῦσι βαρύβρομος κοίλη πέτρα·
ἱδρὼς δ' ἀνῄει χρωτί· θνητῶν γὰρ κακὰ
ἔσπευδον· ἦν δὲ πειστέον Διὸς λόγοις.
ἐν τῷδ' ἀΰπνοις ῥιπίδων φυσήμασιν
ἤγειρεν ἠρέθιζεν ἄσβεστον φλόγα
Ἥφαιστος· εἶτα, παρθένων σεμνῶν ἅμα
ταυροκτονουσῶν Ζηνὶ μηχανορράφῳ,
ῥαιστῆρ' ἐπάρας καλλίνικον, ἐν μιᾷ

πληγῇ Τρίγωνον αὐτόχειρ ἐκαίνισε[1],
γοργόν τι μηχάνημ᾽· ἐθάμβησαν δ᾽ ὁμοῦ
οἱ δημιουργοὶ πάντες οἱ πελώριοι·
νόμον δ᾽ ἐπευφήμησαν ὁμόφωνον κόραι
τρισσαὶ τριμόρφῳ τρίποδι τρικαράνῳ δάκει·
μαθὼν δ᾽ ἑαυτοῦ τριπλάσιον βλαστὸν τέρας
Τυφὼς πρὸς ὀργὴν στόματος Αἰτναίου διὰ
πυρὸς βέλη μετάρσι᾽ ἐξηκόντισε·
καὶ πᾶσα μὲν χθὼν μυχόθεν ἐσαλεύθη, πυλαὶ δ᾽
Ἄιδου ᾽κτύπησαν, ἀλαλαγήν θ᾽ ἧκαν νεκροὶ
τὸν λυμεῶνα τὸν νέον πεφευγότες.
ἐκ γὰρ Τριγώνου, θεομυσοῦς γεννήτορος,
σμερδνόν τι θρέμμ᾽ ἔβλαστε Τετραγώνου βία,
καὶ Πεντέγωνον προπάτορος μείζων βλάβη,
καὶ πάνθ᾽ ἃ πλευροῖς γωνίαις θ᾽ ἁβρύνεται
πολλαῖσιν· οὐ μὴν πάντα γ᾽ εἶχ᾽ ὁμόπτερον
φύσιν· τὸ μὲν γὰρ ἦν ἰσοσκελές, τὸ δ᾽ οὔ·
τὸ δ᾽ αὖ διαμπὰξ στερεόν[2], ἄλλο δ᾽ ἐπίπεδον.
τοὐνθένδε μέντοι, πῆμα πήματος πλέον,
χαλκεὺς ὁ δεινὸς αἱμύλῃ πλάσσει χερὶ
κύκλων περιβολὰς διαμέτροις σταθμώμενος·
κανόνας[3] θ᾽ ὅσοι τρέχουσιν ἀλλήλους πάρα
ἀλγοῦντες, οὐ γὰρ μὴ ξυνάψουσιν γάμους.
καὶ πρός γε τούτοις διπτύχους γραμμὰς λαβὼν
ἴσας τίθησιν, ἄλλοτ᾽ ἐκτείνει σοφῶς
τὴν ὑστέραν τῆς πρόσθεν εἰς ὑπερβολήν,

[1] Construe, "forged a new and strange thing called a Triangle."

[2] Plato *Theæt.* c. 14, ed. Bekker.

[3] Euclid's idea of parallel lines. Vide Lib. I. Def. 35.

μυριάσι μορφῶν ἀδαπάνως τέρπων κέαρ.
ἀφροὺς δὲ φυσῶντ' Εὐμενίδες οἴστροις πέριξ
ἔχριον, ὠρόθυνον· οὐδ' εὗδειν παρῆν·
ἐπεὶ μόλις μὲν κεῖνος, ἐξέφυσε δὲ
γραμμήν[4] τιν' ἀξύμβλητον, ἣν ἐς αἰθέρα
φιλεῖ γράφειν ἰαλτὸς ἐκ χειρῶν λίθος,
εἶτ', ἐμμανὴς πνοαῖσι δηναιῶν κορῶν,
ἄστρων περιφορὰν πολύπλανον διώρισε,
κύκλον[5] μὲν οὔ, κύκλου δὲ φιλτάτην κάσιν.
κἄτευξεν ἄλλα, κἄτι τῶνδ' αἰσχίονα,
μαιμῶν θεὸς βροτοῖσι θριγκῶσαι κακά·
παρῆκε δ' οὐδὲν ἀτελές· ἀλλ' εὖ μὲν τὸ πᾶν
ἔργον κατερρίνησεν· εὖ δ' ἐνήρμοσε
πλευροῖς τε πλευρὰ γωνίαις τε γωνίας,
γόμφοις ἐφηλῶν δυσλύτως ἀραρόσιν.
οὕτως, ὅσ' ἐστὶ πημονῶν βλαστήματα
σπείρας, ἔπειτα δῆτ' ἀνεψύχθη πόνων
Ἥφαιστος· εἱστήκει δ' ἐπ' ἐξειργασμένοις,
κἀπεῖχεν ὄμμα πολύκερων ἐς μηχανὴν
σιγῇ· τέλος δὲ περιχαρὴς θαῦμ' εἰσορῶν
ὠρχεῖτο, τὸν μὲν χωλὸν εἱλίσσων πόδα
δινῶν τ' ἀέρδην θατέρου δ' ὀχούμενος
ἐπ' ὀρθὸς ὀρθοῦ, τοῖς μονοφθάλμοις γέλων,
πολύστονον δὲ κληδόν' ἁρμόζων ἅμα
Μαθήματ', ἦν γὰρ ξύμμετρος παθήμασιν,
ἔρρηξεν αὐδήν· "δαίμονες δειναὶ βροτῶν
λώβαις διώκειν ὑστεροφθόροις, ἐπεὶ

[4] The Parabola.

[5] Kepler has observed in his second law that Planets move in Ellipses.

κακῶν ἔκατι κἀγένεσθε, κλῦτέ μου·
ἴδεσθε τήνδε μηχανὴν ἀμήχανον
θνητοῖς πόνων τε πόρον ἄπορον· ἴτ' ἔγκοτοι,
ἴτ' ὠκύποινοι, καὶ περιστιχίζετε
ἄπειρον ἀμφίβληστρον ἀνθρώποις τάδε,
ῥίψατε, διάδοτε, σπείρατ' ἐς πᾶσαν χθόνα,
κακῶν γὰρ ἔσται κλαυμάτων ἀρχηγενῆ."
αἱ δ' οὖν ταχύποδες ἀπτέροις ποτήμασιν
ἦσσον, προσελθοῦσαι δὲ Παλλάδος πόλιν[6]
χώρας μετέσχον, γῇ μὲν οὐκ ἀκαρπίαν
φλογμοῖς φέρουσαι, δενδροπήμονα βλάβην,
ἀστοῖς δ' ἀπεύκτους προσβολὰς μαθημάτων,
κρείσσω νόσον λειχῆνος, αὐονὴν φρεσίν.
κἀνθένδε ῥίμφ' Αἰγαῖον αἱ κυνώπιδες
ὑπερθοροῦσαι πέλαγος ἐξίκοντο γῆν
τρίγωνον, ἔνθα ποταμὸς Αἰγύπτου[7] *βοτὴρ*
πηγῶν ἄπαπτος εἰς ἅλ' ἑπτάρους φθίνει,
ᾗ πόλλ' ἀριθμοῦ θυμοβόρα σοφίσματα
στάζουσιν· εἶτ' ἔσκηψαν ἄψορροι πάλιν
ἐκεῖσ' ὅθεν τὸ πρῶτον ὡρμήσαντο δή·
νῦν δ' εἰς τρίγωνον πατρίδα[8] *γῆν κατήγαγον*
Ἡφαιστότευκτον μηχανήν, βροτῶν ἅλας.
ἐνθένδε πρὸς βορεάδας ἔσπευδον πνοὰς
μόγις τε πόντου στενὸν ὑπερβᾶσαι πόρον

[6] The residence of Plato.

[7] Alexandria was the scene of many discoveries in Mathematics, cf. Æsch. Fragm.

δεινοὶ πλέκειν τοι μηχανὰς Αἰγύπτιοι.

[8] At Syracuse flourished, B.C. 200, the renowned practical mathematician Archimedes.

ἵκοντο καλλιδόνακα πηλώδη ῥοὴν
Κάμον καμοῦσαι ποταμὸν οὐ ψευδώνυμον.
καί τις τάδ' εἶπε μία κορῶν—"ἅλις γέ τοι,
ἅλις πλανῶν· στήσωμεν ἐς πεδία τάδε
πομπὸν τόδ' ἄχθος, τοῖς μὲν οἰκητῆρσι γῆς
ἔριδας φύτευσον φρενομανεῖς τε θηγάνας,
ἡμῖν δὲ πλοῦτον αἱματορρόφου χλιδῆς.
ἔσται γάρ, ἔσται τῇδ' ὑπερφυῶς μέγας
ἀγών· ἐρεβόθεν δ' ἐμμανὴς τάδ' ἐννέπω.
στρατὸν δέδορκα διὰ τριῶν τεταγμένον
σπαρτὸν τριγώνων ἔριδος ἐξ ἀγωνίου,
ἐπεὶ βροτοῖς τοῖς ἐνθάδ' ἀνθήσει χρόνῳ
Ἄρης ἄχαλκος ἀσπίδων ἐμφύλιος
ἄνδρες θ' ἁμιλλητῆρες ἀσιδήρους χέρας
πτεροῖσι χηνείοισιν ἐξηρτυμένοι
ἴασι σῖγα διὰ μάχης μαθημάτων,
παθήμαθ' οἷ' οἵσοντες αὐτὸ σημανεῖ."
αἱ μὲν τοιαῦτα κοὐκ ἄκραντ' ἐθέσπισαν,
Κάμου δὲ λίμναις γειτονοῦσ' οἰκεῖ πάλαι
ἡ παντομισής, ἡ νόσου πλέα τέχνη.
ὦ Ζεῦ, τί λέξω; πότερά νιν προσεννέπω[9]
ναυαγίοις ἀνθοῦσαν ἀλίμενον χθόνα,

[9] The Author here indulges in extravagant spleen against Mathesis, imaged under various shapes. If, as we have ventured to suppose, he resided at the court of Ptolemy Philadelphus, this virulent attack upon so sage a goddess may have sprung from a desire to gratify some secret animosity against Euclid, who was a worshipper of that divinity. That great mathematician, having been tutor to Ptolemy, would probably reign paramount in his favour. Our poet, therefore, kindling with anger, would regard Euclid as an insurmountable barrier between himself and the

ἢ καὶ δόλον βλέπουσαν ἐξ ὑφασμάτων
Ἄτην ἄπληστον αἵματος; σπόγγον μὲν οὖν
ψυχὰς βροτῶν ῥοφοῦντα μυριόστομον,
ἀνδρῶν ἀπαιόλημα κἂν σοφός τις ᾖ,
πάμφθαρτον Ἅιδην, Σφίγγα δευτέραν τινά,
ἢ δυστόπαστα συμβαλεῖν αἰνίγματα
φύουσα θνητοῖς ξυγγενῆ σπείρει βλάβην.
φεῦ τῆς ἀνοίας, ὅστις ὢν ἐφήμερος[10]
ἔπειτα δεινῇ τῇδε πρόσκειται τέχνῃ·
λόγοισι μὲν γὰρ χρηστὸν ἐκτείνει βίον,
ἔργῳ δ' ὁ τλήμων τήκεται λύπῃ μακρᾷ
οὔπω μαθὼν κύκλωμα τετράγωνον κτίσαι[11].
πῶς δ' οὔ τι μεῖζον ἢ κατ' ἄνθρωπον φρονεῖ
ὅστις κάθηται πύργον εὐαγῆ λαβὼν
καὶ χαλκοτεύκτων οὐρανὸν δι' ὀργάνων
σκοπεῖ, πεποιθὼς νυκτιφρουρήτῳ θράσει;
ὦ πάννυχοι λαμπτῆρες, οὐκ ἄρ' ἴστε που
ὅσσοις βροτησίοισιν ὀφθέντες τορῶς,

scope of his ambition: and, while he rioted in the consciousness of his own stupendous powers, would naturally outpour his wrath upon him who narrowed the just area of their display; for he would wisely think with the illustrious Bacon, "Non novit quispiam, quantum in virtute profecerit, nisi *honores* ei campum praebeant *apertum*." (Bacon *De Augmentis Scientiarum*.)

[10] MS. ἔφη Ὅμηρος. We here insert the opinion of a learned correspondent, as a standard of excellence in note-building to all commentators: "Proponenti ἐφήμερος non assentior; ingeniosius id, quam tutius; legendum cum MS. ἔφη Ὅμηρος: nam textui insistendum semper, repugnante etiam tum sensu, tum metro."

[11] This is a real bane of Mathematics, namely, a restless hankering—an insatiate appetite after squaring the circle. It

ἢ πῶς δι᾽ ὀργῆς οὔποτ᾽, ἐσκοτωμένοι
ἀκτῖνας, ἤδη μηχανὰς ἐρρήξατε
βροτῶν; βροτοῖς γὰρ οὐράνια θέμις σκοπεῖν;
τούτων γενοίμην οὐ μεριμνητής ποτ᾽ ἂν
ἔγωγ᾽· ἐμοὶ μέν, αἰθέρος μεσόμφαλα
ἔχει βέβαιος εἴτ᾽ ἀνιδρύτοις ἀεὶ
χειμάζεται δρόμοισιν ἡλίου κύκλος,
ὅμοιον· εἰ γὰρ εὐτραφῆ θερμὴν φλόγα
φίλως ἰάπτει γῆς φερέσβιον γάνος,
ἅλις· τὰ δ᾽ ἄλλα, θνητὸς ὤν, χαίρειν ἐῶ.

is, in fact, a canker of the mind –a spreading disease, under the workings of which some are said to have gone mad, others to have died: nor did the renowned Hobbes himself escape its contagion, for a modern Latin stanza-maker has observed,

ad astra tollam laudibus Hobbium,
Thucydidem qui reddidit Anglice, et
rotunda quadravit. quid Hobbi
clarius ingenio? quid Hobbi
uirtute? cedat Roma Britanniae.

A Fox-Hunt.

Ὡς ἡδέως ἄν, εἴ τις
παρέχοι σφριγῶντα πῶλον,
ὁμοθυμαδὸν Μολοσσαῖς
ἱππηλατῶν ἑποίμην.
ὅπως κλύοιμ', ὅτ' εὖρις
ἰχνοσκοπῶν ἀν' ὕλην
κύων τέκμαρ δύσοσμον
εὑρὼν σαφὲς βαΰζοι.
ἔα· τί φῶ; τί δράσω;
ἀνεπτέρωκε κλαγγὴ
ἵππους, κύνας, κυναγούς.
ἐλευθεροστομούντων δ'
ὑλάγμασιν Μολοσσῶν
φρυάγμασίν τε πώλων
πᾶς ἀγρὸς ἀντιφωνεῖ.
ἔκλυον κελεύσματ' ἀνδρῶν,
ἰοὺ ἰού, βοώντων,
ἰοὺ ἰού, ἀλώπηξ!
ὁ πυρσόθριξ δ' ὁρᾶται
στέγην ὑπεκτρέχων θήρ,
ποδωκίᾳ πεποιθὼς
γαυρούμενός τε κέρκου
συρμῷ περισσομηκεῖ.
οἱ τηλόθεν δ' ἄγραυλοι,
στύγος τὸ χρυσόχαιτες
ὅτ' εὐθέως κατεῖδον,
ἐπωλόλυξαν· ἀνδρῶν δ'
ἤδη φλέγει διωγμός,
σκύλακα σκύλαξ ὀτρύνων.
ἐλελεῦ! θέλω διώκειν,

θέλω μέν, οὐκ ἔχω δὲ
ὅπως· τὸ μὲν θέλημα,
τὸ δ' ἔργον οὐ πάρεστιν.
ὦ δυστυχέστατ' ἀνδρῶν,
ἄπωλος ὢν ἀπώλου!
εἰ γὰρ πόροι τις ἵππον,
ἵνα συγκυναγὸς εἴην
μηδὲ σχολὴν ἀτερπῆ
ἄγοιμι τήνδε πεζός.
τὸ μὴν θέαμά γ' ἡδύ,
κρεῖσσόν τε τοῦ διδάσκειν.
ἐπεὶ γελᾷ μὲν αἰθήρ,
στολὴ δὲ μιλτόπρεπτος
θηρευτικῶν χιτώνων
χλοερὰν πρέπει καθ' ὕλην.
θύραν δὲ πεντάμοχλον
ὑπερθορόντος ἵππου
ἀπ' ἀστράβης ὀλισθὼν
γῆν προσκυνεῖ τις ἄκων.
σίνος καλοῦ χιτῶνος.
ἄλλοι δ' ἐπεγγελῶσιν
ἐν ἀστράβαις ἔτ' ὀρθοί,
ἄνιππον εἰσορῶντες.
μαστίκτορος δὲ πληγαὶ
ἠχοῦσιν, ὡς Μολοσσῶν
ὀσμῆς ἀποσφαλεισῶν.
ἔα· τί τοῦτο λεύσσω;
οὐ συνδρομοῦντας, ὡς πρίν,
ἄλλους δ' ἰόντας ἄλλῃ.
βλασφημίαις δ' ἀράσσει
ὁ κυνηγετὴς τὸν ὄχλον,
ἀναίτιόν περ ὄντα.

οὕτω δ' ἀμηχανοῦντος
θορυβουμένου θ' ὁμίλου,
ἀποβλέπει σεσηρὼς
ὁ μηχανορράφος θήρ,
εὔελπις ὡς ἔτ' οὐράν,
πυγῆς ἄγαλμ', ἄκουρον
κομιούμενος δομόνδε.
χαρά, χαρά μ' ὑφέρπει·
ὅλωλ', ὅλωλ' ἀλώπηξ,
θήραμα τοὐπίτριπτον,
ἡ πρὶν βλάβη μὲν ᾠῶν,
διαφθορὰ δὲ χηνῶν,
τέθνηκεν, οὐκέτ' ἐστίν,
λέλοιπεν ἡλίου φῶς,
μόρῳ κυνοσπαράκτῳ!
σιγῶσι μὲν γὰρ ἤδη
σκύλακες, βοῶσι δ' ἄνδρες
παῦροι μέν, ἐκ δὲ θυμοῦ
ᾄδουσι καλλίνικον.
ἀλλ' εἷς ἀνὴρ ἄριστος
τὸν εὖ κομῶντα κέρκον
τῆς ἱππικῆς ἔπαθλον
ἠνείκατ', ἐν πατρώᾳ
στήσων τρόπαιον αὐλῇ,
τοίχων χλιδὴν κρεμαστόν.
οἶμαι δ' ἄν, εἴ τις ἵππον
ἔδωκε καίριόν μοι,
ἐγὼ τὸν εὖ κομῶντ' ἂν
κέρκον τυχεῖν ἀπούρας.

Faciebant T. S. E. et C. Evans.
Nov. 1848.

Τοὺς Δευτεραίους παῖδας ὧν ἐπιστατῶ
καὶ τοὺς Τριταίους εὐφιλῶς ἀσπάζομαι.

Ω ΜΕΙΡΑΚΙΩΝ *γένος ἠλίθιον,*
τί μέλει βίβλων οὕτως ὀλίγον;
τί διδασκαλιῶν τῶν περὶ Μούσας
στέργετ' ἰόντες δι' ἀπειροσύνης,
ἀμελεῖς σοφίας, ἀμελεῖς δ' ἀρετῆς,
ἀμελεῖς δὲ λόγου, πάντων δ' ἀμαθεῖς,
βαρβαρόφωνοι, βορβορόθυμοι,
βλᾶκες, ἄκομψοι, λῆροι, ψιθυροί,
γράμμασιν ἐχθροί, συρφετὸς ἄλλως
Ἀκαδημείας, ἄχθος ἀρούρας,
λυπηροὶ μὲν
παῖδες, ἀχρεῖοι δὲ πολῖται;
φρίσσετ', ἄμουσοι, πάλλεσθε φόβῳ
δι' ἀνάμνησιν τῶν οἰχομένων!
πέρυσιν πέρυσιν βασανιζομένους
πολλὰ μὲν ἤρονθ' οἱ δοκιμασταί,
διαπευσόμενοι τῶν διανοιῶν
τῶν ὑμετέρων ὅσον ἦν τὸ βάθος,
περί τ' ἀρχαίων καὶ περὶ τῶν νῦν,
περί τε φθογγῶν ἑτερογλώσσων,
περί θ' ἱστοριῶν πατρίδος γαίας,
καὶ περὶ κλεινῆς Ἑλλάδος ὑμᾶς
ἔσθ' ἃ σποράδην ἐπανηρώτων,
καὶ περὶ Ῥώμης,
οὐδὲν δ', ἀμαθεῖς, ἀπεκρίνασθ'.

ὦ διὰ σιγῆς ἰέναι δεινοί,
σπέρμ' Ἀγνοίας, ἄνυδροι νεφέλαι,
κλῶνες ἄκαρποι, κύνες ἄγλωσσοι,
τί τότ' ἄφθογγον στόμ' ἐκλείσαθ', ὅτ' ἦν
σφόδρ' ἐξειπεῖν ἐπίκαιρον;
πρὸς ταῦτ' οὐ μὴ ληρήσετ' ἀεί,
καταπαυσάμενοι λαλιῶν ψιθυρῶν;
ἠκούσατέ μου; κρέμαται νάρθηξ·
ἴστε δὲ πληγὰς ἐπινωτιδίους
καταβησομένας, ἢν μὴ προσέχητ',
ὦ μάλ' ἀκαίρως σιγηλὰ βρέφη
καὶ μάλ' ἀκαίρως ἀθυρόγλωσσοι!
νῦν γὰρ τάδ' ἐμοῦ προφυλάσσοντος,
μὴ τοιαύτην ἑτέραν λώβην
ἐκ τῆς βασάνου τῆς ἐπιούσης
πάσχητε κακῶς, οἶδ' ὅτι καὶ νῦν
τὸ μὲν ὄμμ' ὑμῶν ἐσορᾷ βίβλους
ὡς προσεχόντων τὸν νοῦν, ὁ δὲ νοῦς
ἀφετὸς κατ' ἀγροὺς ὑπό τε πτελέαις
τῆλ' ἀποδημεῖ, τὴν βυρσότονον
σφαῖραν μεθέπων
λακτιζομένην μετὰ βόμβου.
εἶα, φίλεργοι γίγνεσθε, νέοι!
πᾶς δέ τις ὑμῶν ἀποσεισάμενος
τρόπον ὀκνηρόν, μεταμανθανέτω
μελέτην σοφίας, μελέτην δ' ἀρετῆς·
ἀμεταστρέπτοις δ' ὅσσοις βλεπέτω
πρὸς ἀγῶνα μάχης· εἶτα γενέσθω
ταχύς, εὔζωνος, σπουδαῖος, ἴτης·
ἀποκρινέσθω δ' ἀνερωτώμενος

αὐτὸς ἕκαστος παῖς, ὥσπερ ἀνήρ,
ὡς μὲν φωνῆς ὀκτὼ τὰ μέρη,
δίδυμαι δ' ἀριθμῶν στίχες ἐκλάμπουσ',
ὡς δὲ Βρεταννοὶ τὸ πάλαι Γαλατῶν
ὀλίγοι πολλῶν τρὶς ἔθεντο τροπὴν
ἐπὶ τ' Οὐάρδων ἐπί θ' Ἐρρίκου·
καὶ ταῦθ' ὑμῖν τά τε λοιπὰ σοφῶς
ἀποκριναμένοις οὐ μὴ λέξω,
Φρίσσετε παῖδες, κρέμαται νάρθηξ·
τότε δ' ὑμὶν ἐρῶ, Χαίρετε παῖδες,
ποδὶ γηθοσυνῷ σκιρτᾶτε, βρέφη,
χρυσεοπάστους τάχος οἰσόμενοι
βίβλους, ἀρετῆς ἐπίχειρα.

Oct. 1849.

The Iambic Umbrella.

Umbrella, quam forte latentem a fratre medico incusatus sum quod Iambice reddidissem, Iambice reddita loquitur.

Ἰὼ βροτείων πραγμάτων μεταλλαγαί!
ἐγὼ γάρ, ἥδε γραμμάτων ὁμήγυρις,
σκιάδειον ἦν ποτ' ἀνδρὸς ἰατροῦ, ζάλης
στεγανόν· ἴαμβοι δ' ἐγενόμην οὐκ οἶδ' ὅπως.
ἀλλ', ὦ ξέν', ὅστις ἀναγιγνώσκων τάδ' εἶ,
φεῖσαι, δι' ὧν ζῶ γραμμάτων, φεῖσαι δ' ἐμοῦ·
μηδ' ἁρπαγὴν νασμοῖσι πρόβλητόν μ' ἀφῇς.

δέδοικα γάρ τοι ῥιπτὸν Ἰφίτου μόρον,
μὴ πόντιον μὲν οὐχί, ποτάμιον δέ πως
λάχω ποθ' ἁδην. δεινὰ δ' ἦν, εἴπερ βλάβην
ἐγὼ δίυγρον οὐχ ἅπαξ ἐπήρκεσα
ἄλλοις ἐμαυτῷ θ' ἀρκέσαιμι μηδ' ἅπαξ.

May, 1853.

To Dr Benson, when Bishop of Truro. An invitation to attend the Enthronement of Bishop Lightfoot at Durham.

Ω ΦΙΛΤΑΤ' ἀνδρῶν, διὰ χρόνου μέν, ἀλλ' ὅμως
εὔφρων σ' ἀναύδοις γράμμασιν προσεννέπω
καὶ δεξιοῦμαι, καίπερ οὐ χερὸς θιγών.
Ἐλαφρόπουν τιν' οἶσθα; τοῦτον ἴσθ' ὅτι
θρόνοις ἐν ἱροῖς δι' ὀλίγου σταθήσεται
ἐπίσκοπος δὴ τῆσδε βορρείας χθονός.
τὸ σεμνότιμον δ' εἴ τί σοι πρὸς ἡδονὴν
θέαμα λεύσσειν, δεῦρ' ὅπως ῥιμφαρμάτοις
μολεῖσθ' ἀμίλλαις καὶ τροχηλάτῳ πυρί,
σὺ καὶ δάμαρ σή, κάλλος ἐξοχωτάτη
χάριν τε νυμφῶν· καὶ γὰρ ἀσμένοισιν ἂν
ἔλθοιτ' ἄν, εἴπερ καὶ μόλοιτε δύο, δυοῖν
ἐμοί τε καὶ θυγατρὶ τῇ φιλοξένῳ.
ἆρ' εἶδες ἤδη τήνδε ποταμίαν πόλιν
ὑψηλόκρημνον, μουσομήτορας δόμους,
θεοῦ τε τὸν τρίπυργον οὐρανοστεγῆ
θᾶκον λιθούργων τεκτόνων τρητὸν πόνον,

μῆκός τε σεμνὸν ἀμφικίονος νεώ ;
πρὸς ταῦθ' ὅπως μολεῖσθε. ταῦτ' ἔγραψέ σοι
πτερὸν μὲν ὀρνίθειον, Εὐάνδρου δὲ χείρ.
ἔα με πεῖσαι καὶ σὲ καὶ δάμαρτα σήν.

To Bishop Ellicott on his appointment to the See of Gloucester and Bristol. Written from Whitby.

ΧΑΙΡ' Ἑλλικόσσου *κάρτα φιλομαθὲς κάρα.*
ἐκ τοῦδε κόλπου κυμάτων ἐπωνύμου[1]
ἀσπάζομαί σε διὰ χρόνου μέν, ἀλλ' ὅμως
εὔφρων, μόνον γνοὺς ἢ χθὲς ἢ πρώην, ὅτι
ἦσαι τελευτῶν εὔθρονος παρ' Ἐσκίου
τὸν καλλίπυργον ἀστυγείτονα ῥόον,
ἔργων ἐνεγκὼν ἄξι', εἴπερ ἄξια.
ἀλλ' εὑροεῖν μὲν τἀπίλοιπα τοῦ βίου
σοὶ καὶ τέκνοισι καὶ δάμαρτί σου τρίτῃ
πρόθυμος, εἰ φίλων τις ἄλλος, εὔχομαι
κἀγώ. γαλήνης δ' οὐ τὸ πᾶν ἀκύμονος
ὄναιο, μηδ' ἄμουσον ἀλδαίνοις σχολήν.
σῶν γὰρ τὰ θεῖα γράμματ' ἑρμηνευμάτων
πρὸς τοῖς πάροιθεν καὶ νέων ἔχει πόθον.
σὺ μὲν γὰρ ἤδη πόλλ' ἀνέπτυξας σαφῆ
τὰ πρὶν δυσεξήνυστα, σοὶ δ' ἴσμεν χάριν
ἐγώ τε χοἱ κρίνοντες ἐξ ὀρθῆς φρενός.

[1] Allusion to a probably false derivation of the name Whitby.

φεῦ· φεῦ
ἐπεὶ τοσαῦτ' ἔγραψ' ἐπημάνθην νέον·
ἀλγεῖ γάρ, ἀλγεῖ πούς, Φιλοκτήτου μὲν οὐ
νόσον, σπαραχθεὶς δ' ἄρθρον ἢ λυγίζεται
τἀνδόν. διεξιὼν γὰρ ἄλσος εὔξυλον
ἐν πηλοπλάστῳ σπιλάδι δειλαίαν βάσιν
καὶ δὴ τιθεὶς ὤλισθον, οὐ κάτοιδ' ὅπως,
σφυροῦ τε καμπὴν οὐχ ἑκοῦσαν οὐχ' ἑκὼν
διάστροφον παρέσπασ', αἱ δὲ γείτονες
διερράγησαν αἱματόρρυτοι φλέβες.
ἀνωλόλυξα δ', Αἰσχύλου μνησθεὶς ὅτι
οἵ τοι στεναγμοὶ τῶν πόνων ἐρείσματα·
ἐρεισμάτων δ' ἔδει με τὸν μάλ' Οἰδίπουν.
κεῖμαι δ' ἀχρεῖος κὠδυνοσπαδής· ἀτὰρ
χριστοῖσιν ἤδη φαρμάκοις μαλάσσομαι.
τί μὴν ἐμαυτόν γ' ἄπαθον μακρηγορῶ
ἐν σοὶ τὰ δείν' ἐκεῖν' ὃς ἤντλησας[1], πρὸς ἃ
τὰ τοῦδ' ἂν εἴη λύχνος ὡς παρ' ἥλιον;
ἅ σοι ξυνήλγουν καὶ σιωπήσας ὅμως
τότ'· ἀλλὰ νῦν ἔρρωσο. ταῦτ' ἔγραψέ σοι
πτερὸν μὲν ὀρνίθειον, Εὐάνδρου δὲ χείρ,
ἀλέξικος δὴ βιβλίων τ' ἄτερ· σὺ δὲ
σύγγνοιαν ἴσχε μὴ κατορθώσαντί που.

[1] Allusion to an accident which happened to the Bishop.

To Henry Holden, D.D. On his resignation of the Headmasterhip of Durham School.

ΕΜΕΛΛΕΣ ἆρα τούσδε μουσομήτορας
δόμους ἀφεῖναι διαδόχῳ, τίς οἶδ' ὅτῳ ;
ὅστις δ' ἂν ᾖ, γένοιτο σοῦ κατάξιος.
θάμβος μὲν οὐκ ἔχει με, θυμαλγὲς δ' ἄχος,
καίτοι διὰ στέρνων τάδ' ἀναμασώμενον
θέλγουσιν ἤδη δεύτεραί με φροντίδες.
σὺ μὲν γὰρ αὐτὸς τήνδε ποταμίαν πόλιν
φεύγεις, τὰ δ' ἔργα καταλελείψεται τὰ σὰ
πολλοῖς μαθηταῖς εἰς φρένας γεγραμμένα
χρόνια, πολύμνηστ', οὐκ ἀκάρπιστον θέρος.
εὖ σοι γένοιτο νῦν τε καὶ τόθ' ἡνίκα
μετεγγεγράψει, πρόσθεν ὢν διδάσκαλος,
κῆρυξ· ζόης τε μακαρίας εὐάγγελος.

October, 1881.

To H. A. J. M. Bavarian Mosquitoes.

Ω ΤΟΤ παλαιοῦ φῶς νέον Λυκρητίου,
ἐμοὶ μὲν εὔνους μουσικῶν δ' ἀνδρῶν σέβας,
ναίω πέτρας τόδ' αἶπος ἡλιόκτυπον·
ἵν' ἄσχολοι κώνωπες ἐκτρίβουσί με
σαρκῶν ἐπαμβατῆρες αἱματορρόφοι.
πόθεν τόδ' ἦλθε σωματοφθόρον μύσος ;
ἢ λανθάνουσι μυρίοι φύλλοις ὕπο,
ἢ λεπτὰ θωύσσοντες, αἰθέριον ἄχος,

ποτώμενοί τε κοιλογάστορες πόθῳ
βορᾶς κατασκήπτουσιν εἰς ἄπορον ἐμέ.
ἵζουσιν, ἵζουσ', οὔθ' ἁλώσιμοι χερὶ
οὔτ' ὄνυχι πνικτοί, πλείονες Περσῶν ὅτε
κατήσθιον γῆν Ἑλλάδ'. ὦ τάλας ἐγώ!
ἀωρόνυκτοι δαιταλεῖς, πανήμεροι
ἆται, πότ' οὐ κνίζουσιν; ἢ τίν' οὐ τρόπον;
τοῦ σώματος δὲ τοῦδε ποῖον οὐ μέλος
κεντοῦσιν, αἰκίζουσι; νῶτ', ὦμους, κάρα,
τράχηλον, ὦτα, κονδύλους, ῥῖνας, ῥέθη,
πρόσωπα δυσπρόσωπα· πᾶς ποικίλλομαι
αἰχμαῖς ἀχάλκοις Ἄρεος οὐχ ὁρωμένου.
οἴμοι· πολυμερὴς μὲν γάρ εἰμι, τὰ δὲ μερη
στικτὴν τὰ πολλὰ μίαν ἀμορφίαν ἔχει·
τά τ' ἄλλα καὶ πλεῖστον τὰ πλεῖστον ἀκαλυφῆ.
κωνωπόδηκτος δι' ὀδύνης ἰὼν στένω
ὡς ἡ πολύπλανος οἰστροπλὴξ Ἰω ποτέ.
ἴτ', ὠμόθυμοι σφίγγες, ὀξυτόμα δάκη!
ἔρρ', ἔνθεν ἦλθες, ἐρεβογέννητον σίνος!
οὐκ εἰς ὄλεθρον; ἔρρετε, πτηνὰ στύγη,
ἀήσυροι δράκοντες, ἀέρος λύκοι,
λεπτοὶ μὲν εἶδος, ἁρπαγίστατοι δ' ἐλεῖν
ὀδάξ, ἄδηλοι δεμνίων ἀλάστορες.
Ἄιδου φονῶντα φῦλα, δυσμαχώτατον
πῆμ' ἐλκοποιόν, μυριόστομος βλάβη,
ἴτ' ἐς φθόρον! τοσαῦτα μὲν μυιῶν ὕπερ·
ὅπως δ' ἐγὼ σοῦ ξενοδόχος γενήσομαι,
ἢν δεῦρο πεισθῇς ἀξονήλατος μολεῖν,
εἰς τοῦτ' ἐχρῆν με γλῶσσαν οἰκείαν νέμειν.

STREITBERG. *Sept.* 28, 1884.

Δαφνης Δοτειρα.

ΠΑΛΛΑΣ Ἀθήνῃσίν ποτε μυριόκαρπον ἐλαίαν
φῦσεν ἐν Ἀκροπόλει φυλλάδα[1] παιδοτρόφον.
αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ μουσεῖα καθείσατο δεῦρο μολοῦσα,
φῦσε δάφνην, ἀρετῆς παιδοτρόφου στέφανον.
ἡμῖν μυριόκαρπος, Ἀθήναις ὥσπερ ἐλαία,
ἠδὲ πολυστέφανος καὶ σὺ γένοιο, δάφνη.

[1] *Oedip. Col.* 701. παιδοτρόφου φύλλον ἐλαίας.

CAMPBELL.

CLASP me a little longer on the brink
Of fate! while I can feel thy dear caress,
And when this heart hath ceased to beat—oh! think,
And let it mitigate thy woe's excess,
That thou hast been to me all tenderness,
And friend to more than human friendship just.
Oh! by that retrospect of happiness,
And by the hopes of an immortal trust,
God shall assuage thy pangs when I am laid in dust.

Go, Henry, go not back when I depart,
The scene thy bursting tears too deep will move,
Where my dear Father took thee to his heart,
And Gertrude thought it ecstasy to rove
With thee as with an angel through the grove
Of peace, imagining her lot was cast
In heaven; for ours was not like earthly love.
And must this parting be our very last?
No! I shall love thee still when death is past.

Gertrude of Wyoming. Part III. xxix., xxx.

HERRICK.

URLES had the gout so that he could not stand;
Then from his feet it shifted to his hand:
When it was in his feet, his charity was small;
Now it is in his hand, he gives no charity at all.

BRACCHIA paulisper, mihi dum sentire licebit,
fusa tene circum pendentem fata; neque absit,
postquam hic constiterit pulsans praecordia sanguis,
haec nimio angori medicina, quod instar amantis,
quod mihi tu plusquam mortali foedere uinctus.
o si gaudia lapsa iuuat reuocare, piorum
ordinibus, si, quod spero, rediuiua reponar,
dia salus, mea quum puluis constrauerit ossa,
mulcebit tibi sacrum atque insanabile uulnus.
quum uero haec anima in caelestis fugerit auras,
Damon, ne relegas uestigia pressa retrorsum;
heu ipso lacrimas e fonte ciebit obortas
ille locus, qua te genitor carissimus olim
suscepit gremio; qua pacis amantia tecum,
ut cum caelicola, lustrans nemora ire uidebar
elysio; neque enim humanos referebat amores
ille amor. extremumne adeo diuellimur ipso
funere? sed cinerum uiuet mea flamma superstes:
mors etiam me umbrosa superuolitarit, amabo.

FORTE laborabat claudus Caracalla podagra;
transiit in digitos articulare malum:
pauca dabat Caracalla, pedes cum morbus haberet;
nunc, manibus captis, dat Caracalla nihil.

Milton.

WHILE thus he spake, the angelic squadron bright
Turned fiery red, sharpening in mooned horns
Their phalanx, and began to hem him round
With ported spears, as thick as when a field
Of Ceres, ripe for harvest, waving bends
Her bearded grove of ears, which way the wind
Sways them; the careful ploughman doubting stands,
Lest on the threshing-floor his hopeful sheaves
Prove chaff. On the other side, Satan, alarmed,
Collecting all his might, dilated stood,
Like Teneriff or Atlas unremoved:
His stature reached the sky, and on his crest
Sat horror plumed; nor wanted in his grasp
What seemed both spear and shield. Now dreadful deeds
Might have ensued; nor only Paradise,
In this commotion, but the starry cope
Of heaven perhaps, or all the elements
At least had gone to wrack, disturbed and torn
With violence of this conflict, had not soon
The Eternal, to prevent such horrid fray,
Hung forth in heaven his golden scales, yet seen
Betwixt Astrea and the Scorpion sign,
Wherein all things created first he weighed,
The pendulous round earth with balanced air
In counterpoise; now ponders all events,
Battles and realms: in these he puts two weights,
The sequel each of parting and of fight:

HAEC ubi dicta dedit, rubris micuere phalanges
aetheriae flammis, et acutum cornibus agmen
lunatis ruere ac circum minitarier olli
exitium densis horrens exercitus hastis.
qualis ubi autumno cereales silua per agros
spicea culmorum flauentibus undat aristis,
quo notus impulerit; metuens stat cautus arator
ne frustra pingues palea terat area messes.
contra ingens Satanas collecto robore forma
attonitis inhians oculis stetit instar Olympi
infixaeue solo firmis radicibus Aetnae,
immotum se mole tenens; flammantia mundi
sidera tangebat summum caput, unde superba
nutabat galea et cristarum plumeus horror;
nec uero clipeus neque aenea defuit olli
quam dextrae ualido crisparet robore cuspis.
ac iam pessum ierant subito diuulsa tumultu
omnia, nec solum Paradisia motibus arua
insolitis, atqui subito stillantia caeli
atria corruerant disiectaque semina rerum
uoluerat armisonoque rotarat turbine bellum;
ni Pater, instantis uasta cum mole ruinae
prouidus, auratam librasset in aethere lancem,
quae nunc Erigonen inter Chelasque refulget
conspicienda polo; primum res ille creatas
pendentemque globum terrae librataque mundi
sidera diuersis contraria lancibus aequat
corpora; tum uero casus ac praelia pendit
regnorumque uices; sic pondus iactat utramque
in lancem ut capiat pacem altera et altera bellum.

The latter quick up flew and kicked the beam:
Which Gabriel spying, thus bespoke the fiend:—
Satan, I know thy strength and thou knowest mine;
Neither our own, but given; what folly then
To boast what arms can do! Since thine no more
Than heaven permits, nor mine, though doubled now
To trample thee as mire: for proof look up
And read thy lot in yon celestial sign,
Where thou art weighed, and shewn how light, how weak,
If thou resist. The fiend looked up and knew
His mounted scale aloft: nor more; but fled
Murmuring, and with him fled the shades of night.

Paradise Lost. Bk IV. 977—1015.

MILTON.

SO SPAKE the grisly terror, and in shape,
So speaking and so threatening, grew tenfold
More dreadful and deform. On the other side,
Incensed with indignation, Satan stood
Unterrified and like a comet burned,
That fires the length of Ophiucus huge
In the arctic sky and from his horrid hair
Shakes pestilence and war. Each at the head
Levelled his deadly aim; their fatal hands
No second stroke intend; and such a frown
Each cast at the other, as when two black clouds,
With heaven's artillery fraught, come rattling on

at subito hoc sursum assiluit trutinamque gementem
percussit; sublimem aspexit in aethere libram
compellatque pius Gabriel his uocibus hostem:
nec tua me Satanas nec te mea robora fallunt,
haud ea nostra quidem sed ab ipso ducta Iehouae.
tantane te uero tenuit fiducia belli?
respice ad haec; magni uetuit si conditor orbis
nec tibi permissum est belli simulacra ciere
nec mihi, bis quamquam strato tibi pulueris instar
insultare queam uictor; sed suspice signum;
nimirum in signo tua sors inscribitur isto;
suspice quam tenuis tua sit quam nulla potestas
aduersante deo. Satanas suspexit et alto
pendentem medio cognouit in aere lancem;
nec plura effatus fugit stridentibus alis
cum gemitu noctisque simul fugere tenebrae.

TALIA dicta quidem. sed talia dicta minanti
saeuior et decies immanior ossea forma
horruit. indignans Satanas contrarius olli
intrepidus stetit atque exarsit more cometae;
qui spatia incendens Ophiuci ingentia longe
tranat Hyperboreum caelum pestesque malignas
excutit horrendis infandaque bella capillis.
alter in alterius librat caput arma neque ictum
destinat ingeminare; minantem funera uultum
oppositi ostentant; haud secius aethere nigro
quicquid habent telorum armamentaria caeli,
his grauidae nubes geminae freta Caspia supra

Over the Caspian, then stand front to front
Hovering a space, till winds the signal blow
To join their dark encounter in mid-air.

Paradise Lost. Bk II. 704—718.

MILTON.

VIRGIN daughter of Locrine,
Sprung of old Anchises' line,
May thy brimmed waves for this
Their full tribute never miss
From a thousand petty rills
That tumble down the snowy hills:
Summer drought or singed air
Never scorch thy tresses fair,
Nor wet October's torrent flood
Thy molten crystal fill with mud;
May thy billows roll ashore
The beryl and the golden ore;
May thy lofty head be crowned
With many a tower and terrace round
And here and there thy banks upon
With groves of myrrh and cinnamon.

Comus.

SCOTT.

HE is gone on the mountain,
He is lost to the forest,
Like a summer-dried fountain
When our need was the sorest.
The fount reappearing

urgentes crepitant; aduersis frontibus ambo
pendent aeriae, dum spiret signifer Eurus,
aethere miscendi medio fera tessera belli:
tale supercilium pugnantibus.

FILIA Locrini, taedas exosa iugales,
Anchisae ueteri nobilitata domo;
sic tibi labentes aequato margine iustis
muneribus numquam destituantur aquae;
mille ruant in te latices et mille fluenta
lubrica de niueis praecipitata iugis;
ne calor aestiuus neu Sirius aethera torrens
urat caesariem flaua Sabrina tuam:
neu fera diluuies Octobribus aucta procellis
flumina commaculet splendidiora uitro:
beryllum sciat ad ripas aurique metallum
uoluere inemptarum prodigus umor opum;
et circum sublime caput tibi plurima turris,
plurimus assurgens herbidus agger eat;
et murram redolens pretiosaque cinnama lucus
pendeat in ripis inde vel inde tuis.

MONTIBVS in uacuis uetus incola quaeritur absens,
hospite sublato silua relicta silet.
heu, desiderio est, ceu fons aestate perustus,
rebus in extremis qui fuit una salus.
fontanus liquor ad superas reuocabitur auras

From the rain-drops shall borrow;
But to us comes no cheering,
To Duncan no morrow.
The hand of the reaper
Takes the ears that are hoary,
But the voice of the weeper
Wails manhood in glory.
The autumn winds rushing
Waft the leaves that are searest,
But our flower was in flushing
When blighting was nearest.

Lady of the Lake. Canto iii.

MOORE.

I SAW thy form in youthful prime
Nor thought that pale decay
Would steal before the steps of time
And waste its bloom away, Mary!
Yet still thy features wore that light
Which fleets not with the breath,
And life ne'er looked more truly bright
Than in thy smile of death, Mary!

As streams that run o'er golden mines
Yet humbly calmly glide,
Nor seem to know the wealth that shines
Within their gentle tide, Mary!
So, veiled beneath the simplest guise,
Thy radiant genius shone;
And that which charmed all other eyes
Seemed worthless in thy own, Mary!

donaque de pluuiis mutua sumet aquis.
nobis nulla salus iterum spes nulla redibit,
et, Duncane, tibi crastina nulla dies.
cana cadit tardo messori spicea silua;
in uiridi stipula mollis arista manet:
nos, dum forma uiget, dum uernat sanguis, ademptum
prosequimur fletu conquerimurque uirum:
uentilat autumno folia arida mobilis Auster
flauaque frons uento praepete prima cadit;
illum, purpureo dum splendet flore iuuentae,
insedit tenerum mortis acerba lues.

VISA mihi est tua forma nouo dum flore deceret
nec subiit, lentum temporis ante gradum
pallida si macies obreperet inque nitorem,
Delia, saeuiret pestis acerba tuum.
at lux alma tuo iam tum ludebat in ore
qualis non, animae cum fugit aura, fugit;
deque tuo risu morientis, Delia, honorem
uita sibi quantum numquam aliunde tulit.
qualis suppositis auri delapsa metallis
currit inoffensas lympha modesta uias,
nec sibi thesaurum latitantem scire uidetur
quantus per tenues fulgeat inter aquas;
sic perlucebat sub simplice, Delia, cultu
ingenium uena splendidiore tuum;
et quae dos aliis spectantibus una placebat,
haec tibi nullius ponderis instar erat.

WORDSWORTH.

O BLITHE new-comer! I have heard,
I hear thee and rejoice:
O cuckoo, shall I call thee bird
Or but a wandering voice?

While I am lying on the grass,
Thy twofold shout I hear;
From hill to hill it seems to pass
At once far off and near.

Though babbling only to the vale
Of sunshine and of showers,
Thou bringest unto me a tale
Of visionary hours.

Thrice welcome darling of the spring!
Even yet thou art to me
No bird, but an invisible thing,
A voice, a mystery:

The same whom in my school-boy days
I listened to: that cry
That made me look a thousand ways
In bush and tree and sky.

To seek thee I did often rove
Through woods and on the green;
And thou wert still a hope, a love;
Still long'd for, never seen.

O FESTIVE loquax aduena! iam tuum
audiui strepitum laetus et audio;
num te apponam auibus, cucule, an alloquar
errantem sine corpore
uocem? fusus humi dum recubo, tui
clamorem duplicem gutturis audio,
uisum nare melos per caua collium
longinquum et propius simul.
ad uallem uacuam garrulus obstrepis
florum de reditu soleque de nouo:
ad me praeteriti temporis auream
cantu ducis imaginem.
salue, o deliciae ueris, adhuc adhuc
tu non alituum de numero mihi es;
sed fallens oculos seu tenuis canor
seu res digna silentio.
idem me puerum, dum redeo domum,
saepe et detinuit clamor et impulit
praesens circum oculos ferre uolubiles
ad caelum uel ad arbores
uicinamque ueprem. te quoque per nemus
ibam, te per agros credulus insequens,
quaerentique aderas spes et amor merus
et desiderium latens.

And I can listen to thee yet;
Can lie upon the plain
And listen till I do beget
That golden time again.

O blessed bird! the earth we pace
Again appears to be
An unsubstantial, fairy place
That is fit home for thee.

To the Cuckoo.

SOUTHWELL.

THE lopped tree in time may grow again,
Most naked plants renew both fruit and flower;
The sorriest wight may find release of pain;
The driest soil suck in some moistening shower:
Time goes by turns, and chances change by course,
From foul to fair, from better apt to worse.

The sea of fortune doth not ever flow,
She draws her favours to the lowest ebb;
Her tides have equal times to come and go;
Her loom doth weave the fine and coarsest web:
No joy so great but runneth to an end,
Nor hap so hard but may in time amend.

Not always fall of leaf nor ever spring;
Nor endless night, yet not eternal day;
The saddest birds a season find to sing;
The roughest storm a calm may soon allay:
Thus with succeeding turns God tempereth all,
That man may hope to rise yet fear to fall.

et nunc uoce tua detineor libens ;
nunc porrectus humi sic temere haurio
alta mente melos, dum redeam puer
uitae tempus in aureum.
fortunate ! iterum qua spatior mihi
tellus laeta nitet, ceu locus Elysi
umbrae qua uolitant et populus leuis
opportuna tibi domus.

TEMPORE nonnumquam truncata renascitur arbos
inque suas frondes et sua poma redit.
est ubi succurrit miseris medicina malorum,
et bibit irriguum glaeba perusta Iouem.
tempora uertuntur uicibus uariantia certis ;
nubila clarescunt et meliora cadunt.
non eadem Fortuna perennibus adfluit undis ;
litus ad extremum dona refusa trahit ;
temporibus pariter distantibus itque reditque ;
tenuia de tela crassaque fila legit.
nullus ubique lepos tantus quin effluat idem :
nec tantum est quod non mitiget hora malum.
non folia usque cadunt aut usque recentia uernant ;
nec nox perpetua est nec sine fine dies :
tempus habet uolucrum tristissima quaeque canendi ;
nec fera saeuit hiemps non positura minas.
sic uice cum uaria deus omnia temperet, idem
spemque facit miseris diuitibusque metum.

A chance may win that by mischance was lost;
That net that holds no great, takes little fish:
In some things all, in all things none are cross'd:
Few all they need, but none have all they wish,
Unmingled joys here to no man befall,
Who least hath some, who most hath never all.

Times go by Turns.

CAMPBELL.

YE mariners of England,
That guard our native seas!
Whose flag has braved, a thousand years,
The battle and the breeze!
Your glorious standard launch again,
To match another foe,
And sweep through the deep
While the stormy tempests blow,
While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy tempests blow.

The spirits of your fathers
Shall start from every wave;
For the deck it was their field of fame,
And the ocean was their grave;
Where Blake and mighty Nelson fell,
Your manly hearts shall glow,
As ye sweep through the deep
While the stormy tempests blow,
While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy tempests blow.

est ubi quod dempsit felix Fortuna reponit :
rete minus magnis corpora parua capit :
omnes nescio quid quaerunt, nemo omnia : pauci
quod satis est, nulli quod uoluere tenent.
gaudia nulla cadunt mortalibus integra ; quaedam
pauper habet, locuples omnia nullus habet.

NAVTAE finitimi praesidium maris,
o et progenies et decus Angliae !
quae per mille hiemes Martis et Aeoli
durauere licentiam
nunc uexilla, uiri, pandite militem
impulsura nouum : dumque frement noti,
dum Bellona furet ferrea, classibus
uastos uerrite uortices.
ecce umbrae proauorum arma parantibus
omni subsilient gurgite : quis fori
uirtutum spatium, quis tumuli dedit
ingens oceanus locum.
Flaccus qua cecidit, qua pelagi potens
Nelso procubuit, corda uirilibus
ardescent animis uestra uolubiles
per fluctus equitantium :
quamuis et Boreas imperiosior
pontum flaminibus uerberet et minax
armis Mars rabiemque et strepitum trahat
tempestatibus acrior.

Britannia needs no bulwarks,
No towers along the steep;
Her march is on the mountain waves,
Her home is on the deep.
With thunders from her native oak
She quells the floods below,
As they roar on the shore,
When the stormy winds do blow;
When the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow.

The meteor flag of England
Shall yet terrific burn;
Till danger's troubled night depart
And the star of peace return.
Then, then, ye ocean warriors!
Our song and feast shall flow
To the fame of your name,
When the storm has ceased to blow;
When the fiery fight is heard no more,
And the storm has ceased to blow.

Ye Mariners of England.

Tasso (Fairfax).

WHILE thus their work went on with lucky speed
And reared rams their horned fronts advance,
The ancient foe to man and mortal seed
His wannish eyes upon them bent askance;
And when he saw their labours well succeed,
He wept for rage and threatened dire mischance;
He choked his curses, to himself he spake,

muri praesidio non eget Albion,
non in praecipiti turribus editis ;
insultat liquidis montibus et mari
mansuram posuit domum.
fulmen roboribus missile de suis
torquens inferiorem oceanum domat
quassantem assiduis saxa sonoribus,
uentis dum freta murmurant,
belli dum strepitum Mars furialem agit.
at crinita uelut stella minaciter
flagrabunt iterum signa Britanniae,
donec saeua periculis
nox dilapsa iubar mite reduxerit
pacis luciferae. tunc quoque milites
inuicti pelago laudibus adfluet
uestris multus honos lyra
non cessante epulis in popularibus,
uenti compositum quum dederint mare,
Mars quum fulmineis desierit, comes
pacatis Aquilonibus.

DVM labor euadit felix properantibus et iam
fronte minaci aries agitur sublimis ad urbem,
humano generi uetus atque retorridus hostis
torsit eo exiles oculos transuorsa tuentes.
cumque uideret opus succedere protinus ira
in lacrimas exarsit et omnia dira minatus
ore preces pressit rabido ac sibi pectore mussat,

Such noise wild bulls that softly bellow make.
At last resolving in his damned thought
To find some let to stop their warlike feat,
He gave command his princes should be brought
Before the throne of his infernal seat.
O fool! as if it were a thing of nought
God to resist or change his purpose great,
Who on his foes doth thunder in his ire,
Whose arrows hail-stones be and coals of fire.

Jerusalem Delivered.

TASSO (FAIRFAX).

THE peers of Pluto's realm assembled been
Amid the palace of their angry king,
And hideous forms and shapes 'tofore unseen,
That fear, death, terror, and amazement bring;
With ugly paws some trample on the green,
Some gnaw the snakes that on their shoulders hing,
And some their forked tails stretch forth on high
And tear the twinkling stars from trembling sky.
There were Sileno's foul and loathsome rout,
There Sphinxes, Centaurs, there were Gorgons fell,
There howling Scyllas yawling round about,
There serpents hiss, there seven-mouthed Hydras yell,
Chimaera there spews fire and brimstone out,
And Polyphemus blind supporteth hell;
Besides ten thousand monsters therein dwell,
Mis-shaped, unlike themselves, and like nought else;
About their prince each took his wonted seat
On thrones red-hot ybuilt of burning brass;

quale cient murmur modicis mugitibus uri.
olli ut consilium scelerato in pectore sedit
caecam aperire uiam Mauortia coepta morandi,
imperat acciri proceres et sedis Auernae
ad solium statui. demens! contrarius ultro
ire Deo tamquam possit nec pendere poenas
aut illum de proposito diuertere magno,
fulmine qui feruens ira molitur in hostes,
qui flammis iaculatur et icit grandine uasta.

INFERNI proceres Plutonia regna frequentant
et ducis irati ad praetoria conuenere,
terribiles uisu formae faciesque nefandae,
attonitis laturae animis mortemque pauoremque:
unguibus obscenis pars inuasere uiretum,
pars rodunt umeris pendentia terga draconum;
trudentes alii caudarum spicula ad auras
uibrant deripiuntque micantia sidera caelo.
turpis ibi ac squalens Sileni turba cachinnat;
Sphinges Centaurique fremunt; ibi Gorgones instant
uipereae, latrant Scyllae stridentque colubri
et saeuae septemgeminis ululatibus Hydrae.
sulfuraque flammasque fero uomit ore Chimaera,
atque exsors oculi Polyphemus sustinet Orcum;
multaque praeterea stabulant ibi monstra ferarum
horrida, dissimiles sibi formae nec quibus usquam
ulla uiget similis. sederunt ordine circum
in soliis flamma et candenti stantibus aere:

Pluto in middest heaved his trident great
Of rusty iron huge that forged was;
The rocks on which the salt sea billows beat,
And Atlas' tops the clouds in height that pass,
Compared to his huge person, mole-hills be,
So his rough front, his horns so lifted he.

Jerusalem Delivered.

EURIPIDES.

Σὲ τὰν ἐναυλείοις ὑπὸ δενδροκόμοις
μουσεῖα καὶ θάκους ἐνίζουσαν ἀναβοάσω,
σὲ τὰν ἀοιδοτάταν ὄρνιθα μελῳδὸν
ἀηδόνα δακρυόεσσαν,
ἔλθ', ὦ διὰ ξουθῶν γενύων ἐλελιζομένα
θρήνοις ἐμοῖς ξυνεργός,
Ἑλένας μελέους πόνους
τὸν Ἰλιάδων τ' ἀει-
δούσᾳ δακρυόεντα πόνον
Ἀχαιῶν ὑπὸ λόγχαις,
ὅτ' ἔμολεν ἔμολε πεδία, βαρβάρῳ πλάτᾳ
ὃς ἔδραμε ῥόθια, μέλεα Πριαμίδαις ἄγων,
Λακεδαίμονος ἄπο λέχεα
σέθεν, ὦ Ἑλένα, Πάρις αἰνόγαμος
πομπαῖσιν Ἀφροδίτας.
πολλοὶ δ' Ἀχαιῶν ἐν δορὶ καὶ πετρίναις
ῥιπαῖσιν ἐκπνεύσαντες Ἄιδαν μέλεον ἔχουσιν,
τάλαιναν ὧν ἀλόχων κείραντες ἔθειραν.

Helena 1107.

quorum Dis medius metuenda mole tridentem
uersabat, ferro solidum ac robigine saeua.
saxa salo pulsata uel ultra sidera tendens
Atlantaeus apex prae uertice regis Auerni
aggeris instar erat modici quem talpa subegit;
tali fronte minax, ea cornua quassat ad auras.

O FRONDE tectae uallis in angulo
sedes sonoras ponere pertinax,
o dulcis argutas uolucres
ducere flebiliore cantu,
te uoce clamo; tu strepitum mihi
deuolue fuluo gutture mobilem et
ales querellarum ministra
concine Tyndaridis Lacaenae
et luctuosos cuspide Thessala
matrum labores Iliadum. grauis
eheu per Aegeos tumultus,
remigio cita barbarorum,
pestis uolabat, mox Priameios
mersura natos; cum Lacedaemone
pastor Dionaeis relicta
auspiciis traheret maritam
damnumque Troiae. quem lacrimis modum
ponam? tuorum, Graecia, militum
non unus exspirauit hasta
aut lapidum coopertus imbri.
heu multa somnus corpora ferreus
urget uirorum, non sine coniugum
plangore tonsarum capillos
et domibus uacuis dolentum.

WORDSWORTH.

THE valley rings with mirth and joy;
Among the hills the echoes play
A never never ending song,
To welcome in the May.
The magpie chatters with delight;
The mountain raven's youngling brood
Have left the mother and the nest,
And they go rambling east and west,
In search of their own food;
Or through the glittering vapours dart
In very wantonness of heart.

Beneath a rock upon the grass,
Two boys are sitting in the sun;
Their work, if any work they have,
Is out of mind or done.
On pipes of sycamore they play
The fragments of a Christmas hymn
Or with that plant which in our dale
We call staghorn or fox's tail
Their rusty hats they trim:
And thus, as happy as the day,
Those shepherds wear the time away.

The Idle Shepherd Boys.

PER uallem resonant leues cachinni,
cliuorum strepitus imaginesque
iugem perpetuumque dant canorem,
Maioque Zephyrisque gratulantes.
uernat gutture pipilante parra:
corui monticolae tenella proles
matrem deseruere nidulumque,
palanturque foras modo huc modo illuc
diuersi sibi quisque pabulantes;
aut nubem in liquidam dedere saltum
ultro laetitiaque gestientes.
en qua rupe sub imminente bini
aprica pueri sedent in herba:
illis si quid erat negotiorum
securis animo excidit uel actumst.
inspirant caua buxa saecularis
quicquid carminis adfluit canentes;
aut, quae uallibus audit herba nostris
cerui cornua seu lupina cauda,
nectunt inde quod ornet obsoletos
sertum pileolos. ad hunc tenorem,
ut lux candida et alma, sic sereni
pastores tibi rusticantur isti.

MILTON.

SO saying, with delight he snuffed the smell
Of mortal change on earth. As when a flock
Of ravenous fowl, though many a league remote,
Against the day of battle, to a field,
Where armies lie encamped, come flying, lured
With scent of living carcasses designed
For death, the following day, in bloody fight;
So scented the grim feature and upturned
His nostril wide into the murky air;
Sagacious of his quarry from so far.
Then both from out hell-gates, into the waste
Wide anarchy of chaos, damp and dark,
Flew diverse; and with power, their power was great,
Hovering upon the waters, what they met
Solid or slimy, as in raging sea
Tossed up and down, together crowded drove,
From each side shoaling towards the mouth of hell:
As when two polar winds, blowing adverse
Upon the Cronian sea, together drive
Mountains of ice, that stop the imagined way
Beyond Petsora eastward to the rich
Cathaian coast.

Paradise Lost, B. x. 273—293.

DIXERAT: et laetus terraï corpora tabo
dilapsura procul praesumit nare sagaci.
sicut aues auidae turmatim ex aethere longe
in tempus certandi ac uulnera uasta serendi
ad loca castrorum campo uenere uolantes
corpora odoratae rostris uiuentia, leto
danda sequente die crepero in certamine belli:
haud aliter nasi monstrum illud pabula mortis
captauit patulasque erexit ad aëra fuscum
nares, inde adeo praedae praesagus opimae.
dein ambo e portis Erebi in chaos inque profundam
noctemque pluuiasque et uasta sine ordine regna
prosiluere fuga diuersi; ac numine, magnum
numen erat, toto per stagna liquentia fusi,
quae solida umor aquae dabat et quae lubrica caeno
qualia iactantur pelago stridentibus undis,
cuncta cateruatim conflare et utrinque coacta
moliri cumulo ad fauces atque ostia Ditis.
qualis ubi uis uentorum contraria flabris
certatim exercet Cronium mare; montibus altis
concrescit glacies; qui mole obstare uidentur
Petsoram super Eoam tendentibus ire,
qua flauas opulenta Cathaïa pandit harenas.

FELICIA HEMANS.

I MADE a mountain brook my guide
Through a wild Spanish glen,
And wandered on its glassy side
Far from the homes of men.

It lured me with a singing tone,
And many a sunny glance,
To a green spot of beauty lone,
A haunt for old romance.

A dim and deeply bosomed grove
Of many an aged tree,
Such as the shadowy violets love,
The fawn and forest bee.

The darkness of the chestnut bough
There on the waters lay,
The bright stream reverently below
Checked its exulting play;

And bore a music all subdued,
And led a silvery sheen
On through the breathing solitude
Of that rich leafy scene.

For something viewlessly around
Of solemn influence dwelt;
In the soft gloom and whispery sound
Not to be told, but felt.

The Spanish Chapel.

MONTANVM temere insecuta riuum
Hispanae per opaca uallis ibam et
propter gramineum latus fluenti
palabar domibus procul relictis.
duxit me liquido canore uocis
et risu uitrei latex ocelli
secretum ad uiridarium et uenustum,
Musarum penetrale fabulosum;
obscurum nemus et sinu profundo,
annosis trabibus frequens, amoenum
umbrosis uiolariis recessum
damae siluicolaeque api sacratum.
illic castanearum opacus horror
passim fluctibus imminebat, infra
dum ritu uenerantis albus amnis
frenaret latices licentiamque,
et submissius inde murmuraret,
argentoque ageret sereniorem
auram per folia uberemque siluam
et spirantia tesqua uastitatem.
namque umbram tenuesque per susurros
sacri nescio quid metus latebat,
nullis uocibus illud eloquendum,
sed quod tantum animus teneret ipse.

SCOTT.

AND now to issue from the glen
No pathway meets the wanderer's ken,
Unless he climb with footing nice
A far projecting precipice.
The broom's tough roots his ladder made,
The hazel saplings lent their aid;
And thus an aery point he won,
Where, gleaming with the setting sun,
One burning sheet of living gold,
Loch Katrine lay beneath him rolled:
In all her length far winding lay,
With promontory, creek and bay,
And islands that, empurpled bright,
Floated amid the livelier light,
And mountains that like giants stand,
To sentinel enchanted land.

Lady of the Lake. Canto I.

SCOTT.

THE summer dawn's reflected hue
To purple changed Loch Katrine blue:
Mildly and soft the western breeze
Just kissed the lake, just stirred the trees,
And the pleased lake, like maiden coy,
Trembled, but dimpled not, for joy:
The mountain shadows on her breast
Were neither broken nor at rest;

IAMQVE uiatori sublucet semita nusquam
uallis inaccessos explicitura sinus:
ni queat, arte regens uestigia lubrica, pronum
et procul impendens exsuperare iugum,
praebet opem scalasque tenax radice genista,
fertque suum corylus lenta ministerium.
mox, apicem aerium nactus, de uertice summo
prospexit rutilum sole cadente lacum,
qua Katrina palus, uelut aurea bractea, late
lucida purpureis porrigeretur aquis.
quam longa et scopulos et procurrentia in undas
litora curuaret multiplicesque sinus;
quaeque reniderent terrae mediisque micantes
narent, splendidius qua iubar esset, aquis:
quique loco starent montes, ceu turma gigantum,
custodes magicae praesidiumque plagae.

CAERVLA puniceis mutauit stagna Katrini
uerno sole nitens exoriente liquor.
lenius adspirans Zephyrus uix summa paludis
oscula libauit; uix tremuere rubi:
tacta palus, tangi metuentis more puellae,
mouit laetitia non agitauit aquas.
umbra repercussi montis de marmore necdum
rupta ruit nec sic in statione manet;

In bright uncertainty they lie,
Like future joys to fancy's eye.
The water-lily to the light
Her chalice reared like silver bright;
The doe awoke and to the lawn,
Begemmed with dew-drops, led her fawn;
The grey mist left the mountain-side,
The torrent shewed its glistening pride;
Invisible in flecked sky,
The lark sent down her revelry;
The blackbird and the speckled thrush
Goodmorrow gave from brake and bush;
In answer cooed the cushat dove
Her notes of peace and rest and love.

Lady of the Lake. Canto III.

SOPHOCLES.

Εἰ μὴ 'γὼ παράφρων
μάντις ἔφυν καὶ γνώμας
λειπομένα σοφᾶς,
εἶσιν ἁ πρόμαντις
Δίκα, δίκαια φερομένα χεροῖν κράτη·
μέτεισιν, ὦ τέκνον, οὐ μακροῦ χρόνου.
ὕπεστί μοι θράσος
ἀδυπνόων κλύουσαν
ἀρτίως ὀνειράτων.
οὐ γάρ ποτ' ἀμναστεῖ σ' ὁ φύσας
Ἑλλάνων ἄναξ,
οὐδ' ἁ παλαιὰ χαλκόπλακτος

lucida quaeque iacet sed lubrica, ceu uaga mentis
somnia uenturae nuntia laetitiae.
extulit ad lucem calices argentea passos
lotos amans summo luxuriare lacu.
excussit somnos et saltum rore recenti
gemmantem hinnuleo dama sequente petit.
glaucus ab obliquis decessit montibus aer;
purpurei latices desiluere iugis.
desuper in uarii maculis abscondita caeli
gutture festiuum fudit alauda melos;
et merulae hic illic et picti pectora turdi
ore salutifero personuere nemus;
audiit et mollem gemitum torquata palumbes
reddidit, unde quies et resonaret amor.

SI non inani ludor imagine
delira uates, iam properat Themis
interpres, armaturque dextram
uiribus imperioque iusto.
poena antecedentem insequitur neque
fas est morari. spem mihi dulcia
per pectus afflauere nuper
somnia: nam neque dormit umbra
magni parentis, regis Achaïci,
nec quae bipennis uerbere ferreo
illum trucidauit, necique,

ἀμφάκης γένυς,
ἃ νιν κατέπεφνεν αἰσ-
χίσταις ἐν αἰκίαις.
ἥξει καὶ πολύπους
καὶ πολύχειρ ἁ δεινοῖς
κρυπτομένα λόχοις
χαλκόπους Ἐρινύς.

Electra 472.

POPE.

LOOK round our world; behold the chain of love
Combining all below and all above.
See plastic nature working to this end,
The single atoms each to other tend,
Attract, attracted to, the next in place,
Formed and impelled its neighbour to embrace.
See matter next with serious life endued
Press to one centre still, the general good;
See dying vegetables life sustain,
See life dissolving vegetate again:
All forms that perish other forms supply;
By turns we catch the vital breath and die,
Like bubbles on the sea of matter borne,
They rise, they break, and to that sea return.
Nothing is foreign, parts relate to whole:
One all-extending all-preserving soul

pro facinus! dedit indecorae.
at centipes at centimanus dea,
uindex per urbes calcibus aereis
quae currit indefessa, nigris
prosiliet latebris Erinys.

ORBEM hunc terrarum circumspice; nexus amoris
continet omnia quae sunt infera quaeque superna.
contemplator uti uis daedala naturaï
hoc agat, huc adnitatur: primordia rerum
alterum ad alterius contactum singula tendunt;
proxima quaeque trahunt, ad proxima quaeque trahuntur:
usque adeo suadet uicinia conciliatum.
contemplator item uariis ut praedita formis
materies eadem metam festinet ad unam,
utilitati operans communi. nonne uidemus
augmina didere holus uitalia dilapsurum,
inque nouos ex interitu reuirescere fetus?
quot pereunt formae dare supplementa nouarum?
scilicet excipimus uitalem et tradimus auram,
quae ritu bullarum in gurgite materiaï
nare uidentur et in pelagus dissoluier, unde
subsiluere. nihil porro non utile quicquam est;
scilicet ad summam spectat pars quaeque minuta.
omnia pertemptans mens una atque omnia seruans,

Connects each being, greatest with the least;
Made beast in aid of man and man of beast;
All served, all serving; nothing stands alone;
The chain holds on and where it ends unknown.

Essay on Man.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

MY soul this vast horizon fills,
Within whose undulating line
Thick stands the multitude of hills,
And bright the waters shine.

Here, like the eagle from his nest,
I take my proud and dizzy stand;
Here from the cliff's sublimest crest
Look down upon the land.

Above, beneath, immensely spread,
Valleys and hoary rocks I view;
Heights over heights exalt their head,
Of many a sombre hue.

With rude diversity of form,
The insulated mountains tower;
Oft o'er these cliffs the transient storm
And partial darkness lower.

While yonder summits far away
Shine sweetly through the gloom,
Like glimpses of eternal day
Beyond the tomb.

The Peak Mountains.

maxima cum minimis animalia singula nectit.
sunt homini pecudes, pecudum est homo natus in usum:
seruit quodque genus, seruitur cuique uicissim;
nec quicquam solum se sustinet; augmina sumit
continuata catena sine ullo limite rerum.

MENTE complector regionis orbem,
quae patet filo uaga multiformi,
crebra qua constant iuga lucidumque
flumina fulgent.
ales ut magni Iouis, hac in arce
lubricam cepi stationem et altus
rura despecto temere a supremo
uertice cliui.
diditas subterque supraque ualles
cerno in immensum, scopulosque canos;
imminent atrae uario colore
arcibus arces.
singulae multaque rudes figura
montium nituntur ad astra moles;
nimbus hos colles breuis et malignae
saepe tenebrae
insident, dum qui procul inde surgunt
suaue collucent apices per umbram,
qualis aeterni uaga trans sepulcrum
aura diei.

MILTON.

HE scarce had said, when the bare earth, till then
Desert and bare, unsightly, unadorned,
Brought forth the tender grass, whose verdure clad
Her universal face with pleasant green;
Then herbs of every leaf, that sudden flowered,
Opening their various colours, and made gay
Her bosom smelling sweet: and, these scarce blown,
Forth flourished thick the clustering vine, forth crept
The swelling gourd, up stood the corny reed,
Embattled in her field, and the humble shrub,
And bush with frizzled hair implicit: last
Rose, as in dance, the stately trees and spread
Their branches, hung with copious fruit or gemmed
Their blossoms: with high woods the fields were crowned,
With tufts the valleys and each fountain side;
With borders long the rivers: that earth now
Seemed like to heaven, a seat where gods might dwell.

Paradise Lost. B. VII. 313—329.

SCOTT.

CRICHTON! though now thy miry court
But pens the lazy steer and sheep,
Thy turrets rude and tottered keep
Have been the minstrel's loved resort.
Oft have I traced, within thy fort,
Of mouldering shields the mystic sense,
Scutcheons of honour or pretence,

VIX ea fatus erat cum nuda incomptaque tellus
nuda prius lateque informis uastaque uisu,
gramina submisit, quae mollia matris apertum
uestiuere latus uerno uiridique lepore :
tum subit herbarum quicquid frondescit : at illae
in florem patuere et uersicolore coortae
munificant specie gremium telluris odorum.
deinde profusa frequens uuis atque ubere uitis ;
prorepsit cum uentre cucurbita ; cornus agrestis
direxit calamorum acies et inhorruit hastis ;
mox dumus breuis et subeunt, hirsuta tenaxque
silua, rubi : genus extremum et procerior ordo
plurima processit similis saltantibus arbos
ramosque explicuit felicia poma ferentes
aut gemmis uarios. campum silua alta coronat ;
caespitibusque uiret uallis, uiret herbida margo
fontis et inclusit labentia flumina ripae
agger: eo tellus omnis perfusa lepore est
in caeli speciem diuisque accommoda sedes
qua uellent spatiari et sacras ire sub umbras.

SI lutulenta tibi, Crigdunum, cratibus aula
saepit pigra boum corpora saepit oues,
at fidicen memor annosas uestigia flexit
saepius ad turres et penetrale tuum.
multus in arce tua squalentiaque arma ueterno,
picta uel ob meritum uel per inane decus,

Quartered in old armorial sort,
Remains of rude magnificence:
Nor wholly yet hath time defaced
Thy lordly gallery fair,
Nor yet the stony cord unbraced,
Whose twisted knots, with roses laced,
Adorn thy ruined stair.
Still rises unimpaired below
The courtyard's graceful portico.

Marmion. Canto IV.

MILTON.

TO whom thus Eve, with perfect beauty adorned:—
My author and disposer, what thou biddest
Unargued I obey: so God ordains;
God is thy law, thou mine: to know no more
Is woman's happiest knowledge and her praise.
With thee conversing I forget all time;
All seasons and their change please all alike.
Sweet is the breath of morn, her rising sweet,
With charm of earliest birds; pleasant the sun,
When first on this delightful land he spreads
His orient beams, on herb, tree, fruit, and flower,
Glistering with dew: fragrant the fertile earth
After soft showers; and sweet the coming on
Of grateful evening mild; then silent night,
With this her solemn bird, and this fair moon,
And these the gems of heaven, her starry train:

et clipeorum orbes atque argumenta relegi,
arte laboratum quid sibi uellet opus;
necdum tempus edax candentiaque atria forma
funditus et stantes despoliauit auos;
scalarumue decus tritarum, e marmore chordam
nodis implicitam tortilibusque rosis
dissuit atra dies; etiamnum porticus infra
illa uenusta aulae stat sine labe tuae.

OLLI sic Eue, mulier pulcerrima rerum:
O mihi qui uitae simul auctor et arbiter audis,
omnia uelle tuum; mihi iussa capessere fas est,
illaque inauditae; stat uox ita missa Iehouae:
ille tibi est legi, mihi tu: nil scire quod ultra est,
hoc et scire suum et laudari femina iactet.
nam coram quotiens loquimur cum coniuge coniux,
fallit me fugiensque dies labentiaque anni
tempora: tunc animum percellunt omnia iuxta.
spiritus aurorae suauis, suauissimus ortus
cum cantu primarum auium; placet aethere nascens
Titan, cum radiis haec dulcia conserit arua,
et cum uirgineos infundit floribus ignes
pomisque arboreaeque comae et rorantibus herbis.
suaues pinguis humo tellus submittit odores
mollibus e pluuiis; gratissima uesperis ala
languida delabens caelo; tunc alta silens nox
quam sequitur sacra haec auis atque haec candida luna;
haec etiam caeli decora aurea, lucidus ordo

But neither breath of morn, when she ascends
With charm of earliest birds; nor rising sun
On this delightful land; nor herb, fruit, flower,
Glistering with dew; nor fragrance after showers;
Nor grateful evening mild; nor silent night,
With this her solemn bird; nor walk by moon
Or glittering starlight, without thee is sweet.

Pardise Lost. B. IV. 634—656.

SCOTT.

"HAVE then thy wish!" he whistled shrill,
And he was answered from the hill;
Wild as the scream of the curlew,
From crag to crag the signal flew.
Instant through copse and heath arose
Bonnets and spears and bended bows,
On right, on left, above, below,
Sprang up at once the lurking foe;
From shingles grey their lances start,
The bracken bush sends forth the dart;
The rushes and the willow wand
Are bristling into axe and brand,
And every tuft of broom gives life
To plaided warriors armed for strife:
That whistle garrisoned the glen
At once with full five hundred men,
As if the yawning hill to heaven
A subterranean host had given.
Watching their leader's beck and will,

stellarum. at sine te, carissime, nec mihi suauis
spiritus aurorae, quotiens conscendit olympum
cum cantu primarum auium: nec dulcia Phoebus
arua serens radiis; nec flores herbaque et arbos
rore micans; neque de pingui tellure recentum
missus odor pluuiarum aut languida uesperis ala
delectat sine te; neque nox taciturna, nec illi
haec auis inuiolata comes; nec flectere gressus
stellarum ad iubar aut tremulo sub lumine lunae.

VOTVM age, dixit, habe: tum gutture flauit acutum;
redditus est cliuo de resonante canor:
qualis ab oceano mergorum clangor ad auras,
signifer a scopulis ad iuga cantus iit.
haud mora, per frutices et ericen mille galeri
hastaeque et cornu spicula tenta micant:
ad dextrum latus, ad laeuum, subterque supraque
protenus infestae subsiluere manus:
per silices canas apparuit aerea cuspis;
submisit iaculum silua filigna suum:
ensis fulminei in speciem strictaeque bipennis
horruerunt calami diriguitque salix:
et quacumque frequens frondescit uirga genistae,
inde paludatus miles et arma micant.
ille canor bis quingenos pluresque uirorum
exhibuit ualli praesidiumque dedit;
sic subito quasi collis hians inferna sub auras
agmina diuidua progenuisset humo.
suspensi ducis a uultu quid uellet in illo

All silent there they stood and still;
Like the loose crags whose threatening mass
Lay tottering o'er the hollow pass,
As if an infant's touch could urge
Their headlong passage down the verge,
With step and weapon forward flung
Upon the mountain side they hung.

Lady of the Lake. Canto v.

MILTON.

THUS was this place
A happy rural seat of various view:
Groves whose rich trees wept odorous gums and balm;
Others whose fruit, burnished with golden rind,
Hung amiable, Hesperian fables true,
If true, here only, and of delicious taste:
Betwixt them lawns or level downs, and flocks
Grazing the tender herb, were interposed;
Or palmy hillock, or the flowery lap
Of some irriguous valley spread her store,
Flowers of all hue, and without thorn the rose:
Another side umbrageous grots and caves
Of cool recess, o'er which the mantling vine
Lays forth her purple grape, and gently creeps
Luxuriant; meanwhile murmuring waters fall
Down the slope hills, dispersed, or in a lake,
That to the fringed bank with myrtle crowned
Her crystal mirror holds, unite their streams.
The birds their quire apply; airs, vernal airs,

compositi stabant et sine uoce loco.
qualia saxa supra nutantia mole minaci
inque cauam facili labe caduca uiam
posse uidebatur tactu sine uiribus infans
mota per obliquum praecipitare iugum :
sic ea protentis gradibus telisque tenebat
pendula montanum turma supercilium.

SIC laetus fuit ille locus, sic rura beata
prospectu uario ; siluaeque et balsama odoras
stillabant ligno lacrimas ; poma, aurea poma,
cortice purpureo pendebant dulcia uisu,
uel mala Hesperidum, si fabula, fabula uera
hic solum audirent, lepidoque apprima sapore.
interlucebant saltus et plana iugorum
iugera cum gregibus teneram tondentibus herbam ;
palmiferi circum tumuli, circum uuida uallis
thesauros aperit gremio praediuite, florum
omnigenam speciem et calices sine sente rosarum.
parte alia speluncae et saxea tecta recessus
dant gelidos ; quibus immissis uaga uitis habenis
purpureas largitur opes serpitque racemis
luxuriosa. cadunt latices cum murmure cliuis
dum liquor aut uarius dilabitur aut lacus unum
excipit : hic ripis quas myrtea silua coronat
lucidius uitro speculum mirantibus offert.
nec concentus abest auium : uernaeque uolantes,

Breathing the smell of field and grove, attune
The trembling leaves, while universal Pan,
Knit with the Graces and the Hours in dance,
Led on the eternal spring. Not that fair field
Of Enna, where Proserpine gathering flowers,
Herself a fairer flower, by gloomy Dis
Was gathered, which cost Ceres all that pain
To seek her through the world; nor that sweet grove
Of Daphne by Orontes, and the inspired
Castalian spring might with this Paradise
Of Eden strive.

Paradise Lost. B. IV. 246—275.

"LOVE, sons of earth! I am the Power of Love,
Eldest of all the gods with Chaos born:
My smile sheds light along the courts above,
My kisses wake the eyelids of the morn.

The flowers are mine, the blushes of the rose,
The violet, charming Zephyr to the shade;
Mine the quick light that in the May-beam glows,
And mine the day-dream in the lonely glade.

Love, sons of earth! for Love is earth's soft lore:
Look where ye will, earth overflows with me:
Learn from the waves that ever kiss the shore,
And the winds nestling on the heaving sea.

All teaches Love." The sweet voice, like a dream,
Melted in light; yet still the airs above,
The waving sedges and the whispering stream,
And the green forest rustling murmured 'Love.'

quae fragrant quod ager quod lucus odorifer, aurae
irrequieta cient folia ad numerumque figurant:
dum Pan omnipotens Horaeque et Gratia simplex
nexae per choreas inducunt perpetuum uer.
non ager, Enna, tuus qua flaua Proserpina, flores
dum resecat, Diti flos pulcrior ipsa resectast:
unde illae Cereri lacrimae atque exercita curis
orbe pererrato uestigia; nec tua, Daphne,
propter Orontaeum flumen laetissima silua,
nec fons Castaliae Musarum instinctus amore
Edeni poterat contendere mollibus hortis.

'O TERRA sate, iussus ama: sum Numen amoris,
parque Chai memoror maximus esse deum;
risibus irradio caelestia templa labrisque
Aurorae resero molle supercilium.
glorior esse meos flores, uiolamque trahentem
ad latebram Zephyros, cumque rubore rosam;
esse meum uerno quod ludit in aethere lumen,
perque nemus tacitum somnia uisa die.
o terra sate, doctus ama: cape dicta parentis
mollia; nonne uides omnia plena mei?
hoc monet unda, simul ripae dedit oscula, et aurae
spiranti quotiens incubuere mari.
cuncta loquuntur, ama.' quae uox dilapsa repente est,
ceu leuis in lucem somnus; at aura dei,
at tremulae salices argutaque lympha uirensque
silua dabat foliis mobile murmur, ama.

Milton.

THE city which thou seest no other deem
Than great and glorious Rome, queen of the earth.
So far renowned and with the spoils enriched
Of nations; there the Capitol thou seest,
Above the rest lifting his stately head
On the Tarpeian rock, her citadel
Impregnable; and there mount Palatine,
The imperial palace, compass huge, and high
The structure, skill of noblest architects,
With gilded battlements conspicuous far,
Turrets and terraces and glittering spires:
Many a fair edifice besides, more like
Houses of Gods, so well have I disposed
My aery microscope, thou mayst behold
Outside and inside both, pillars and roofs,
Carved work, the hand of famed artificers,
In cedar, marble, ivory, or gold.
Thence to the gates cast round thine eye, and see
What conflux issuing forth or entering in;
Praetors, proconsuls to their provinces
Hasting or on return, in robes of state,
Lictors and rods, the ensigns of their power,
Legions and cohorts, turms of horse and wings.

Paradise Regained. B. IV. 44—66.

VRBEM quam spectas Roma est, altissima Roma,
quae regit imperio, quae nomine personat orbem
diues opum, diues spoliatis gentibus auri.
en Tarpeius apex, capitolia magna superne
aeriam tibi pandit inexpugnabilis arcem;
Caesariae inde domus sacroque palatia cliuo,
egregius labor artificum; uasta area, moles
ardua; quam circum turri superaddita turris
aurataeque micant pinnae et fastigia longe
sole lacessita: hinc sedes imitantia diuum
atria densantur, quorum penetralia cernas,
namque tubus sinit aetherius comprendere uisu
intima; caelatos cedro postesque tholosque
aut Pario lapide aut auro solidoque elephanto,
dextrae Daedaleae molimina: dein ubi porta
excipit ingentem properantum aut euomit undam
mirator circumspiciens; primum ordine longo
praetorum et commissa quibus prouincia curae
it trabeata manus, tum, sacra insignia, fasces;
turmae equitum ac pedites spissaeque cohortibus alae.

LONGFELLOW.

UNDER a spreading chestnut tree
The village smithy stands;
The smith, a mighty man is he,
With large and sinewy hands;
And the muscles of his brawny arms
Are strong as iron bands.

His hair is crisp and black and long,
His face is like the tan;
His brow is wet with honest sweat,
He earns whate'er he can,
And looks the whole world in the face
For he owes not any man.

Week in, week out, from morn till night
You can hear his bellows blow;
You can hear him swing his heavy sledge
With measured beat and slow,
Like a sexton ringing the village bell
When the evening sun is low.

And children coming from the school
Look in at the open door;
They love to see the flaming forge
And hear the bellows roar,
And catch the burning sparks that fly
Like chaff from a threshing floor.

The Village Blacksmith.

LATA castaneae nucis sub umbra
stat fabri popularis officina;
uir ferrarius haud silendus ille est,
cui neruis rigidae manus et amplae,
cui stant in solidis tori lacertis
ferro compedibusque firmiores.
crispus defluit et niger capillus;
os fuscum et corio simillimum uncto;
frons sudore madet nec indecoro,
nam componere quod potest laborat
et directa tuetur unus omnes,
nulli scilicet obligatus aere.
mane et uespere per diesque senos
tentis follibus audies frementem,
et pondus grave mallei molaris
presseque ad numerumque molientem,
ut qui sole solet cadente nolam
momentis agitare luctuosis.
quin libris pueri leues relictis
intro prospiciunt fores apertas,
quantis ardeat ignibus caminus,
quantum flentque remugiantque folles,
scintillasque sequuntur ustulatas,
ludentes palea frequentiores
quam trita area dissipat sub auras.

GRAY.

WHERE'ER the oak's thick branches stretch
A broader browner shade;
Where'er the rude and moss-grown beech
O'er-canopies the glade,
Beside some water's rushy brink,
With me the Muse shall sit and think,
At ease reclined in rustic state,
How vain the ardour of the crowd,
How low, how little are the proud,
How indigent the great.

Still is the toiling hand of Care,
The panting herds repose:
Yet hark how through the peopled air
The busy murmur glows!
The insect-youth are on the wing
Eager to taste the honied spring,
And float amid the liquid noon;
Some lightly o'er the current skim,
Some show their gaily-gilded trim
Quick-glancing to the sun.

Ode on the Spring.

QVA spissa ramis tegmen opacius
praetendit ilex, qua patet aesculus
muscosa et impendente saltum
luxuria foliorum obumbrat;
hic amne motas propter harundines
porrecta mecum sic temere in loco,
qui laetus inuitet, sedebit
Musa lyra meditans, ut ardor
uanus uirorum multa petentium,
rex ut coactas inter opes inops
formidet, ut Seianus ingens
immineat periturus Vrbi.
omne occupauit rus operum quies:
pingues iuuencae in gramine corpora
ponunt anhelantes; et audin
aethera quo celebrent susurro
turmae uolantes? it leue gestiens
mellita ueris praeripere oscula
examen, aestatemque lapsu
per liquidum natat otioso:
pars summa radunt flumina mobiles;
festiuior pars uersicoloribus
guttis coruscantes amictus
purpureo explicuere soli.

EURIPIDES.

ΧΑΙΡΕ μοι, ὦ καλλίστα
καλλίστα τῶν κατ' Ὄλυμπον
παρθένων Ἄρτεμι.
σοὶ τόνδε πλεκτὸν στέφανον ἐξ ἀκηράτου
λειμῶνος, ὦ δέσποινα, κοσμήσας φέρω,
ἔνθ' οὔτε ποιμὴν ἀξιοῖ φέρβειν βοτὰ
οὔτ' ἦλθέ πω σίδηρος, ἀλλ' ἀκήρατον
μέλισσα λειμῶν' ἠρινὸν διέρχεται·
Αἰδὼς δὲ ποταμίαισι κηπεύει δρόσοις.
ὅσοις διδακτὸν μηδέν, ἀλλ' ἐν τῇ φύσει
τὸ σωφρονεῖν εἴληχεν εἰς τὰ πάνθ' ὁμῶς,
τούτοις δρέπεσθαι τοῖς κακοῖσι δ' οὐ θέμις.
ἀλλ', ὦ φίλη δέσποινα, χρυσέας κόμης
ἀνάδημα δέξαι χειρὸς εὐσεβοῦς ἄπο.
μόνῳ γάρ ἐστι τοῦτ' ἐμοὶ γέρας βροτῶν·
σοὶ καὶ σύνειμι καὶ λόγοις ἀμείβομαι,
κλύων μὲν αὐδήν, ὄμμα δ' οὐχ ὁρῶν τὸ σόν.
τέλος δὲ κάμψαιμ' ὥσπερ ἠρξάμην βίου.

Hippolytus, 70.

SIMON WASTELL.

LIKE as the damask rose you see,
Or like the blossom on the tree,
Or like the dainty flower of May,
Or like the morning of the day,
Or like the sun, or like the shade,
Or like the gourd which Jonas had.

SALVE quae mihi pulcra places, si pulcra dearumst
ulla quot innuptas uester Olympus habet.
en tibi rite fero contextam flore corollam,
primitias prati, quod sine labe uiret;
quo neque pastor oues tonsuras gramina duxit,
necdum est uirgineam uomer adortus humum:
sed uaga uerrit apis uerno pia rura uolatu,
flumineoque rigat splendida rore Pudor.
inde bonos finxit cuicumque modestia mores
insita, doctrinam non habitura sui,
talibus inde licet flores decerpere, prauis
non licet; hac colitur religione locus.
at mihi dona manus castae, domina, excipe serta
florea flauentes implicitura comas;
namque meum est, quod non homini prius obtigit ulli,
ire tibi comitem, reddere uerba tibi:
fas uoces audire tuas, non ora tueri;
sed placet, ut lateat forma, loquella Deae.
sic precor, ut coepit, suauissima desinat aetas;
carceribus uitae meta sit apta meae.

QVALEM puniceam rosam uidetis,
qualis flos tener in piro rubescit,
qualis primula delicata ueris,
qualis cum fugat astra lux diei,
qualis sol sine nube, qualis umbra
qualemue ille cucurbitam propheta

Even such is man, whose thread is spun,
Drawn out, and cut, and so is done.
The rose withers, the blossom blasteth;
The flower fades, the morning hasteth;
The sun sets, the shadow flies,
The gourd consumes; and man he dies.

SCOTT.

AS the tall ship, whose lofty prore
Shall never stem the billows more,
Deserted by her gallant band,
Amid the breakers lies astrand;
So, on his couch, lay Roderick Dhu;
And oft his fevered limbs he threw
In toss abrupt, as when her sides
Lie rocking in the advancing tides,
That shake her frame with ceaseless beat,
Yet cannot heave her from her seat;
O how unlike her course on sea,
Or his free step on hill and lea!

Lady of the Lake. Canto VI.

sensit, talis homo est, ubi euolutis
Parcae dissoluere fila fusis.
marcet primula cum rosa, piri flos
estur frigore, pergit interire
lux, soles cecidere, fugit umbra,
fessa fronde cucurbita obsolevit:
et tu uis, homo, non obire mortem?

VT procera ratis rostratam strenua proram
non iterum tumidis oppositura fretis,
orba ministerio, sine remige, debilis inter
fluctus, quos frangunt litora laesa, iacet:
sic spatiosa uiri morientis forma iacebat,
febre per insomnem membra mouente torum.
uoluitur, ut nauis, quam forte reciproca Tethys
affluit et pulsu quassat inerme latus;
pinea texta tremunt undarum uerbere, nec iam
de statione sua mota dedere locum.
a quam dissimiles nunc sunt sibi uirque ratisque,
quantus hic in campis ibat et illa mari!

POPE.

A SPRING there is whose silver waters show,
Clear as a glass, the shining sands below;
A flowery Lotos spreads its arms above,
Shades all the banks and seems itself a grove;
Eternal greens the mossy margin grace,
Watched by the sylvan genius of the place.
Here as I lay and swelled with tears the flood,
Before my sight a watery Virgin stood:
She stood and cried, 'O you that love in vain!
Fly hence and seek the fair Leucadian main.
There stands a rock from whose impending steep
Apollo's fane surveys the rolling deep;
There injured lovers, leaping from above,
Their flames extinguish and forget to love.
Deucalion once with hopeless fury burned,
In vain he loved, relentless Pyrrha scorned:
But when from hence he plunged into the main
Deucalion scorned, and Pyrrha loved in vain.'

Sappho to Phaon, 179—196.

THE rose with fond delight
Gazing at her own beauty hung
Over a stream that, swift and bright,
Her image upward flung.
When lo! a zephyr's blustering power
Of every petal robs the flower,

FONS sacer est: lucent altae per flumen harenae
purius argento splendidiusque uitro.
florea per ripas Lotos uaga porrigit umbram;
in nemoris speciem luxuriare putes.
perpetuoque uiret margo muscosa lepore,
siluicola genio peruigilante loci.
hic mihi, fusus humi lacrimas dum largior undae,
constitit ante oculos Naias orta lacu.
constitit atque, 'O quem,' fata est, 'spes ludit amantem,
hinc fuge, Leucadium, quisquis es, aequor adi.
stat scopulus; summo prospectat Apollinis aedes
mobile praecipiti de statione fretum.
desilit inde leuis uoti fraudatus amator,
flammas lethaeis obruiturus aquis.
olim Deucalion acer sed tristis amabat;
spernebat teneras improba Pyrrha faces;
sed postquam a scopulo se praecipitauit in aequor,
spernit Deucalion Pyrrhaque tristis amat.'

IMMINENS riuo rosa, qui rubentem
lucida uelox referebat unda,
dum sui defixa tuens coloris
deperit umbram;
omnibus raptim foliis inermem
exuit maior solito fauoni

And the spoils fall in the river,
Which hurrying bears them off for ever!
Thus, even thus, perceive we may,
Well-a-day!
How swiftly beauty passeth away.

TENNYSON.

THEN rode Geraint into the castle court,
His charger trampling many a prickly star
Of sprouted thistle on the broken stones.
He looked and saw that all was ruinous.
Here stood a shattered archway plumed with fern;
And here had fallen a great part of a tower,
Whole like a crag that tumbles from the cliff,
And like a crag was gay with wilding flowers:
And high above a piece of turret stair,
Worn by the feet that now were silent, wound
Bare to the sun, and monstrous ivy-stems
Clasped the gray walls with hairy-fibred arms,
And sucked the joining of the stones, and looked
A knot, beneath, of snakes, aloft, a grove.

Enid.

---

flatus, et floris spolia inciderunt
fusa fluento,
usque deportanda liquore prono.
sic reor, sic heu licet augurari,
quam sit elapsura breui puellis
uana uenustas.

PROINDE uirum, uia qua castelli ducit in aulam,
fert bellator equus lapidum per fragmina calcans
stellatas tribulorum acies. circumspicit heros :
omnia uasta iacent. hic stabat marmore manco
fronde coronatus filicis non integer arcus :
traxerat hic uacuae turris pars magna ruinam,
integra, ceu cautes quae praecipitatur ab alto,
laetaque, ceu cautes, passim florentibus herbis.
scalarum supra ad medium sublimia solem
fragmina, trita uirum pedibus iam luce carentum,
maeandro circum turrim interiore meabant.
uis hederae glaucas murorum amplexa ruinas
ingens, ambitiosa, tenacibus horrida fibris,
hauribat lapidum compages, scilicet infra
serpentum nodo similis nemorique superne.

SIR JOHN SUCKLING.

GO tell Amynta, gentle swain,
I would not die nor dare complain;
Thy tuneful voice with numbers join,
Thy words will more prevail than mine.
To souls oppressed and dumb with grief
The gods ordain this kind relief,
That music should in sounds convey
What dying lovers dare not say.

A sigh or tear perhaps she'll give,
But love on pity cannot live.
Tell her that hearts for hearts were made,
And love with love is only paid.
Tell her my pains so fast increase,
That soon they will be past redress
But ah! the wretch that speechless lies
Attends but death to close his eyes.

The Dying Lover.

SHIRLEY.

THE glories of our blood and state
Are shadows, not substantial things;
There is no armour against fate;
Death lays his icy hands on kings:
Sceptre and crown
Must tumble down,
And in the dust be equal made
With the poor crooked scythe and spade.

FACVNDE pastor, uade Deliae narra
non emori me uelle nec queri posse:
uocem canoram uersibus maritato,
nam plus habebit illa ponderis nostra.
febriculoso et aegrimonia muto
haec allocutio affluit deum dono,
furtim indicare posse carmen auditum
quae macer amator autumare non ausit.
suspiret illa, forsitan fleat; sed iam
nescit cupido misericordia uesci.
narra cor ut sit alterum alteri natum,
utque amor amore par pari rependatur.
narra meum adeo uulnus exacerbari
iam nunc ut extra remedium recrudescat;
qui iaceat infans, iaceat aeger, heu tantum
clausuram ocellos opperirier mortem.

ET res et altae splendor originis
nobis ut umbrae diffugiunt cauae:
non arma profectura contra
quod superi uoluere sumas.
mors et tyrannis uim gelidam admouet:
obliuioso in puluere uomeri
aequata conuexaeque falci
sceptra ruent apicesque regum.

Some men with swords may reap the field,
And plant fresh laurels where they kill;
But their strong nerves at last must yield;
They tame but one another still:
Early or late
They stoop to fate,
And must give up their murmuring breath,
When they, pale captives, creep to death.

The garlands wither on your brow;
Then boast no more your mighty deeds;
Upon death's purple altar now
See where the victor-victim bleeds:
Your heads must come
To the cold tomb;
Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet and blossom in the dust.

Death's Final Conquest.

Shakespeare.

WHEN to the sessions of sweet silent thought
I summon up remembrance of the past,
I sigh the lack of many a thing I sought,
And with old woes new wail my dear time's waste:
Then can I drown an eye unused to flow,
For precious friends hid in death's dateless night,
And weep afresh love's long since cancelled woe,
And moan the expense of many a vanished sight.

sunt et uirorum qui segetem metant
ferro et recentes sanguine conserant
lauros: sed isdem mox lacerti
emeritis fluidi iacebunt.
uincit uirum uir posterioribus
parcis domandus: serius ocius
calcanda captiuo pauenti est
cuique semel uia sacra leti.
in fronte laurus marcet ouantibus;
omitte prudens quae bene gesseris
iactare, iam uictor secures,
uictima nil miserantis Orci,
tinguit cruentas. illacrimabilis
exspectat omnes urna; sed integer
qui uixit, huic floret superstes
in tumulo redoletque uirtus.

CVM mihi quod retro est aeui se sistit imago,
remque in iudicium mens taciturna uocat,
spes doleo lusas rerum plorataque quondam
questus ab integro tempora trita gemo.
tum recolens leti quos intempesta premit nox,
flere licet cessem, pectora fida fleo.
tum renouat lacrimas indebitus angor amoris,
et mihi quo steterint gaudia lapsa gemo.

Then can I grieve at grievances foregone,
And heavily from woe to woe tell o'er
The sad account of fore-bemoaned moan,
Which I new pay, as if not paid before.
But if the while I think on thee, dear friend,
All losses are restored and sorrows end.

Sonnet XXX.

WORDSWORTH.

'TIS said that to the brow of yon fair hill
Two brothers clomb, and, turning face from face,
Nor one look more exchanging, grief to still
Or feed, each planted on that lofty place
A chosen tree; then eager to fulfil
Their courses, like two new-born rivers, they
In opposite directions urged their way
Down from the far-seen mount. No blast might kill
Or blight that fond memorial; the trees grew
And now entwine their arms; but ne'er again
Embraced those brothers upon earth's wide plain;
Nor aught of mutual joy or sorrow knew,
Until their spirits mingled in the sea
That to itself takes all, Eternity.

---

plorandi scio materiem plorare uetustam,
et memor aerumnas dinumerare meas,
iustaque flebilium ducta ratione malorum,
soluere bis, quasi non illa soluta prius.
tot tamen amissis, tua si me stringit imago,
te compensaui tristitiaque uaco.

QVEM uides collem subiere bini,
sic ferunt, fratres; et uterque uultum
dum bene auersus tenet irretortum,
siue dolorem
sic alens seu corde premens, in alta
arborem seuit statione lectam;
deinde, ceu riui duplices coorti,
acer uter que
debitos implere modos uiarum
monte diuersi fugiunt. neque illud
ausa robigo monumentum amoris
esse nec Eurus.
arbores creuere satae, sodalesque
implicant ramos coeunte silua:
sed pii fratres coiere numquam
sub Iouis udo
axe, nec coram sibi gratulati
rursus aut secum doluere, donec
omnibus uisenda palus amicas
iunxerat umbras.

W. G. Clark.

NOW the world is all before us,
Outcasts we from hearth and home;
West to Andes, east to Taurus,
Still together will we roam.

Weep not thou for sire or mother,
Nor for broken duty grieve;
They had given to another
That which was not theirs to give.

Wintry be our sky or vernal,
Love shall bloom in any clime,
Love almighty, love eternal,
Laughs to scorn the might of time.

Cold though be the road before us,
All the closer we will cling;
Dark though be it, hovering o'er us,
Love shall spread his sun-lit wing.

Akenside.

MIND, mind alone, bear witness earth and heaven —
The living fountains in itself contains
Of beauteous and sublime; here hand in hand
Sit paramount the Graces, here enthroned
Celestial Venus, with divinest airs,
Invites the soul to never-fading joy.
Look then abroad through nature to the range
Of planets, suns, and adamantine spheres,
Wheeling unshaken through the void immense:

NOS uocat in medium quantus patet ambitus orbis,
nos laribus profugos hospitioque domus;
Hesperias Andes seu Caspia regna petamus,
una pari passu quae uia ducat erit.
noli flere patrem neu mater maceret absens
neue animum pietas angat omissa tuum;
illi tradiderant alieni iuris habendum
hoc quod non poterant tradere iure suo.
nos ubi saeuit hiemps, nos uer ubi ridet eamus;
quodlibet ad caelum germina trudit amor.
omnipotens amor est, amor est aeternus, et aeui
ludibrio uires imperiosus habet.
frigida nos uia ducet? at ambitiosior ultro
copula constringet bracchia tenta gelu.
per tenebras erratur? euntibus imminet alas
lumine purpureas expliciturus amor.

MENS animi, caelum hoc et conscia sidera testor,
unica formosi et sublimis quicquid ubique est
intus alit fontes uiuos: hic rite suprema
arce sedent charites manibus per mutua nexis:
caelestis Venus hic, diuinumque instar in illa est
ad ueros animum propriosque uocante lepores,
rerum age perspicito naturam, errantia caelo
sidera solaresque globos Titaniaque astra
aeternas per inane rotas uoluentia uastum;

And speak, O man, does this capacious scene
With half that kindly majesty dilate
Thy strong conception, as when Brutus rose
Refulgent from the stroke of Caesar's fate,
Amid the crowd of patriots; and his arm
Aloft extending, like eternal Jove,
When guilt brings down the thunder, called aloud
On Tully's name, and shook his crimson steel,
And bade the Father of his Country hail?

The Pleasures of Imagination.

CORBET.

THE damaske meddowes and the crawlinge streames
Sweeten and make soft thy dreames;
The purlinge springes, groves, birdes, and well weaved bowers
With fields enamelled with flowers
Present thee shapes, while phantasye discloses
Millions of lillyes mixed with roses.
Then dreame ye heare the lambe with many a bleat
Woo'd to come suck the milkey teate;
Whilst Faunus in the vision vowes to keep
From ravenous wolfe the woolley sheepe;
With thowsand such enchantinge dreames that meet
To make sleepe not so sound as sweete;
Nor can these figures so thy rest endeare
As not to up when chaunticleere
Speaks the last watch, but with the dawn dost rise
To work, but first to sacrifice;
Makinge thy peace with heaven for some late fault
With holy meale or cracklinge salt.

atque, homo, fare, adeone capacis machina mundi
haec perspecta tibi dilatat imagine dia
ignescentem animum, ut Bruti cum splendida uirtus
Caesaris a plaga fatali surgeret, et cum
Ipse Quirinali turba stipante lacertum
sublimem extendens, aeterni more Tonantis,
dum scelus arcessit ferientia fulmina, Tulli
nomen uoce uocaret ouans gladiumque rubentem
crispans rite patrem patriae saluere iuberet?

SOMNVS, amice, tibi pratorum molle uirentum
et labentis aquae ridet imaginibus;
lympha loquax et aues et dumi textilis umbra
pictaque dissimili flore uireta placent;
mille placent species; tibi daedalus explicat error
mentis nescio quot lilia mixta rosis.
tunc audire putas, ut ouis balatibus agnum
ubera ducturum grandia lacte uocet;
ut uoueat Faunus gregis inuiolata rapaci
sese erepturum lanea terga lupo.
dulcior inde quies quamquam leuis et minor aequo
has tibi delicias, haec simulacra serit.
nec tot imaginibus fit inertia, quin, simul ales
extremis alacer cantat in excubiis,
prima subsilias aditurus luce labores
rite, neque oblitus sacra litasse Deo,
oblato prius hesternae purgamine culpae
farre pio superis et crepitante mola.

COWPER.

THE season smiles, resigning all its rage
And has the warmth of May. The vault is blue
Without a cloud, and white without a speck
The dazzling splendour of the scene below.
Again the harmony comes o'er the vale,
And through the trees I view the embattled tower
Whence all the music. I again perceive
The soothing influence of the wafted strains
And settle in soft music, as I tread
The walk still verdant under oaks and elms
Whose outspread branches overarch the glade.
The roof, though moveable through all its length
As the wind sways it, has yet well sufficed,
And, intercepting in their silent fall
The frequent flakes, has kept a path for me.
No noise is here or none that hinders thought.
The red-breast warbles still, but is content
With slender notes and more than half suppressed,
Pleased with his solitude and flitting light
From spray to spray, where'er he rests he shakes
From many a twig the pendant drops of ice,
That tinkle in the withered leaves below.
Stillness accompanied with sounds so soft
Charms more than silence. Meditation here
May think down hours to moments.

The Task.

TEMPESTAS arridet et omnes exuit iras
ueris more tepens. stat caeli caerulus orbis,
stant liquidi sine nube poli : sine labe renidet
inferioris agri species candore corusco.
fallor an ille redit ualli concentus ? opacam
per iuga siluarum uideo consurgere turrim
unde sacrum seritur carmen. mihi blanda recursat
alituum uentis portantibus aura modorum ;
dumque uiam uiridem lento pede metior, ulmus,
cui super hospitiisque patentibus imminet ilex,
ad meditandum animo sensim suadente relabor.
frondiferum tegmen quam longum est mobile quamuis
uentorum tremat imperiis, at sufficit umbram
excipiensque niues sine murmure delabentis
molle mihi spatium disterminat ; inde sonorum
auditur nihil aut quod non meditantibus obstet.
pipilat indefessa rubecula, at illa querellam
gutture dimidio tenuans atque ore subacto
gaudet siluarum sola dicione, leuesque
peruolitans uulgo uirgas, quocumque resedit
arboris, inde mouens glacialem decutit imbrem
non sine tinnitu foliis arentibus infra.
intempesta quies tali comitante susurro
plures delicias quam pura silentia praebet.
scilicet hic animus meditando decoquit horas
temporis assimiles puncto.

COLLINS.

O THOU who badest thy turtles bear
Swift from his grasp thy golden hair,
And sought'st thy native skies;
When war, by vultures drawn from far,
To Britain bent his iron car
And bade his storms arise!

Tired of his rude tyrannic sway,
Our youth shall fix some festive day
His sullen shrines to burn;
But thou who hear'st the turning spheres,
What sounds may charm thy partial ears
And gain thy blest return?

O Peace! thy injured robes up-bind,
O rise and leave not one behind
Of all thy beamy train:
The British lion, goddess sweet!
Lies stretch'd on earth to kiss thy feet
And own thy holier reign.

Let others court thy gracious smile,
But come to grace thy western isle,
By warlike Honour led!
And while around her ports rejoice,
While all her sons adore thy choice,
With him for ever wed.

Ode to Peace.

QVAM proterui Martis ab unguibus
iussae capillos praeripere aureos
uexere sublimem palumbes
ad patrium penetrale caeli:
quo tempore ales uulturibus procul
currus duelli suasor aeneos
flectebat ad litus Britannum,
fulmineam glomerans procellam.
regnum improbantes imperiosius,
mox feriati composito die
altaria implacata diui
igne sacro iuuenes cremabunt.
sed, siderum quam mulcet euntium
carmen, salutem tu reuocantibus
qua uoce delinita reddes,
quo sonitu magis audiendo?
consurge laesum Pax bona pallium
succincta; retro labere, lucido
omni ministrorum secuto
agmine. iam posita Britannus
ceruice terrae suppliciter Leo
procumbit ingens, ore tuos pedes
tacturus admoto uolensque
imperio meliore flecti.
esto fugacem fas aliis tuum
captare risum scilicet: at redi
mansura nobis et perenne
Hesperidum decus insularum.
te bellicosus ducat Honor: tibi
felix Honorem cum popularium
rumore nautarum secundo
ducat Hymen propriumque seruet.

COWPER.

SUNS that set and moons that wane
Rise and are restored again:
Stars that orient day subdues
Night at her return renews.
Herbs and flowers, the beauteous birth
Of the genial womb of earth,
Suffer but a transient death
From the winter's cruel breath:
Zephyr speaks; serener skies
Warm the glebe, and they arise.
We alas, earth's haughty kings,
We that promise mighty things,
Losing soon life's happy prime
Droop and fade in little time.
Spring returns, but not our bloom;
Still 'tis winter in the tomb.

The Shortness of Human Life.

TENNYSON.

BUT Vivien fearing heaven had heard her oath,
And dazzled by the livid-flickering fork,
And deafen'd with the stammering cracks and claps
That followed, flying back and crying out,
"O Merlin, though you do not love me, save,
Yet save me!" clung to him and hugged him close,
And called him dear protector in her fright,
Nor yet forgot her practice in her fright,
But wrought upon his mood and hugged him close.

SOLES occidere, interire lunae
pergunt, ut refici et redire possint:
et stellas oriente dissipatas
Phoebo Nox reparabilis reducit.
herbae quas peperit benigna tellus,
et flores hiemalibus procellis
morti succubuere transiturae:
quum spirat Zephyrus sereniusque
caelum laxat humum putrem, resurgunt.
nos rerum domini potentiores,
nos qui grandia pollicemur, aeui
uernantis celerem fugam querentes
deflorescimus heu breui; recurrit
uer, sed non uiridis recurrit aetas;
nobis usque hiemabit in sepulchro.

ILLA, pauebat enim ne di rata uota dedissent,
primum obtusa aciem liuenti cuspide flammae,
dein crebro crepitu ac fracto stupefacta sonore
rettulerat sese retro, meque eripe, clamat,
eripe me hinc, Meruline, meum aspernatus amorem,
me tutare tamen; simul arte amplexa tenebat
et defensorem uocitabat uicta pauore,
at neque uicta pauore suam intermiserat artem;
illecebrisque uirum mollem manibusque tenebat

She blamed herself for telling hear-say tales;
She shook from fear, and for her fault she wept
Of petulancy; she called him lord and liege,
Her seer, her bard, her silver star of eve,
Her God, her Merlin, the one passionate love
Of her whole life: and ever overhead
Bellowed the tempest, and the rotten branch
Snapt in the rushing of the river-rain
Above them, and in change of glare and gloom
Her eyes and neck glittering went and came;
Till now the storm, its burst of passion spent,
Moaning and calling out of other lands,
Had left the ravaged woodland yet once more
To peace; and what should not have been had been,
For Merlin, overtalked and overworn,
Had yielded, told her all the charm and slept.

Vivien.

BRYANT.

AIRS that wander and murmur around,
Bearing delight where'er ye blow!
Make in the elms a lulling sound,
While my lady sleeps in the shade below!

Lighten and lengthen her noon-day rest,
Till the heat of the noon-day sun is o'er:
Sweet be her slumbers! though in my breast
The pain she has waked may slumber no more.

circumfusa. dabat culpae sibi uana locutam;
tum concussa metu petulantis crimine linguae
flebat; eum regemque suum uatemque uocabat,
quique sibi Hesperii luceret sideris instar,
atque deum atque uirum appellans, quo semper in uno
suspirasset amans. supra caput usque procella
horrendum stridet: tum ramus putris ab alto
dat crepitum pluuiae torrenti abruptus. at olli,
ut se uertit hiemps fulgorque reciprocat umbram,
sic oculi, sic colla micant lucentque uicissim.
uerum tempestas tandem exsaturata furendo
murmuraque indiscreta ciens aliunde locorum
cessit, agens late uastatis otia siluis.
interea fuerat quod numquam debuit esse:
scilicet alloquiis uates concesserat aeger
et denarrato carpebat carmine somnos.

MOBILES quae gemitis aurae spiritu circumuago,
unde caeli cumque flatis afferentes gaudium,
strepite quod loquente ramo suadeat somnos leues,
nostra qua dormitat ulmis imminentibus Chloe.
otium huic meridianum date leue et longum satis,
dum cottidiana solis flamma deflagrauerit.
dulce dormiat puella, pectore in nostro licet
intimo excitauerit qui dormiat numquam dolor.

Breathing soft from the blue profound,
  Bearing delight where'er ye blow,
Make in the elms a lulling sound,
  While my lady sleeps in the shade below!

Airs, that over the bending boughs,
  And under the shadows of the leaves,
Murmur soft, like my timid vows,
  Or the secret sighs my bosom heaves,
Gently sweeping the grassy ground,
  Bearing delight where'er ye blow,
Make in the elms a lulling sound,
  While my lady sleeps in the shade below!

Siesta.

BRYANT.

EARTH'S children cleave to earth; her frail
  Decaying children dread decay.
Yon wreath of mist that leaves the vale
  And lessens in the morning ray,
Look how by mountain rivulet
  It lingers as it upward creeps,
And clings to fern and copsewood set
  Along the green and dewy steeps;
Clings to the fragrant kalmia, clings
  To precipices fringed with grass,
Dark maples where the wood-thrush sings,
  And bowers of fragrant sassafras.
Yet all in vain; it passes still
  From hold to hold, it cannot stay,

at susurrantes profundo blandius de caerulo,
unde caeli cumque flatis afferentes gaudium,
strepite quod loquente ramo suadeat somnos leues,
nostra qua dormitat ulmis imminentibus Chloe.
ite, quae superue ramis mobiles nutantibus
siue foliorum sub umbra delitescentes caua,
usque molle murmuratis, quale et ipse murmuro
uota cum facio uel alta cum traho suspiria ;
ite uos leues amictam flore uerrentes humum,
unde caeli cumque flatis afferentes gaudium,
nostra qua dormitat ulmis imminentibus Chloe.

HAERENT telluris gremio Telluris alumni,
breuisque gens caduca ne cadat pauet.
ille cauam uallem tenuis qui deserit umor
trahitque sole prodeunte cornua,
ecce fluentisoni scandens latera ardua montis,
ut otiatur in liquore lubrico,
in filice ut cessat, dumeti cessat in umbra
uirente, saxa quae coronat uuida ;
nunc thyma circum haeret fragrantia, nunc ubi summam
amicit herba rupium crepidinem,
tum uel quod resonat turdis acer ambit opacum
uel attrahens odore myrteum nemus.
omnia nequiquam : nam protenus ille uireta
ad altiora corripit gradum, inscius

And in the very beams that fill
The world with glory wastes away,
Till, parting from the mountain's brow,
It vanishes from human eye,
And that which sprung of earth is now
A portion of the glorious sky.

EURIPIDES.

Σὺ τὰν θεῶν ἄκαμπτον φρένα καὶ βροτῶν ἄγεις,
Κύπρι·
σὺν δ' ὁ ποικιλόπτερος ἀμφιβαλὼν
ὠκυτάτω πτερῷ.
ποτᾶται δὲ γαῖαν εὐάχητόν θ' ἁλμυρὸν ἐπὶ πόντον.
θέλγει δ' Ἔρως, ᾧ μαινομένᾳ κραδίᾳ
πτανὸς ἐφορμάσῃ
χρυσοφαής, φύσιν
ὀρεσκόων σκυλάκων
πελαγίων θ' ὅσα τε γᾶ τρέφει,
τὰν Ἅλιος αἰθομέναν δέρκεται
ἄνδρας τε· συμπάντων βασιλήίδα τιμάν,
Κύπρι, τῶνδε μόνα κρατεῖς.

Hippolytus. 1269.

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stare loco : mox in radiis, quibus omnia rident
lepore plena, dissolutus interit,
donec ab humanis oculis euanidus idem
suprema montis exiit cacumina,
et quem prima parens submiserat aera Tellus
ad astra fusus aurei fit aetheris.

CYPRI, tu uictos hominum et deorum
ducis immites animos : comesque
commouet pictas Amor inquieto
turbine pennas
imminens praedae. super ille terras
et super pontum grauiter sonantem
quo libet uelox uolat et uolando
mitigat aegrum
pectus, in quodcumque tetendit ales
aureum fulgens tenuem sagittam,
siue naturas stabulantum opaco in
monte ferarum,
siue quae gignit mare beluosum,
seu probat terrae iaculari alumnos
sole feruentes propiore, siue
corda uirorum.
Diua, qua Cypris tua gloriatur,
omnium regina potens uocaris
una, quae sceptro moderaris aequo
quicquid ubique est.

Bryant.

WHY mourn ye that our aged friend is dead?
Ye are not sad to see the gathered grain.
Nor when their mellow fruit the orchards cast,
Nor when the yellow woods shake down the ripened mast.

Ye sigh not when the sun, his course fulfilled,
His glorious course, rejoicing earth and sky,
In the soft evening, when the winds are stilled,
Sinks where his islands of refreshment lie,
And leaves the smile of his departure spread
Over the warm-coloured heaven and ruddy mountain head.

Why weep ye then for him who, having won
The bound of man's appointed years, at last,
Life's blessings all enjoyed, life's labours done,
Serenely to his final rest has passed:
While the soft memory of his virtues yet
Lingers like twilight hues when the bright sun is set?

The Old Man's Funeral.

Trench on Words.

TILL from the straw the flail the corn doth beat,
Until the chaff be purged from the wheat,
Yea till the mill the grains in pieces tear,
The riches of the flour will scarce appear.
So till men's persons great afflictions touch,
If worth be found, their worth is not so much,

CVR fletis tumulo compositum senem,
idem, cum cererem condidit horreum
aut cum poma piris mitia defluunt,
aut flaua siluis coma
glandis luxuriem decutientibus,
plorare indociles? non gemitus mouet,
si permensus iter sol decus aetheris,
terrae sol decus aureum,
uesper cum posuit flaminibus modum,
laturas requiem sidit ad insulas,
rubras inficiens luce nouissima
nubes et iuga montium.
ergo cur gemitis quem, simul egerat
aetatem numeris omnibus integram,
fortunae saturum muneribus bonae
defunctumque laboribus,
tempestiua senem composuit quies
uirtutesque trahunt post obitus pium
lumen, purpureum quale crepusculum
cum sol oceano subest?

DONEC triticeas tundendo tribula messes
exuerint palea, molesque admota molaï
grana minutatim cerealia proculcarit,
non erit in patulo frumenti robur opimum.
sic prius excutiant homines operosa necesse est
infortunia, quam uirtus, ea si qua latebit,

Because, like wheat in straw, they have not yet
That value which in threshing they may get.
For till the bruising flails of God's corrections
Have threshed out of us our vain affections;
Till those corruptions which do misbecome us
Are by Thy sacred spirit winnowed from us;
Until from us the straw of worldly treasures,
Till all the dusty chaff of empty pleasures,
Yea till His flail upon us He doth lay,
To thresh the husk of this our flesh away,
And leave the soul uncovered; nay yet more,
Till God shall make our very spirit poor,
We shall not up to highest wealth aspire;
But then we shall; and that is my desire.

On Tribulation.

COWPER.

GOD gives his mercies to be spent;
Your hoard will do your soul no good;
Gold is a blessing only lent,
Repaid by giving others food.

The world's esteem is but a bribe,
To buy their peace you sell your own,
The slave of a vainglorious tribe,
Who hate you while they make you known.

The joy that vain amusements give
Oh sad conclusion that it brings!
The honey of a crowded hive
Defended by a thousand stings.

ad iustum succedat honorem, propterea quod
nondum illa, ut stipula frumenti abstrusa potestas,
frangendo sese excoluit grauiterque terendo.
nam dum caelestes plagae et pia uerbera nobis
extuderint uesanum animum et peritura petentem,
dum uitiis prauaque incerta cupidine corda
aeterni Patris purgarit mystica uannus,
et rerum tanquam paleas ac fulua leporum
tegmina profligarit inania; percipe porro,
addita dum grauibus caelestia tribula plagis
corporis hanc siliquam expulerint animusque patebit;
immo, animus dum fiet inops et egenus et exspes,
ad summas emergere opes ueroque potiri
non erimus dociles; ea demum tribula passi
tum uero discemus; eo fert nostra uoluntas.

PAVPERIBVS tradenda Deus tibi munera donat;
non animae diues proderit arca tuae;
aurum mancipio nulli datur, omnibus usu;
reddit qui miseris inde ministrat opem.
census amicitias mercatur, census honores;
emptaque pax populi stat tibi pace tua.
ductus ad arbitrium captantis inania turbae
uolueris inuisum nomen in ore uirum.
prosequeris nugas et gaudia uana? tuarum
meta uoluptatum quam tibi tristis erit!
quale fauis nectar per cerea tecta repostum
spicula mobilium mille tuentur apum;

'Tis thus the world rewards the fools
That live upon her treacherous smiles:
She leads them blindfold by her rules,
And ruins all whom she beguiles.

The Vanity of the World.

SPENSER.

AS when two rams, stirr'd with ambitious pride,
Fight for the rule of the rich-fleeced flocke,
Their horned fronts so fierce on either side
Doe meete, that, with the terror of the shocke
Astonied, both stand senselesse as a blocke,
Forgetfull of the hanging victory;
So stoode these twaine, unmoved as a rocke,
Both staring fierce and holding idely
The broken reliques of their former cruelty.

The Sarazin, sore daunted with the buffe,
Snatcheth his sword and fiercely to him flies;
Who well it wards and quyteth cuff with cuff;
Each other's equal puissaunce envies,
And through their iron sides with cruel spies
Does seeke to pierce; repining courage yields
No foote to foe; the flashing fier flies,
As from a forge, out of their burning shields;
And streams of purple bloud new die the verdant fields.

Faerie Queene.

---

scilicet haud alia stulti mercede fruuntur,
quos populi risus illecebraeque trahunt;
ille sua caecos ducit ratione, daturus
exitio si quem subdolus arte capit.

QVALIS ubi arietibus pugna imperiosa duobus
intercessit, uter gregibus dominetur opimis;
cornua certatim contraria cornibus ambo
collisere; pari flictu concussus uterque
stat sine mente pauens, stat bruti codicis instar,
pendentis palmae oblitus; non secius olli,
ceu rupes, solidi constabant, torua tuentes
alter in alterius uultum manibusque tenebant
irae relliquias infectae et futtile ferrum.
turbatus primo incursu Saracenus in hostem
correpto subit ense ruitque infensus; at ille
defenditque uafer uulnus martemque retorquet
aequo marte. pares animos, paria arma uiro uir
inuidet, aduersique petens latera ardua ferro
rimatur loricam oculis, qua impulsa fatiscat.
id menti sedet ambobus, non cedere pugna
nec fessum reuocare gradum. micat ignea rima
conflictu clipeorum, ut ruptis flamma caminis;
purpureumque bibunt uiridantia prata cruorem.

Isaiah.

THE wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad for them; and the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose.

It shall blossom abundantly, and rejoice even with joy and singing: the glory of Lebanon shall be given unto it, the excellency of Carmel and Sharon, they shall see the glory of the Lord and the excellency of our God.

Strengthen ye the weak hands, and confirm the feeble knees.

Say to them that are of a fearful heart, Be strong, fear not: behold, your God will come with vengeance, even God with a recompence; he will come and save you.

Then the eyes of the blind shall be opened, and the ears of the deaf shall be unstopped.

Then shall the lame man leap as an hart, and the tongue of the dumb sing: for in the wilderness shall waters break out and streams in the desert.

And the parched ground shall become a pool, and the thirsty land springs of water: in the habitation of dragons, where each lay, shall be grass with reeds and rushes.

And an highway shall be there, and a way, and it shall be called The way of holiness; the unclean shall not pass over it; but it shall be for those: the wayfaring men, though fools, shall not err therein.

No lion shall be there, nor any ravenous beast shall go up thereon, it shall not be found there; but the redeemed shall walk there:

ATQVI tempus erit cum desolata repente
tesca renidescent alieno uere nouisque
floribus inque rosam sterilis sese induet ora.
tum loca ridebunt late cantuque sonabunt
laetitiaque : piger campus reuirescet, eodemque
affluet et Libani species et ruris honores,
quot felix aperit Carmelus quotque Saronis
diues ager. tanto tellus ieiuna lepore
gaudebit uestita, Deique uidebitur illi
maiestas praesens atque aurea numinis aura.
addite, praecones, robur pauitantibus ; ultro
instaurate animos atque his accendite dictis :
macti uiribus este ; metus spe pellite uanos ;
ecce uenit uindex uester Deus ; hostibus instat
ira terribilis uobisque salutifer idem.
tunc oculis cernent patefactis lumine cassi,
et surdis sermo in sensuras perfluet aures ;
tum claudus poterit pedibus, ceu dama, salire
integris, mutusque soluto farier ore
uociferans. quid mirum ? ubi sicco ex aequore uiuae
rumpent se scatebrae atque amnes orientur harenis ;
nec spectra illudent, sed uisa paludis imago
uera palus erit ; atque arens humus umida riuis
mobilibus saliet : squalens spelunca draconis
herba luxuriabit harundinibusque coortis.
et uia surget ibi ; uia casta uocabitur ; illa
nemo ibit qui incestus erit ; calcanda patebit
simplicibus morum ; tales ea limite recto
haud erraturos ducet. nec forma leonis
per mediam sese obiciet nec saeua ferarum
saecla ; beatorum populus gradietur in illa.

And the ransomed of the Lord shall return, and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads: they shall obtain joy and gladness and sorrow and sighing shall flee away.

xxxv. 1—10.

TENNYSON.

THE woods decay, the woods decay and fall,
The vapors weep their burthen to the ground,
Man comes and tills the field and lies beneath,
And after many a summer dies the swan.
Me only cruel immortality
Consumes: I wither slowly in thine arms,
Here at the quiet limit of the world,
A white-haired shadow roaming like a dream
The ever silent spaces of the East,
Far-folded mists and gleaming halls of morn.
Alas! for this gray shadow once a man,
So glorious in his beauty and thy choice,
Who madest him thy chosen, that he seemed
To his great heart no other than a God!
I asked thee, "Give me immortality."
Then didst thou grant mine asking with a smile,
Like wealthy men who care not how they give.
But thy strong Hours indignant worked their wills,
And beat me down and marred and wasted me,
And though they could not end me, left me maimed
To dwell in presence of immortal youth,
Immortal age beside immortal youth,

nam quibus obtigerit magna mercede redemptis
dia salus, olli ad patriam templumque Sionis
cantantes ibunt : clarescet clamor ouantum :
laetitiam exsortem nactis pacemque perennem
finis erit flendi ; dolor omnibus effluet omnis.

ARESCVNT siluae ; siluae nutantque caduntque,
demittunt grauidae nubes onera umida flendo :
surgit homo atque exercet humum sub humoque quiescit ;
ultima post multas et olorem interficit aetas.
me, me immortalem crudelia saecula solum
uoluendo carpunt ; hic lento in limite mundi
inque tuo amplexu paulatim maceror aeuo :
canitiem effusus tenuique simillimus umbrae
has sine uoce domos uacuas orientis oberro,
thesauros nimborum et primae limina lucis.
umbra uiri uagor, heu, quantum mutatus ab illo
qui thalamos intrat praestanti corpore clarus
delectuque, Aurora, tuo ! quo dies honore
rebar ouans animis et me genus esse deorum.
tunc mihi donares aeuum immortale rogabam ;
dumque rogo annueras ridens, quo prodigus ore
cum largitur opes neque computat. ilicet horae
me uoluere tuae ultrices uitiare terendo,
et potuere ; minus leto quid non miser hausi
damnorum ? hinc species tibi manca mariti,
ceu uenerans aeternam aeterna Senecta Iuuentam,

And all I was, in ashes. Can thy love,
Thy beauty make amends, tho' even now,
Close over us, the silver star, thy guide,
Shines in those tremulous eyes that fill with tears
To hear me? Let me go: take back thy gift:
Why should a man desire in any way
To vary from the kindly race of men
Or pass beyond the goal of ordinance
Where all should pause, as is most meet for all?

Tithonus.

THE EARL OF ROCHESTER.

MY dear mistress has a heart
Soft as those kind looks she gave me,
When, with love's resistless art
And her eyes, she did enslave me.
But her constancy's so weak,
She's so wild and apt to wander,
That my jealous heart would break,
Should we live one day asunder.

Melting joys about her move,
Killing pleasures, wounding blisses;
She can dress her eyes in love
And her lips can warm with kisses.
Angels listen when she speaks;
She's my delight, all mankind's wonder;
But my jealous heart would break,
Should we live one day asunder.

Tithonus fuit, in cineres dilapsa uelut fax.
quo mihi tantus amor tuus et forma incluta? quamquam
Luciferi iam nunc argenteus imminet ignis
inque tuis tremulus fleturae fulget ocellis
haec audituro similis. tu me exue dono:
cur quaquam generi humano contrarius ire
optet homo aut ultra stantem contendere metam?
omnibus una quies datur, omnibus apta, laborum.

MOLLE cor intus alit mea Delia; dulcius olim
non risit mihi quam molle cor intus alit,
olim ut seruitum me transtulit in sua castra
fraude cupidinea luminibusque suis.
tam uaria tamen illa fidest, tam cerea flecti,
in noua tam facilis pascua ferre pedem,
ut mihi sit liuor rupturus pectora, si qua
una duos possit distinuisse dies.
Delia flexanimo praesens dissoluit amore
illecebrisque ferit blanditiisque necat;
illa placere suos Veneris docet instar ocellos,
pressaque facundo labra calore premunt.
fando caelicolum captiuas detinet aures;
omnibus est numen deliciaeque mihi.
a mea liuor edax rumpat praecordia, si qua
una duos possit distinuisse dies.

MILTON.

AS bees
In spring-time, when the sun with Taurus rides,
Pour forth their populous youth about the hive
In clusters; they, among fresh dews and flowers,
Fly to and fro, or on the smoothed plank,
New-rubbed with balm, expatiate and confer
Their state affairs; so thick the aery crowd
Swarmed and were straitened; till, the signal given,
Behold a wonder! They, but now who seemed
In bigness to surpass earth's giant sons,
Now, less than smallest dwarfs, in narrow room
Throng numberless, like that Pygmean race
Beyond the Indian mount: or faery elves,
Whose midnight revels, by a forest side
Or fountain, some belated peasant sees
Or dreams he sees, while over head the moon
Sits arbitress and nearer to the earth
Wheels her pale course; they on their mirth and dance
Intent with jocund music charm his ear;
At once with joy and fear his heart rebounds.

Paradise Lost. B. I. 768—788.

SICVT apes cum sol equitat per cornua Tauri
uere nouo pubem turmatim aluearia circum
effudere; aliae flores et roscida rura
peruolitant; pars stramineae sub moenibus arcis
uncta melisphylli succo per leuia ligna
discurrunt lentae passim et ciuilia ponunt
consilia in medium. non secius aethere cretum
agmen in angustum coeunt; dum, signa repente
cum data, prodigium mirabile, qui modo uisi
terrigenas mole ingenti superare gigantas
nanorum quae serpit humillima gente minores
concreti spatium innumeri glomerantur in artum,
Pygmaei quales populi densantur Eoi;
uel quales laruas tenues nocturnus agrestis
bacchari ad fontem primoue in limine siluae
aut uidet aut uidisse putat; procul arbitra luna
imminet ac terrae propiorem pallida cursum
torquet agens; ludo intentas choreisque canore
festiuo captant aures mirantis; at illi
laetitiaque metuque micantia corda resultant.

CAMPBELL.

THE more we live, more brief appear
Our life's succeeding stages:
A day to childhood seems a year,
And years like passing ages.

The gladsome current of our youth,
Ere passion yet disorders,
Steals lingering like a river smooth
Along its grassy borders.

But as the care-worn cheek grows wan
And sorrow's shafts fly thicker,
Ye stars that measure life to man,
Why seem your courses quicker?

When joys have lost their bloom and breath,
And life itself is vapid,
Why, as we reach the falls of death,
Feel we its tide more rapid?

It may be strange, yet who would change
Time's course to slower speeding;
When one by one our friends have gone
And left our bosoms bleeding?

Heaven gives our years of fading strength
Indemnifying fleetness;
And those of youth a seeming length
Proportioned to their sweetness.

QVO uita tendit longior, ocius
uolui uidetur. sic pueris moram
fert annus aetatis diesque
praeteriens habet instar anni.
insanientis pura licentiae
dum prima uernant tempora, lentius
labuntur, ut praeter uirentes
lympha fugit taciturna ripas.
sed maceratis tristitia genis,
cum tela curarum horrida sibilant,
cur, signa delabentis aeui,
sidera, contrahitis meatus?
cur flore postquam deliciarum odor
effluxit, ipsum ut uiuere sordeat,
cur lapsus inuitis Auerni
dum propior strepit, ociore
nos ire fluctu credimus? at citis
mutare lentos quis properat dies,
tot corda fleturus fideli
rapta sodalitio sub umbras?
sic mitigantem damna fugam Deus
apponit annis deterioribus;
idem redonauit iuuentae
laetitiam spatiosiorem.

BYRON.

THE isles of Greece, the isles of Greece!
Where burning Sappho loved and sung,
Where grew the arts of war and peace,
Where Delos rose and Phoebus sprung:
Eternal summer gilds them yet;
But all except their sun is set.

The mountains look on Marathon,
And Marathon looks on the sea;
And musing there an hour alone,
I dreamed that Greece might still be free;
For standing on the Persians' grave
I could not deem myself a slave.

A king sat on the rocky brow
Which looks o'er sea-born Salamis;
And ships by thousands lay below,
And men in nations; all were his.
He counted them at break of day;
And when the sun set where were they?

The Isles of Greece.

MILTON.

SO spake our Morning Star, then in his rise,
And, looking round, on every side beheld
A pathless desert, dusk with horrid shades;
The way he came not having marked, return
Was difficult, by human steps untrod:

CYCLADES Aegaei stellae maris insulaeque Graiae,
Phaona Sappho qua canebat ardens,
libera militiae cunabula munerumque pacis,
qua Delos orta est Deliusque Phoebus!
perpetui soles rident tibi fulgidum; sed extra
soles nihil non occidit Pelasgis.
montes te Marathon, Marathon mare tu quoque intueris:
illic per horam solus otiosam
dum mecum meditor, mihi Graecia uisa post tot annos
exire longam posse seruitutem.
scilicet haud poteram, Persas pede dum premo sepultos,
putare me sic esse cum catena.
quae Salamina mari genitam super imminens tuetur,
in arce rupis rex sedebat altus:
mille mari classes per litora, mille nationes
uno minores rege subiacebant.
ille recensebat numerum sibi prodeunte Phoebo;
cadente, quonam tanta uis uirorum?

SIC Matutinum modo primo Sidus in ortu;
et circumspiciens ex omni parte tuetur
auia camporum spatia undique et undique opacis
nubibus et Stygio terram aere caligantem.
ille pedes quo flectat? inobseruata uiarum
incertus repetat uestigia nullius ante

And he still on was led, but with such thoughts
Accompanied of things past and to come
Lodged in his breast, as well might recommend
Such solitude before choicest society.
Full forty days he passed, whether on hill
Sometimes, anon in shady vale, each night
Under the covert of some ancient oak
Or cedar, to defend him from the dew,
Or harboured in one cave, is not revealed;
Nor tasted human food nor hunger felt,
Till those days ended; hungered then at last
Among wild beasts; they at his sight grew mild,
Nor sleeping him nor waking harmed; his walk
The fiery serpent fled and noxious worm,
The lion and fierce tiger glared aloof.
But now an aged man in rural weeds,
Following as seemed the quest of some stray ewe,
Or wither'd sticks to gather, which might serve
Against a winter's day, when winds blow keen,
To warm him wet return'd from field at eve,
He saw approach, who first with curious eye
Perused him, then with words thus utter'd spake.

Paradise Regained. B. I. 289—315.

trita solo? sed pergit iter, comitantur euntem
curarum multae ambages habitantque sub alto
pectore, praeteritaeque uices casusque futuri;
quales deliciae, blando sermone frequentum
posthabito, taciti commendant otia ruris.
ille quaterdenos soles spectabat olympo
surgere, siue diem condebat uertice in alto
siue per umbrosas ualles; sed tempora noctis
ilice sub ueteri durauerit an sub amica
quae rores capiti nocuos defenderet ulmo
an specuum in latebris requieuerit, audeat o quis
dicere? nulla tamen aderant solacia uictus,
nulla fames, dum post totidem interualla dierum
solus iens inter uariarum saecla ferarum
esuriem persensit. at illa haerentia uiso
mansueuere Deo, neque prima luce uagantem
laesere aut placido claudentem lumina somno:
illius ante pedes serpentum flammea monstra
corripuere fugam celerem, et gens noxia uermes,
atque leo atque ferae tigres spirantibus ignem
eminus exarsere oculis. sed cinctus agresti
apparet iam ueste senex, seu forte fugacem
inuestigat ouem pastor, siue arida ligna
conquirit brumae lenimina, dandaque paruo
nutrimenta foco cum spirant frigora Cauri,
uespere cum sero remeauerit udus ab aruis:
hunc propius uidet instantem, qui lumine primus
membra pererrauit uigili, dein talia fatur.

GOLDSMITH.

MY soul turn from them; turn we to survey
Where rougher climes a nobler race display;
Where the bleak Swiss their stormy mansion tread,
And force a churlish soil for scanty bread.
No product here the barren hills afford,
But man and steel, the soldier and his sword;
No vernal blooms their torpid rocks array,
But winter lingering chills the lap of May:
No zephyr fondly sues the mountain's breast,
But meteors glare and stormy glooms invest.

The Traveller.

THOMSON.

SMOOTH to the shelving brink a copious flood
Rolls fair and placid, where collected all
In one impetuous torrent down the steep
It thundering shoots, and shakes the country round.
At first an azure sheet it rushes broad;
Then whitening by degrees, as prone it falls,
And from the loud-resounding rocks below,
Dashed in a cloud of foam, it sends aloft
A hoary mist, and forms a ceaseless shower.
Nor can the tortured wave here find repose;
But raging still amid the shaggy rocks,
Now flashes o'er the scattered fragments, now
Aslant the hollowed channel rapid darts;

HINC alio deducam animum et contempler honestum
qua genus in uires alit inclementia caeli;
qua Boreae patiens Germanus obambulat arces
scilicet indomitusque inuitam e paupere glaeba
extorquet cererem: tantum Chalybeiaque arma
proueniunt illic et miles idoneus armis;
non ibi ueris honos, sed hiemps se lenta reponit
in gremium Maii gelidis amplexibus urens,
nec montes medios genitabilis aura Fauoni
ambit amans; ibi noctiuagi fulsere cometae
et circumuolitant picei caligine nimbi.

COMPOSITO fluctu deuexae adlabitur orae
largior exundans amnis; qua pronus aquarum
collectam uim praecipitat per saxa deorsum,
ardua cum fremitu uicinaque concutit arua.
primum caeruleus decurrere, et agmine lato
ire indiuisus torrens; tum albescere eundo;
iamque lacessitus scopulis clamantibus infra,
grandibus implicitam spumis submittere, matrem
imbris inexhausti, nebulam: neque tortilis unda
qua requiescat habet: furit inter scrupea claustra,
iamque uoluta micat per fragmina, iamque uidetur
transuolitare cauas obliqua aspergine rupes;

And falling fast from gradual slope to slope,
With mild infracted course and lessened roar
It gains a safer bed, and steals at last
Along the mazes of the quiet vale.

Summer.

BARRY CORNWALL.

THE lake has burst! the lake has burst!
Down through the chasms the wild waves flee;
They gallop along,
With a roaring song,
Away to the eager awaiting sea!

Down through the valleys and over the rocks,
And over the forests, the flood runs free;
And wherever it dashes,
The oaks and the ashes
Shrink, drop, and are borne to the hungry sea!

The cottage of reeds and the tower of stone,
Both shaken to ruin, at last agree;
And the slave and his master
In one wide disaster,
Are hurried like weeds to the scornful sea!

The sea-beast he tosseth his foaming mane,
He bellows aloud to the misty sky;
And the sleep-buried Thunder
Awakens in wonder,
And the Lightning opens her piercing eye!

mox loca per cliuosa leui pede desilit umor
lubricus, indocilis; dum decrescente fragore,
planitiem campi et secura cubilia nactus,
perrepit uallem incuruam taciturnior amnis.

FVGERE ruptis obicibus lacus,
fugere lymphae: per caua litorum
exsultim et immissis habenis
agmine prono equitant liquores,
bacchantium cum murmure fluctuum
dudum uocantem uisere Nerea.
per saxa depressasque ualles
per siluas furit expedito
umore torrens amnis: et impetus
tumultuantem qua tulit, ilices
a stirpe conuulsas et ornos
traxit ad oceanum uoracem:
regumque turres tectaque pauperum
tandem ruinae conciliant pares;
fatoque consortes eodem
cum famulis domini per unam
stragem in superbos, ceu stipulae leues,
uoluuntur aestus. uorticibus furit
Neptunus et cristas comantes
fluctibus aeriasque torquens
spumas opacum nubibus ad polum
immugit omnis: quo fremitu Pater
erectus excusso sopore
fulminat et iaculatur ignes:

There is death above, there is death around,
There is death wherever the waters be;
There is nothing now doing
Save terror and ruin,
In earth, and in air, and the stormy sea!

TENNYSON.

I COME from haunts of coot and hern,
I make a sudden sally,
And sparkle out among the fern,
To bicker down a valley.

By thirty hills I hurry down,
Or slip between the ridges,
By twenty thorps, a little town,
And half a hundred bridges.

Till last by Philip's farm I flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever.

I clatter over stony ways
In little sharps and trebles,
I bubble into eddying bays,
I babble on the pebbles.

With many a curve my banks I fret
By many a field and fallow,
And many a fairy foreland set
With willow-weed and mallow.

supraque circumque exitium ingruit,
quocunque cursum praecipitant aquae;
tellusque caelumque et tremendas
ira maris glomerat ruinas.

QVA stabulant fulicae, qua deuolat ardea, saltu
inde dato liquidas ordior ire uias;
emicat inde meus filicem fons inter opacam
per uallem querulis obstrepiturus aquis.
triginta obliquus trepido decurrere colles
aut medius furtim per iuga lapsus eo:
praeuehor oppidulum, bis dena mapalia uiso,
et quinquaginta pontibus impedior.
denique rura, Philippe, lauo tua pinguia, grandem
ad fluuium socias appositurus aquas:
nam meus, ut uariis mortalibus effluat aetas,
perpetuus tenor est: semper iturus eo.
garrulus argutor per leuia saxa uiarum,
et sonitum tenuem tinnula lympha ciet:
inque sinus scateo nictantibus aequore bullis
et strepitant silices mobilitate mea.
tortilis irrito ripas haud simplice flexu:
curuaturque mihi saepe noualis ager;
saepe, Napaearum latebrae, procurrit in undas
fronde frequens maluae uimineaque iugum.

I chatter, chatter, as I flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever.

I wind about, and in and out,
With here a blossom sailing,
And here and there a lusty trout,
And here and there a grayling,

And here and there a foamy flake
Upon me, as I travel
With many a silver water-break
Above the golden gravel,

And draw them all along, and flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever.

I steal by lawns and grassy plots,
I slide by hazel covers;
I move the sweet forget-me-nots
That grow for happy lovers.

I slip, I slide, I gloom, I glance,
Among my skimming swallows;
I make the netted sunbeam dance
Against my sandy shallows.

I murmur under moon and stars
In brambly wildernesses;
I linger by my shingly bars;
I loiter round my cresses;

usque cachinnor iens alacer, lymphasque loquaces,
ubere dum fluuio miscear, usque traho:
namque ego, decurrant homines breue quamlibet aeuum,
dempto fine uagor: semper iturus eo.
mille traho gyros huc ambitiosus et illuc,
nunc in gurgitibus flore natante rosae,
nunc pingui trutta, muscam si adspexit inermem,
uel glauco ad summum subsiliente lacum.
est ubi, dum longos errores metior, orbem
sensi lacteolum fluctibus ire meis:
est ubi me dirimit candens argenteus undae,
aurea quem subter glarea lucet, obex.
omniaque amne uoluta traho, laticesque tumentem
ad fluuium tenues impliciturus ago:
namque ego, mortales uarient breue quamlibet aeuum,
cursibus aeternis irrequietus eo.
per saltus fugio furtim et per amoena uireta:
sub coryli labor lubricus hospitium:
tum moueo memores amarantos, quem meus umor
florem in amatores auxiliaris alit.
nunc coit atra mihi, nunc albicat unda, meisque
summam rasus aquam laetor hirundinibus.
sol quoque purpureos intexens luce liquores
gestit harenosis luxuriare uadis.
tum solus queror ad lunam Titaniaque astra,
findens multiplici squalida tesca rubo:
mox mea dum lambo nasturtia, lentius itur,
aut in pumiceis otior obicibus.

And out again I curve and flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever.

The Brook.

MILTON.

SO saying, a noble stroke he lifted high,
Which hung not, but so swift with tempest fell
On the proud crest of Satan, that no sight,
No motion of swift thought, less could his shield,
Such ruin intercept: ten paces huge
He back recoiled; the tenth on bended knee
His massy spear upstaid; as if on earth
Winds under ground, or waters, forcing way,
Sidelong had pushed a mountain from its seat
Half sunk with all his pines. Amazement seized
The rebel thrones, but greater rage, to see
Thus foiled their mightiest; ours joy filled, and shout
Presage of victory, and fierce desire
Of battle: whereat Michaël bid sound
The archangel trumpet; through the vast of heaven
It sounded, and the faithful armies sung
Hosanna to the Highest: nor stood at gaze
The adverse legions, nor less hideous joined
The horrid shock. Now storming fury rose,
And clamour such as heard in heaven till now
Was never; arms on armour clashing brayed
Horrible discord, and the madding wheels

inde nouum excutiens maeandrum protinus erro
uberibus fluuii consociandus aquis:
nam meus, ut uariis mortalibus effluat aetas,
perpetuus tenor est: semper iturus eo.

DIXIT, et adsurgens plagam molitur opimam
nec dubiam pendentem: ea tanto turbine cristis
mobilibus Satanae superincidit, ut neque uelox
uis animi aut oculorum acies, nedum obuius umbo,
fulmineam queat excipiens prohibere ruinam.
reccidit ille gradus uastos bis quinque retrorsum:
in decimo attinuit duplicato poplite nixum
ingens hasta: uelut montem cum sede reuulsum
subterranea uis uentorum aut actus aquai
cum trabibus piceis omnem in latus inclinauit
semirutum. stupor incessit Titanas et ira;
saeuior ira palam passo praetore repulsam.
exsultare animis nostri; palmamque frequentes
praecipiunt mediisque furunt miscerier armis.
Michael iubet inde cani sacro aere: canorem
dat tuba per uacuum, caelestiaque agmina magna
uoce uocare Deum. nec in uno exercitus alter
defixus stetit obtutu: concurritur ultro
ui paribusque minis. nunc irae gliscere caelo;
nunc perterricrepi fremitus clarescere, numquam
auditi prius. arma armis allisa dedere
horrificum flictu clangorem, aerisque rotarumque

Of brazen chariots raged, dire was the noise
Of conflict; over head the dismal hiss
Of fiery darts in flaming volleys flew,
And flying vaulted either host with fire.
So under fiery cope together rushed
Both battles main, with ruinous assault
And inextinguishable rage. All heaven
Resounded; and, had earth been then, all earth
Had to her centre shook.

Paradise Lost. B. VI. 189—219.

SHAKESPEARE.

THEREFORE doth Heaven divide
The state of man in divers functions,
Setting endeavour in continual motion:
To which is fixed, as an aim or butt,
Obedience: for so work the honey-bees;
Creatures that, by a rule in nature, teach
The act of order to a peopled kingdom.
They have a king and officers of sorts:
Where some, like magistrates, correct at home:
Others, like merchants, venture trade abroad:
Others, like soldiers, armed in their stings,
Make boot upon the summer's velvet buds;
Which pillage they with merry march bring home
To the tent royal of their emperor:
Who, busied in his majesty, surveys
The singing masons building roofs of gold;
The civil citizens kneading up the honey;

omne solum saeuire sonoribus : impete tanto
agmina confremuere. supra caput igneus imber
missilibus tractim flammis stridetque uolatque
uolcanoque uolans acies lato integit ambas.
ergo fulmineus superimminet arcus euntes
comminus in certamen inexpletumque furentes.
omne fragore tonat caelum : et, si terra fuisset,
terra quoque omnis humo penitus tremefacta labasset.

ERGO homines Deus instituit diuersa sequentes,
mobile semper uti studium et certamen habendi
curreret hanc unam properans contingere metam,
esse sub imperio maiorum audireque habenas.
sic operantur apes cogendi mellis amore :
quae, duce natura, populo documenta dedere
regnato, ut parere uelint ac legibus uti.
iura magistratusque legunt regemque sequuntur :
castigare domi est aliarum ac sumere poenas ;
mercantes aliae peregrina negotia curant :
spicula portantes aliae ceu miles in armis,
aestatem populantur et aurea germina uastant :
unde domum praedam referentibus agmine laeto
itur ad augusti praetoria regis : at ille
fungitur imperio contemplaturue canentes
murorum artifices molirier aurea tecta.
parte alia ciues liquefacta recondere mella,

The poor mechanic porters crowding in
Their heavy burdens at his narrow gate;
The sad-eyed justice, with his surly hum,
Delivering o'er to executors pale
The lazy yawning drone.

King Henry V. Act I. Scene ii.

BYRON.

THE sky is changed—and such a change! O night,
And storm, and darkness, ye are wondrous strong,
Yet lovely in your strength, as is the light
Of a dark eye in woman. Far along,
From peak to peak, the rattling crags among
Leaps the live thunder: not from one lone cloud;
But every mountain now hath found a tongue,
And Jura answers, through her misty shroud,
Back to the joyous Alps who call to her aloud.

And this is in the night:—most glorious night,
Thou wert not sent for slumber: let me be
A sharer in thy fierce and far delight,
A portion of the tempest and of thee!
How the lit lake shines, a phosphoric sea,
And the big rain comes dancing to the earth!
And now again 'tis black, and now the glee
Of the loud hills shakes with its mountain mirth,
As if they did rejoice o'er a young earthquake's birth.

parte alia famulos operantes pondera tergo
grandia ad angustum certatim aduoluere limen :
contemplatur item praetorem torua tuentem,
ut saeuum mussans fucorum ingloria tradat
corpora carnifici.

EN caeli facies contraria uersa priori.
o nox, o tenebrosae hiemes, quae uestra potestas,
quale decus tamen, ut lucem muliebria iactant
lumina pupillis nigrantibus. en procul inter
multifidos apices, tremefactaque fulmine saxa
flamma salit crepitans. neque nubes una tonare;
sed centum reboant centeno murmure montes.
audiit ingeminansque per aera circumfusum
Alpes ad laetas uocitantes Iura reclamat.
atque ea per noctem. Nox o lepidissima, non tu
somni mater eras. possim a, temeraria, tecum
comissarier in uacuum et furiale iocari :
a sine pars ego sim tempestatumque tuique.
en ut inardescit lato lacus igne relucens :
uerberat imber humum et liquido pede desilit ingens:
nunc quoque caligant iterum omnia : nunc quoque colles
clamant, montiuagisque tremunt iuga longa cachinnis,
tamquam terrai motu gauisa recenti.

Now where the quick Rhone thus hath cleft his way,
The mightiest of the storms hath ta'en his stand:
For here, not one, but many make their play,
And fling their thunderbolts from hand to hand,
Flashing and cast around; of all the band,
The brightest through these parted hills hath forked
His lightnings, as if he did understand
That in such gaps as desolation worked
There the hot shaft should blast whatever therein lurked.

Sky, mountains, river, winds, lake, lightnings, ye,
With night, and clouds, and thunder, and a soul
To make these felt and feeling, well may be
Things that have made me watchful; the far roll
Of your departing voices is the knoll
Of what in me is sleepless,—if I rest.
But where of ye, O tempests, is the goal?
Are ye like those within the human breast?
Or do ye find at length, like eagles, some high nest?

Childe Harold. Canto III. xcii. xciii. xcv. xcvi.

MILTON.

THAT day I oft remember, when from sleep
I first awaked, and found myself reposed
Under a shade, on flowers, much wondering where
And what I was, whence thither brought, and how.
Not distant far from thence a murmuring sound
Of waters issued from a cave, and spread
Into a liquid plain, then stood unmoved,
Pure as the expanse of heaven: I thither went
With unexperienced thought, and laid me down

nunc Rhodanus celer amne uiam qua findit, hiatu
in medio stationem, hiemum quae maxima, cepit
ante alias: neque enim proludens una coruscat,
sed multae inter se circumque micantia torquent
fulmina: sic nimbus qui saeuior omnibus ardet
fissilium per cliuorum diuortia flammas
librauit trifidas, tamquam, loca si qua uiarum
faucibus in saeuis non desolata laterent,
sulphureis urens flammis ea uasta daturus.
o caelum o lacus et montes et fluminis error
nubesque uentique sonoraque fulminibus nox,
quodque cor haec penitus miracula persentiscis,
per uos haud temere excubui: nunc fusa retrorsum
murmura uestra canunt somno, si forte quiescam.
at uobis, tempestates, ubi meta laborum est?
num similes estis uos debacchantibus intra
pectoris humani latebras? an, denique nidos
nacti nubiferos, aquilarum more, sedetis?

MVLTA mihi redit illa dies, cum prima sopores
excussi: recubantem in floribus umbra tegebat
frondea: corde agitans multum mirabar ubi essem
quidue, tulisset eo quae fors atque unde locorum.
haud procul inde latex saliens strepitabat aquai
spelunea, liquidumque patescens latus in aequor
stabat caeruleus caelique exemplar aperti.
huc animi imprudens deueni, membraque porro

On the green bank, to look into the clear
Smooth lake, that to me seemed another sky.
As I bent down to look, just opposite
A shape within the watery gleam appeared,
Bending to look on me: I started back.
It started back: but pleased I soon returned,
Pleased it returned as soon with answering looks
Of sympathy and love: there had I fixed
Mine eyes till now, and pined with vain desire,
Had not a voice thus warned me: What thou seest,
What there thou seest, fair creature, is thyself,
With thee it comes and goes.

Paradise Lost. B. IV. 449—469.

MILTON.

HE looked and saw wide territory spread
Before him, towns, and rural works between:
Cities of men, with lofty gates and towers,
Concourse in arms, fierce faces threatening war,
Giants of mighty bone and bold emprise:
Part wield their arms, part curb the foaming steed,
Single or in array of battle ranged,
Both horse and foot, nor idly mustering stood;
One way a band select from forage drives
A herd of beeves, fair oxen and fair kine,
From a fat meadow-ground; or fleecy flock,
Ewes and their bleating lambs over the plain,
Their booty; scarce with life the shepherds fly,
But call in aid, which makes a bloody fray;
With cruel tournament the squadrons join;

fusa dedi uirides per ripas, inque tuebar
marmora pura lacus splendentiaque aetheris instar
alterius. dum procumbo tueorque, per undam
ecce relucentem contraria fulsit imago,
procumbenti eadem similis similisque tuenti.
absilio, absilit illa: recurro laeta, recurrit
laeta, paremque pari uultu promittit amorem.
sicut eram, speculans steteram perfixaque uano
tabueram desiderio, nisi missa per aures
uox monuisset ibi, te, formosissima rerum,
te specularis; adest tecum pariterque recedit.

PROSPECTAT patulas prae se consurgere terras
oppida munda locis interque nitentia culta,
tum populorum urbes portis ac turribus altas,
atque acies atque arma atque ora minantia bellum
ingentesque animos, ingentia membra gigantum.
pars uersat clipeos manibus, pars ora frementum
frenat equom: ante alios ductor se primus agebat;
tum directae equitum turmae peditumque cohortes,
nec cessaturae steterant: hac lecta iuuentus
aut armentum abigit tauros pinguesque iuuencas
pinguibus a pratis: aut cum balantibus agnis
lanigeras matres praedamque per aequor opimam
auertit: uix incolumes fugere bubulci
auxilioque uocant socios: subit aspera pugna:
turmatim in creperum certamen comminus itur:

Where cattle pastured late, now scatter'd lies
With carcasses and arms, the ensanguined field,
Deserted: others to a city strong
Lay siege, encamp'd; by battery, scale, and mine,
Assaulting; others from the wall defend
With dart and javelin, stones, and sulphurous fire;
On each hand slaughter and gigantic deeds.

Paradise Lost. B. XI. 639—659.

BRYANT.

STAY, rivulet, nor haste to leave
The lovely vale that lies around thee,
Why would'st thou be a sea at eve,
When but a fount the morning found thee?

Born when the skies began to glow,
Humblest of all the rock's cold daughters,
No blossom bowed its stalk to show,
Where stole thy still and scanty waters.

Now on thy stream the moon-beams look
Usurping, as thou downward driftest,
Its crystal from the clearest brook,
Its rushing current from the swiftest.

Ah! what wild haste! and all to be
A river and expire in Ocean!
Each fountain's tribute hurries thee
To that vast grave with quicker motion.

For better 'twere to linger still
In this green vale, these flowers to cherish,
And die in peace, an aged rill,
Than thus, a youthful Danube, perish.

pascebantur ubi pecudes, nunc squalida tabo
corporibusque armisque iacentibus arua putrescunt
desolata. tenent alii obsidione ualentem
urbem opibus : scalae admotae : tremit ariete murus ;
fit uia tecta ; alii sese defendere ab arce
missilibus telis ; crebescunt saxa facesque :
surgit utrimque grauis caedes titaniaque ausa.

SISTE pedem liquidum neu torrens desere uallem,
riuule, quae ripas ambit amoena tuas :
cur uespertinus properas maris instar habere,
quem modicum fontem uiderit orta dies ?
te, qui quotquot eunt laticum uilissimus ires,
progenuit prima luce maligna silex :
nec tibi flos apicem demisit signa daturus
pauperis et tacitae qui tenor esset aquae :
in te purpureo nunc candida luna relucet,
dum pronos latices irrequietus agis ;
dum qui splendidior fons adfluit, inde colorem
arripis, et, citior qui fluit, inde fugam.
quo temere excurris ? fluuio par ire laboras
scilicet, in pelago depositurus aquam :
aequor ad omniuorum non te liquor additus auget
qui non proripiat mobiliore gradu :
a praestabat in hac uiridi te ualle morari,
hos flores liquido fonte fouere tuo,
defluxisse diu lapsum cum pace Galesum
quam sic Danubium deperiisse breuem.

TENNYSON.

THERE lies a vale in Ida, lovelier
Than all the valleys of Ionian hills.
The swimming vapour slopes athwart the glen,
Puts forth an arm, and creeps from pine to pine,
And loiters, slowly drawn. On either hand
The lawns and meadow-ledges midway down
Hang rich in flowers, and far below them roars
The long brook falling thro' the clov'n ravine
In cataract after cataract to the sea.
Behind the valley topmost Gargarus
Stands up and takes the morning: but in front
The gorges, opening wide apart, reveal
Troas and Ilion's column'd citadel,
The crown of Troas.

Hither came at noon
Mournful Œnone, wandering forlorn
Of Paris, once her playmate on the hills.
Her cheek had lost the rose, and round her neck
Floated her hair or seem'd to float in rest.
She, leaning on a fragment twined with vine,
Sang to the stillness, till the mountain-shade
Sloped downward to her seat from the upper cliff.

"O mother Ida, many-fountain'd Ida,
Dear mother Ida, hearken ere I die.
For now the noonday quiet holds the hill:
The grasshopper is silent in the grass:

MONTE sub Idaeo locus est, laetissima uallis,
qualem crebra iugis non omnis Ionia iactat.
umidus illam aer tranans obliquus in albam
porrigitur nebulam, piceasque perambulat umbras
lentus, inhaesuro similis. mediam ornat utrimque
laetum herbae latus et saxis suspensa uireta,
rus in praecipiti florens: procul obstrepit infra
riuus aquae, et longus per saxa uiasque uolutus
fissas, crebra crepante cadens pede, currit in aequor.
extremae ualli a tergo stat summus ad auras
Gargarus et roseum captat iubar: at per hiantes
hinc atque hinc aditus primisque a faucibus omnis
Teucria prospicitur; patet Ilium et alta columnis
Pergama, Dardaniae inpositum decus. huc uaga venit
maesta die medio Oenone desertaque secum
flens Paridem, quocum lusisset collibus Idae.
fugerat ora suus color, et per colla capillus
aut fluitans temere aut uisus fluitare sedebat.
illa quidem innitens implexae palmite coti
sola querebatur caelo, dum desuper umbra
attigerat de monte cadens obliqua sedentem.
O mater, liquidis celeberrima fontibus Ida,
Ida meas, mater, moriturae percipe uoces.
namque die medio cessatur, et otia collem
insedere: silet uiridans in gramine gryllus:

The lizard, with his shadow on the stone,
Rests like a shadow, and the cicala sleeps.
The purple flowers droop: the golden bee
Is lily-cradled: I alone awake.
My eyes are full of tears, my heart of love,
My heart is breaking, and my eyes are dim,
And I am all aweary of my life.

"O mother Ida, many-fountain'd Ida,
Dear mother Ida, hearken ere I die.
Hear me O Earth, hear me O Hills, O Caves
That house the cold crown'd snake! O mountain brooks,
I am the daughter of a River-god,
Hear me, for I will speak, and build up all
My sorrow with my song, as yonder walls
Rose slowly to a music slowly breathed,
A cloud that gather'd shape: for it may be
That, while I speak of it, a little while
My heart may wander from its deeper woe.

"O mother Ida, many-fountain'd Ida,
Dear mother Ida, hearken ere I die.
I waited underneath the dawning hills,
Aloft the mountain lawn was dewy-dark,
And dewy-dark aloft the mountain pine:
Beautiful Paris, evil-hearted Paris,
Leading a jet-black goat white-horn'd white-hooved,
Came up from reedy Simois all alone.

"O mother Ida, hearken ere I die.
Far-off the torrent call'd me from the cleft:
Far up the solitary morning smote
The streaks of virgin snow. With down-dropt eyes

umbram fusa suam per saxum procubat, umbrae
instar et ipsa, lacerta; soporataeque cicadae.
languent purpurei flores: apis aurea cessat,
liliaque intus habent caua clausam: ego peruigil una.
lumina plena mihi lacrimarum, pectus amoris;
rumpit amarus amor pectus, nant lumina flendo;
meque piget uitae, uideoque miserrima solem.
O mater, scatebrisque frequens et fontibus Ida,
Ida meas, mater, morituraе percipe uoces.
audi me, tellus: colles audite cauaeque
rupes, qua stabulat cristata ac frigida serpens.
montani fontes, fluuii sum filia sancti,
exaudite; profabor enim, magnumque dolorem
moliar usque meum cantando, ut funditus illa
moenia surrexere ad lentos lenta canores,
qualis ubi in formam concrescit ab aere nubes.
nam, fors si qua ferat, dum uerba querentia fundo,
mens erret paulisper ab atris auia curis.
O mater, scatebrisque frequens et fontibus Ida,
Ida meas, mater, morituraе percipe uoces.
luce noua imbutis sub collibus exspectabam:
insuper herbosum montis latus umbra tenebat
uuida, montanas pinos umbra uuida: et ecce
formoso Paris ore, Paris male fidus, agebat
capreolum nigrantem, albo pede, cornibus albis,
solus harundinea subiens Simoentis ab unda.
Ida meas, mater, morituraе percipe uoces,
me procul inde amnis torrens et fissa uocabant
saxa: procul summo sparsas in monte serenas
sola uagans Aurora niues adflabat honore

I sat alone: white-breasted like a star
Fronting the dawn he moved; a leopard skin
Droop'd from his shoulder, but his sunny hair
Cluster'd about his temples like a God's;
And his cheek brighten'd as the foam-bow brightens
When the wind blows the foam, and all my heart
Went forth to embrace him coming ere he came.

"Dear mother Ida, hearken ere I die.
He smiled, and opening out his milk-white palm
Disclosed a fruit of pure Hesperian gold,
That smelt ambrosially, and while I look'd
And listened, the full-flowing river of speech
Came down upon my heart.

"'My own Œnone,
Beautiful-brow'd Œnone, my own soul,
Behold this fruit, whose gleaming rind ingrav'n
"For the most fair," would seem to award it thine,
As lovelier than whatever Oread haunt
The knolls of Ida, loveliest in all grace
Of movement, and the charm of married brows.'

"Dear mother Ida, hearken ere I die.
He prest the blossom of his lips to mine,
And added 'This was cast upon the board,
When all the full-faced presence of the Gods
Ranged in the halls of Peleus; whereupon
Rose feud, with question unto whom 'twere due:
But light-foot Iris brought it yester-eve,
Delivering that to me, by common voice
Elected umpire. Herè comes to-day,
Pallas and Aphrodite, claiming each

purpureo. demissa oculos et sola sedebam :
sidere candidior pectus sese ille ferebat
obuius Aurorae : gradienti pellis ab armo
pendebat, pardi exuuiae ; sed tempora circum
flauens caesaries fluitabat Apollinis instar :
et fulsere genae, qualis splendescit ab unda
Iris, agente Noto spumas : ego pectore toto,
dum procul est, totaque ex illo mente pependi.
Ida meas, mater, moriturae percipe uoces.
risit enim, et palma, candebat lactea, passa
exhibuit pomum, Hesperidum spolia aurea, odorem
ambrosiae spirans. dum tendo lumina et aures,
uerba mihi in pectus fluxere uberrima fando ;
" Oenone, mea uita, Oenone frontis honestae,
pomum respice ad hoc titulumque in cortice et auro
signatum, 'mereat quae formosissima.' cuiumst ?
nonne tuum ? quoniam forma, quot Oreades Idae
concelebrant colles, superas, motuque decoro
prima superciliisque uenusto foedere iunctis."
Ida meas, mater, moriturae percipe uoces.
labra meis labris roseumque os appulit ori,
atque ait, 'hoc mensae iactum super incidit, omnes
cum diui coetu complessent atria Pelei :
inde satae lites, quaenam sibi moenus haberet
iure suo. quod heri mihi uespere detulit Iris
atque adlapsa leuis seruandum tradidit ultro,
qui sim mente deum communique editus ore
arbiter. hanc autem Iuno et cum Cypride Pallas
praestantis palmam formae sibi quaeque petentes

This meed of fairest. Thou, within the cave
Behind yon whispering tuft of oldest pine,
Mayst well behold them unbeheld, unheard
Hear all, and see thy Paris judge of Gods.'

"Dear mother Ida, hearken ere I die.
It was the deep midnoon: one silvery cloud
Had lost its way between the piney sides
Of this long glen. Then to the bower they came,
Naked they came to that smooth-swarded bower,
And at their feet the crocus brake like fire,
Violet, amaracus, and asphodel,
Lotus and lilies: and a wind arose,
And overhead the wandering ivy and vine,
This way and that, in many a wild festoon
Ran riot, garlanding the gnarled boughs
With bunch and berry and flower thro' and thro'.

"O mother Ida, hearken ere I die.
On the tree-tops a crested peacock lit,
And o'er him flow'd a golden cloud, and lean'd
Upon him, slowly dropping fragrant dew.
Then first I heard the voice of her to whom
Coming thro' Heaven, like a light that grows
Larger and clearer, with one mind the Gods
Rise up for reverence. She to Paris made
Proffer of royal power, ample rule
Unquestion'd, overflowing revenue
Wherewith to embellish state, from many a vale
And river-sunder'd champaign clothed with corn,
Or labour'd mines undrainable of ore.

mox aderunt. at tu poteris secreta sub antro,
qua latebram illa facit strepitumque ueterrima pinus,
non audita audire tuum, non uisa uidere
disceptantem iras Paridem litesque deorum.'
Ida meas, mater, moriturae percipe uoces.
ibat sol medius caeli; temere auia nubes
concolor argento latera inter pinea uallis
errabat: tum illae nemoris uenere sub umbram;
nudae muscosum nemoris uenere uiretum.
emicuere solo croceusque simillimus igni
flos et amaracinus cum purpureo narcisso
liliaque et uiolae et lotos gradientibus; auraeque
adflauere; supraque hederae errabundaque uitis,
multiplici maeandro in uelamenta fluentes,
exsultim ac penitus per bracchia torta serebant
bacasque floresque racemiferosque corymbos.
Ida meas, mater, moriturae percipe uoces.
incidit arboribus summis pauo cristatus;
olli fulua auro nubes infusa, superque
incubuit, guttas destillans roris odori.
tum primum, cui per Iouis atria procedenti,
quale iubar ueniens clarescit maius eundo,
consensu diuis adsurgitur omnibus uno,
illa mihi est audita loqui. Paridi illa ferebat
imperium, et populos pendentes regis ab ore,
incrementaque opum, sceptris decora addita; namque
adfluxurum illi uallis quod laeta profundat
et quod sectus humum fluuiis et amictus arista
campus inexhaustisque exercita terra metallis.

'Honour,' she said, 'and homage, tax and toll,
From many an inland town and haven large,
Mast-throng'd beneath her shadowing citadel
In glassy bays among her tallest towers.'

"O mother Ida, hearken ere I die.
Still she spake on and still she spake of power,
'Which in all action is the end of all;
Power fitted to the season; wisdom-bred
And throned of wisdom—from all neighbour crowns
Alliance and allegiance, till thy hand
Fail from the sceptre-staff. Such boon from me,
From me Heaven's Queen, Paris, to thee king-born,
A shepherd all thy life, but yet king-born,
Should come most welcome, seeing men, in power
Only, are likest gods, who have attain'd
Rest in a happy place and quiet seats
Above the thunder, with undying bliss
In knowledge of their own supremacy.'

"Dear mother Ida, hearken ere I die.
She ceased, and Paris held the costly fruit
Out at arm's length, so much the thought of power
Flatter'd his spirit; but Pallas where she stood
Somewhat apart, her clear and bared limbs
O'erthwarted with the brazen-headed spear
Upon her pearly shoulder leaning cold,
The while, above, her full and earnest eye
Over her snow-cold breast and angry cheek
Kept watch, waiting decision, made reply.

'obsequium,' aiebat, 'populare accedet honosque,
oppida per latas tibi uectigalia terras,
ueliferi portus naualiaque ampla sub arcis
hospitio et uitreum turritis molibus aequor.'
Ida meas, mater, moriturae percipe uoces.
haec et plura quidem, imperium tamen usque canebat;
'unum quod petitur,' dixit, 'certantibus; aptum
moribus et saeclo imperium; tum nata potestas
consilio per idemque sedens suprema, trahendo
finitimos reges socios habilisque domando,
sceptra manu dum fessa fluunt. dono hoc ego diuom
quae regina uocor, Pari, te quoque rege creatum,
pastorem a puero, sed eundem rege creatum,
hoc ego te cumulem, nec tu abnue: namque potestas
dis homines sola exaequat; di scilicet inter
astra locos nacti laetos sedesque serenas
fulmina sub pedibus spectant: sine morte beatis
uiuitur, et cordi est summa dominarier arce.'
Ida meas, mater, moriturae percipe uoces.
dixerat; exsertaque manu pomum Paris auro
porrexit pretiosum: adeo dicionis imago
ceperat illecebris animum. contraria Pallas
abstabat paulum, nudatosque hasta per artus
marmoreos obliqua et cuspis aena sedebat,
incumbens umero gelidum gestamen eburno.
acrius illa tuens obuerso luminis orbe
dum pectus niueum super indignantiaque ora,
iudicium opperiens, uigilat, fari orsa uicissim:

"'Self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control,
These three alone lead life to sovereign power.
Yet not for power (power of herself
Would come uncall'd for), but to live by law,
Acting the law we live by without fear;
And, because right is right, to follow right
Were wisdom in the scorn of consequence.'

"Dear mother Ida, hearken ere I die.
Again she said: 'I woo thee not with gifts.
Sequel of guerdon could not alter me
To fairer. Judge thou me by what I am,
So shalt thou find me fairest.

Yet, indeed,
If gazing on divinity disrobed
Thy mortal eyes are frail to judge of fair,
Unbiass'd by self-profit, oh! rest thee sure
That I shall love thee well and cleave to thee,
So that my vigour, wedded to thy blood,
Shall strike within thy pulses, like a God's,
To push thee forward thro' a life of shocks,
Dangers, and deeds, until endurance grow
Sinew'd with action, and the full-grown will,
Circled thro' all experiences, pure law,
Commeasure perfect freedom.'

"Here she ceased,
And Paris pondered, and I cried, 'O Paris,
Give it to Pallas!' but he heard me not,
Or hearing would not hear me, woe is me!

"O mother Ida, many-fountain'd Ida,
Dear mother Ida, hearken ere I die.

'se colere et nouisse, sui moderamen habere,
hoc ualet; hoc summas ad opes nitentibus itur.
nec tu propter opes, sed legem uiue secundum:
mitte potestatem: ueniet, ne arcesse, potestas.
legi propositae solidos adiungere mores
et quia fas est fas quod fas sit cumque tueri,
hoc sapientis erat spreta formidine damni.'
Ida meas, mater, moriturae percipe uoces.
orabat super: 'haud equidem tibi blandiar ullis
moeneribus, neque enim fieri per praemia possim
candidior. quae sim, me expende et perspice iudex:
sic lustrata tibi pulcerrima censear. atqui
mortales oculi detectos membra tuendo
caelicolas si quid peccant, nec cernere callent,
mercedis puri, quid pulcrum floreat, oro
semper amaturam me credas, me tibi semper
haesuram: unde marita tuo mea sanguine uirtus
dicita per uenas ignescet numinis instar,
teque impellet agens acrem per acuta laborum,
arma per et laudes, dum mens solidata ferendo
roboret ingentes animos et adulta uoluntas
omnia perpesso tibi lex mera libertatem
aequiparet summam.' sic fata os pressit: at ille
haerebat dubitans, clamauique, 'o Pari, palma
donetur Pallas.' nec uoces audiit; aut si
audiit, heu uanas inuitis auribus hausit.
O mater, liquidis celeberrima fontibus Ida,
Ida meas, mater, moriturae percipe uoces.

Idalian Aphrodite beautiful
Fresh as the foam, new-bathed in Paphian wells,
With rosy slender fingers backward drew
From her warm brows and bosom her deep hair
Ambrosial, golden round her lucid throat
And shoulder: from the violets her light foot
Shone rosy white, and o'er her rounded form
Between the shadows of the vine bunches
Floated the glowing sunlights, as she moved.

"Dear mother Ida, hearken ere I die.
She with a subtle smile in her mild eyes,
The herald of her triumph, drawing nigh
Half-whispered in his ear, 'I promise thee
The fairest and most loving wife in Greece.'
She spoke and laughed: I shut my sight for fear;
But when I look'd, Paris had raised his arm,
And I beheld great Herè's angry eyes,
As she withdrew into the golden cloud,
And I was left alone within the bower:
And from that time to this I am alone,
And I shall be alone until I die.

"Yet, mother Ida, hearken ere I die.
Fairest—why fairest wife? am I not fair?
My love hath told me so a thousand times.
Methinks I must be fair, for yesterday
When I past by, a wild and wanton pard,
Eyed like the evening star, with playful tail
Crouched fawning in the weed. Most loving is she?
Ah me, my mountain shepherd, that my arms

quae colit Idalium, uenit Venus aurea, qualem
spuma tulit, Paphioque recens perfusa liquore.
tenuibus haec digitis crinem roseisque refudit
spissum abigens retro geniali fronte sinuque
ambrosium, auro illum per lactea colla fluentem
perque umeros: huic et teneri pedis elucebat
e uiola candor roseus; tum mollia circum
membra, racemiferas qua lux uariauerat umbras,
purpureum insertim iubar adludebat eunti.
Ida meas, mater, moriturae percipe uoces.
illa dolosum oculis ridens clementibus, omen
laturae palmam, Paridi est adlapsa sub aurem
clamque susurrauit, 'tibi, quae pulcerrima Graiis
uxor amansque uiri fertur magis omnibus una,
polliceor,' risitque. metu mea lumina pressi:
ille, ut respexi, dextram cum dote leuarat;
atque indignantis uidi Iunonis ocellos
terribiles, dum se nubem subducit in auream.
desertum nemus est: ego sola relicta sub antro;
et sum semper ad hoc iam ex illo tempore sola,
solaque semper ero, mortis dum tempus obibo.
Hanc quoque quam morior, mater, prius accipe uocem.
'quae pulcerrima' enim—quianam 'pulcerrima'? pulcram
mene neque esse? frequens iurauit me quoque pulcram
noster amor. dubitemne? at heri se propter eunti
astra gerens oculis mihi, dum lasciuit, in ulua
pardus adulanti similis caudamque remulcens
subsedit. quid? amatne uirum magis omnibus una?
a si monticolae circum ambitiosa dedissem

Were wound about thee, and my hot lips prest
Close, close to thine in that quick-falling dew
Of fruitful kisses, thick as Autumn rains
Flash in the pools of whirling Simois.

"O mother, hear me yet before I die.
They came, they cut away my tallest pines,
My dark tall pines, that plumed the craggy ledge
High over the blue gorge, and all between
The snowy peak and snow-white cataract
Foster'd the callow eaglet—from beneath
Whose thick mysterious boughs in the dark morn
The panther's roar came muffled, while I sat
Low in the valley. Never, never more
Shall lone Œnone see the morning mist
Sweep thro' them ; never see them overlaid
With narrow moon-lit slips of silver cloud,
Between the loud stream and the trembling stars.

"O mother, hear me yet before I die.
I wish that somewhere in the ruin'd folds,
Among the fragments tumbled from the glens,
Or the dry thickets, I could meet with her,
The Abominable, that uninvited came
Into the fair Peleïan banquet-hall,
And cast the golden fruit upon the board,
And bred this change ; that I might speak my mind,
And tell her to her face how much I hate
Her presence, hated both of Gods and men.

bracchia pastori premeremque ardentia labra,
o formose, tuis : uberrima basia raptim
impluerent, uelut autumno cum plurimus imber
desiliens torto Simoentis in amne coruscat.
Mater, quam morior prius hanc quoque percipe uocem.
uentum est in piceas : piceae, mea silua, recisae,
procerum nemus : umbra horrens ea uertice rupis
alta super fauces ferrugineumque barathrum
impendebat ; apex niueus qua stabat, ab illo
usque ad decursum niue candidioris aquai
hospitium nidis aquilarum implumibus ; unde
mane tenebroso per opaca silentia siluae
uisa mihi fremere obscurum panthera, sedenti
ualle caua. non iam stantes tractim ire per illas
aera matutinum Oenone sola uidebit
amplius, aut lunae sub lumine tenuia ferri
uellera per siluam nebularum candida nigram,
interfusa sonantem undam nictantiaque astra.
Mater, et hanc porro moriturae percipe uocem.
o si semirutis errans in ouilibus, inter
fragmina praecipitata iugis aut arida passim
arbusta, illa mihi posset sese obuia ferre
detestata : domos Pelei quae inuasit opimas
ultro, coniecitque rotundum epulantibus aurum,
unde mihi hae lacrimae : tum saltem ante ora faterer
mente palam facta fando, quantum exsecrer illam
praesentem, illam odiis uersatam hominumque deorumque.

"O mother, hear me yet before I die.
Hath he not sworn his love a thousand times,
In this green valley, under this green hill,
Ev'n on this hand, and sitting on this stone?
Seal'd it with kisses? water'd it with tears?
O happy tears, and how unlike to these!
O happy Heaven, how canst thou see my face?
O happy earth, how canst thou bear my weight?
O death, death, death, thou ever-floating cloud,
There are enough unhappy on this earth,
Pass by the happy souls, that love to live:
I pray thee pass before my light of life,
And shadow all my soul, that I may die.
Thou weighest heavy on the heart within,
Weigh heavy on my eyelids: let me die.

"O mother, hear me yet before I die.
I will not die alone, for fiery thoughts
Do shape themselves within me, more and more,
Whereof I catch the issue, as I hear
Dead sounds at night come from the inmost hills,
Like footsteps upon wool. I dimly see
My far-off doubtful purpose, as a mother
Conjectures of the features of her child
Ere it is born: her child!—a shudder comes
Across me: never child be born of me,
Unblest, to vex me with his father's eyes!

"O mother, hear me yet before I die.
Hear me, O earth. I will not die alone,
Lest their shrill happy laughter come to me
Walking the cold and starless road of Death

Accipe quam morior, mater, prius hanc quoque uocem.
nonne mihi ille frequens pepigit iuratus amorem,
ualle sub hac uiridi totiens, hoc colle comanti
teste, per hanc ipsam residens hoc marmore dextram?
labris nonne fidem sanxit? lacrimisque rigauit?
felices lacrimas: harum ut nullum instar in illis.
o caeleste iubar, mea qui potes ora tueri?
qui potes, o tellus et tu laetissima, pondus
ferre meum? o mors, o circumuaga mortis imago,
sunt miseri satis in terris: tu proinde beatos
praeteruecta animos et auentes uiuere, praesens
me, me absconde: meum lumen morientis obumbra,
omnem obscura tenens animam. premis intima dudum
corda: premens oculos eadem me mitte sub Orcum.
Mater, quam morior prius hanc quoque percipe uocem.
non ego sola ibo sub terras; namque calesco
pectus imaginibus magis ac magis intus obortis.
quoque cadant teneo, mihi quando noctis ad aures
murmura caeca cauis ueniunt e collibus, ut cum
per uellus ueniunt uestigia. iamque per umbram
propositi procul ambigui sublucet imago,
matribus ut ratio est et coniectura latentis
aluo, quae facies, pueri. quis talia fantem
horror habet? puer hanc matrem ne nuncupet umquam
infelix, patriis me uexaturus ocellis.
Mater, et haec audi quae uerba nouissima dico.
audi me, tellus: non ibo sola sub umbras,
ne quis ouantum animis risus me tangat acutus.
incomitata uiam leti sine sidere tristem

Uncomforted, leaving my ancient love
With the Greek woman. I will rise and go
Down into Troy, and ere the stars come forth
Talk with the wild Cassandra, for she says
A fire dances before her, and a sound
Rings ever in her ears of armed men.
What this may be I know not, but I know
That, wheresoe'er I am by night and day,
All earth and air seem only burning fire."

Œnone.

THOU visitest the earth and waterest it; thou greatly enrichest it with the river of God, which is full of water: thou preparest them corn, when thou hast so provided for it.

Thou waterest the ridges thereof abundantly: thou settlest the furrows thereof: thou makest it soft with showers: thou blessest the springing thereof.

Thou crownest the year with thy goodness; and thy paths drop fatness.

They drop upon the pastures in the wilderness: and the little hills rejoice on every side.

The pastures are clothed with flocks; the valleys also are covered over with corn; they shout for joy, they also sing.

Psalm lxv. 9—13.

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dum calco maerensque, meos quia nuper amores
Graia usurparit mulier. sed monte relicto
in Troiam delata prius quam sidera surgunt
Cassandram uatem affabor: sibi namque ait ignem
sollicitum tremere ante oculos, sonitumque per aures
assiduum uolui crepitantiaque arma uirosque.
quae quid portendant, mihi non liquet: hoc liquet; omnis
nocte dieque ardens, quo uertor cumque, uidetur
tellus atque aer solido glomerarier igni.

ΓΑΙΑΝ *τρέφεις μὲν ὕδασι πλουτίζων μέγα*
ῥυτοῖσι νασμοῖς καὶ διοσδότῳ γάνει·
σῖτον δὲ πέμπεις γῆθεν ηὐτρεπισμένον,
ἀστακτὶ δ' αὐτῆς ἄλοκας ἀρδεύεις ποτῷ,
τέγγων δ' ἄρουραν μαλθακὴν χλωρᾷ δρόσῳ
τοῦ σπέρματος βλαστημὸν ἀλδαίνεις πολύν,
στεφάνῳ δὲ καρπῶν εὐθαλεῖ κοσμεῖς ἔτος·
τρίβοι τε σαὶ στάζουσιν εἰς ἐρημίαν
νεφέλαι φίλον πίασμα ποιηροῖς νομοῖς.
ὄρη δὲ χαίρει πάντοθεν· βρύουσι δὲ
πολλοῖς κομῆται λείμακες βοσκήμασι·
γαυρούμενοι δὲ καρπίμῳ χλιδήματι
μολπηδὸν ἀμβοῶσιν αὐλῶνες βαθεῖς.

SHAKESPEARE.

Miranda. Alas, now pray you
Work not so hard; I would the lightning had
Burnt up those logs that you are enjoined to pile.
Pray set it down and rest you; when this burns,
'Twill weep for having wearied you. My father
Is hard at study: pray now rest yourself:
He's safe for these three hours.
Fer. O most dear mistress,
The sun will set before I shall discharge
What I must strive to do.
Mir. If you'll sit down,
I'll bear your logs the while. Pray, give me that;
I'll carry it to the pile.
Fer. No, precious creature:
I had rather crack my sinews, break my back,
Than you should such dishonour undergo,
While I sit lazy by.
Mir. It would become me
As well as it does you; and I should do it
With much more ease; for my good will is to it,
And yours it is against.
Pros. Poor worm! thou art infected;
This visitation shews it.
Mir. You look wearily.
Fer. No, noble mistress; 'tis fresh morning with me,
When you are by, at night. I do beseech you,
Chiefly that I might set it in my prayers,
What is your name?

ΑΓΑΥΗ. ΦΕΡΔΙΝΑΝΔΟΣ. ΠΡΟΣΠΕΡΩΝ.

Α. ΜΗ μοι σύγ' ἀλλὰ ταῦτ' ἐπείγεσθαι λίαν.
εἴθ' ὤφελ' ἐκπρῆσαι τάδ' αἰθαλοῦσσα φλὸξ
τὰ πρέμν', ἃ νῆσαι δεῦρ' ἐπέσταλται χρέος.
χαμαὶ δὲ κορμὸν τόνδε θεὶς κάμψον γόνυ·
πυρούμενος γὰρ κλαύσεται τῷ σῷ κάρᾳ
πόνους παρασχών. ἀλλὰ σῶμα κούφισον·
ὁ γάρ με φύσας ἐστὶν ἐν μούσαισι πᾶς
πάλαι, βέβαιος δ' ἐνδόθεν δαρὸν μενεῖν.

Φ. ὦ φιλτάτη δέσποινα, δύσεται θεὸς
πρίν μ' ἐκπονῆσαι πάνθ', ἅ μοι σπουδαστέον.

Α. κάθησ'· ἐγὼ γὰρ βαστάσω κορμούς· σὺ δὲ
πρὸς χῶμ' ἐνεγκεῖν τοῦτον εἰσχείριζέ μοι.

Φ. οὐ ταῦτα ταύτῃ, τιμιώτατον κάρα·
νεῦρ' ἂν διαρρήξαιμι νωτιαῖα δὲ
λύσαιμ' ἂν ἄρθρα μᾶλλον ἢ παρήμενος
ἀργὸς βλέποιμ' ἂν ταῦτά σ' ἠτιμασμένην.

Α. καὶμοί γε μὴν ταῦτ' ἐξ ἴσου σαυτῷ πρέπει·
ῥᾴον δ' ἂν αὐτὴ τόνδ' ὑπαντλοίην πόνον,
ἐμοὶ γάρ ἐσθ' ἑκοῦσα σοὶ δ' ἄκουσα φρήν.

Π. οἵᾳ, τάλαινα παρθέν', ἔγκεισαι νόσῳ·
δηλοῖ γὰρ ἡ κέλευθος ἥνπερ ἐστάλης.

Α. οἵμ' ὡς καμόντος ὄμμα σου κατηγορεῖ.

Φ. οὐ δῆτ', ἄνασσα· καὶ γὰρ ἡμερήσιον
ἐν εὐφρόνῃ παροῦσα σημαίνεις φάος·
πρὸς θεῶν ὅπως μ' αἰτοῦντα μή μ' ἀτιμάσεις,
ἄλλως τε πάντως καὶ παρενθεῖναι λιταῖς
θέλοντα, ποῖον ὄνομά σ' ὀνομάζειν χρεών;

Mir. Miranda :—O my father !
I have broke your 'hest to say so.
Fer. Admired Miranda !
Indeed the top of admiration ; worth
What's dearest to the world.

The Tempest. Act III. Scene i.

CICERO.

TITANVM suboles, socia nostri sanguinis,
generata caelo, adspicite religatum asperis
uinctumque saxis : nauem ut horrisono freto
noctem pauentes timidi adnectunt nauitae.
Saturnius me sic adfixit Iuppiter :
Iouisque numen Mulcibri adsciuit manus,
hos ille cuneos fabrica crudeli inserens
perrupit artus : qua miser sollertia
transuerberatus, castrum hoc furiarum incolo.
iam tertio me quoque funesto die,
tristi aduolatu, aduncis lacerans unguibus,
Iouis satelles pastu dilaniat fero.
tum iecore opimo farta et satiata adfatim
clangorem fundit uastum et, sublime auolans,
pinnata cauda nostrum adulat sanguinem.
cum uero adesum inflatu renouatum est iecur,
tum rursum tetros auida se ad pastus refert.
sic hunc custodem maesti cruciatus alo :
qui me perenni uiuum foedat miseria.
namque, ut uidetis, uinclis constrictus Iouis
arcere nequeo diram uolucrem a pectore.

Tusc. Disp. II. X.

Α. ἀλλ' ἴσθ' Ἀγαυὴν τοὔνομ'· ὦ πάτερ, σέθεν
λέγουσ' ἐφετμῶν προδότις οὖσ' ἐφευρέθην.
Φ. ἀλλ' εὐλόγως, ὦ παρθέν', ἦσθ' ἐπώνυμος,
ἢν οὐκ ἄγαιτ' ἂν οὕτις εἰς ὑπερβολήν,
πάντων ἃ θνητοῖς φίλτατ' ἐστὶν ἀξία.

ΞΥΝΑΙΜΟΝ ἡμῖν σπέρμα, Τιτάνων γένος,
ἴδεσθε τόνδε προσπεπασσαλευμένον
στερροῖσι πέτραις· ἐν δ' ἁλιρρόθοις ὅπως
πορθμοῖσιν ἄνδρες ὥρμισαν ναῦται σκάφος
δείσαντες ὄρφνην, ὀχμάσας οὕτω μ' ἔχει
πατὴρ Κρονίων προσλαβὼν ξυνεργάτην
Ἥφαιστον· ὅσπερ ἀθλίοις χαλκεύμασι
θείνων ἀράσσων σφῆνας εὐπαγῶς ἔχειν
ἔρρηξεν ἄρθρα· τοῦ δὲ χειρωναξίᾳ
τρωθεὶς διαμπὰξ τήνδ' Ἐρινύων τάλας
στέγην ἐνοικῶ. χὠ μέγας Διὸς κύων
τριταῖος ἕρπει δαιταλεὺς γαμψώνυχος
διαρταμήσων μ'· εἶθ' ὑπερπλησθεὶς βορᾶς,
ἅδην πεπωκὼς αἵματος, κλάζει μέγα,
πεδάρσιός τε πετόμενος πυκνοπτέρῳ
οὐρᾷ τόδ' ἀμὸν αἷμα προσσαίνων ῥοφεῖ.
ἦπαρ δ' ἐδεστὸν ἣν παλιμβλαστὲς βρύῃ,
ἄπληστος αἰσχρὰν εἰς νομὴν κατέρχεται.
καὶ τοῦτον ὀδυνῶν φρουρὸν ὡσαύτως τρέφω,
ὃς ζῶντά μ' αἰὲν ἀθλίοις τρύει κακοῖς.
Διὸς γάρ, ὡς δέρκεσθε, κιρκωθεὶς πέδαις
πρόστερνον ὄρνιν οὐκ ἀμύνεσθαι σθένω.

MILTON.

TO the ocean now I fly
And those happy climes that lie
Where day never shuts his eye,
Up in the broad fields of sky;
There I suck the liquid air
All amidst the gardens fair
Of Hesperus and his daughters three
That sing about the golden tree:
Along the crisped shades and bowers
Revels the spruce and jocund Spring;
The Graces and the rosy-bosomed Hours
Thither all their bounties bring.

Comus.

SHAKESPEARE.

Leonato. Friar.

Leon. I knew not: if they speak but truth of her,
These hands shall tear her; if they wrong her honour,
The proudest of them shall well hear of it.
Time hath not yet so dried this blood of mine,
Nor age so eat up my invention,
Nor fortune made such havoc of my means,
Nor my bad life reft me so much of friends,
But they shall find, awaked in such a kind,
Both strength of limb and policy of mind,
Ability in means and choice of friends,
To quit me of them thoroughly.

ΕΠΙ τ᾽ ὠκεανὸν πέταμαι φοράδην
ἱμερόεσσάν τ᾽ ἐπὶ γᾶν μακάρων,
ἵν᾽ ἀκοιμάτοις βλεφάροισι γελᾷ
φάος ἀμέριον, μετέωρος ἰὼν
ἀνά τ᾽ εὐρυχόρους πλάκας οὐρανίας·
ἵν᾽ ἀφύσσωμαι γάνος αἰθέριον,
χλιδανοὺς κήπους ὑπερορνύμενος
τοὺς Ἑσπερίους θυγατρῶν τε τριῶν
τῶν ἅσμα τριπλοῦν συναειδουσῶν
χρυσεόκαρπον περὶ δένδρον.
κατὰ δὲ σκιεροὺς ἕλικας δρυμοὺς
φαιδρωπὸν Ἔαρ ποδὶ γηθοσύνῳ
σκιρτᾷ· Χάριτες δ᾽ ὀλβοδότειραι
καὶ ῥοδόκολποι πάντοθεν Ὧραι
πλῆθος δώρων συνάγουσιν.

1850.

ΛΕΩΝΙΔΑΣ. ΜΗΤΡΑΓΥΡΤΗΣ.

Λ. ΟΥΔΕΝ οἶδ᾽· ἀλλ᾽ εἰ μὲν αὐτὴν ταῦτ᾽ ἀληθεύουσί μοι,
ἥδε χεὶρ σπάσει, σπάσει νιν· ἐγκαλῶν δ᾽ ἀνάξια
γνώσεται κλάων τις αὐτῶν τοῦτο κἂν μέγα φρονῇ.
οὔτε γὰρ χρόνῳ πέπηγεν αἷμα τοὐμὸν οὐδέπω,
οὔτε γῆρας ἐκπέπωκεν ἀγχίνοιαν εὔπορον,
οὔτε μοι τὸν πρόσθ᾽ ὁ δαίμων ἐκπεπόρθηκεν βίον,
οὔτ᾽ ἐγὼ φίλων λέλειμμαι διὰ πανουργίαν, τὸ μὴ οὐκ
ἐν φύσει τοῦ τηλικοῦδε ζωπυρουμένην, φλέγειν
σώματός θ᾽ ἥβην σθένουσαν καὶ φρενῶν εὐβουλίαν
κοὐ σπάνιν πόρων ἀκμαίαν θ᾽ αἵρεσιν ξυνεργατῶν,
ὥστε κἀκείνους τελείαν ἀντιτίσασθαι δίκην.

Friar. Pause a while,
And let my counsel sway you in this case.
Your daughter here the princes left for dead;
Let her awhile be secretly kept in,
And publish it that she is dead indeed:
Maintain a mourning ostentation;
And on your family's old monument
Hang mournful epitaphs and do all rites
That appertain unto a burial.

Much Ado about Nothing. Act IV. Sc. I.

SHAKESPEARE.

Prince Henry. Hostess. Falstaff. Bardolph.

P. Hen. Thou sayest true, hostess; and he slanders thee most grossly.

Host. So he doth you, my lord; and said this other day, you owed him a thousand pound.

P. Hen. Sirrah, do I owe you a thousand pound?

Fal. A thousand pound, Hal? a million: thy love is worth a million; thou owest me thy love.

Host. Nay, my lord, he called you Jack, and said he would cudgel you.

Fal. Did I, Bardolph?

Bard. Indeed, Sir John, you said so.

Fal. Yea, if he said my ring was copper.

Μ. *μὴ σύγ'· ἀλλ' ὡς ὧδ' ἐχόντων, ἂν παραινέσω*
πιθοῦ.
παῖδα σὴν ὡς οὐκέτ' οὖσαν τήνδ' ἀφεῖσαν οἱ πρόμοι·
ἐγκεκλεισμένην ἐάσας λανθάνειν τέως δόμοις
πᾶσιν ἐκκήρυξον ἔργῳ τεθνάναι· πρέπων δὲ σὺ
φάρεσιν μελαγχίμοισι, δῆθεν εὖ κεκλαυμένης,
πενθίμους γραφὰς πρόσαψον ἐγγενεῖ τυμβεύματι
καὶ κτέριζε τἄλλ' ὁποῖα τοῖς κάτω νομίζεται.

1851.

ΕΡΡΙΚΟΣ. ΠΑΝΔΟΚΕΥΤΡΙΑ. ΨΕΥΔΟΒΑΚΤΡΟΣ. ΠΑΡΔΟΥΛΚΟΣ.

Ε. ΔΙΚΑΙΑ *γ' εἶπας ταῦτα, πανδοκεύτρια.*
οὗτος δὲ διαβάλλει σε καὶ μιαρώτατα,
Π. *καὶ μὴν τάδ' οὗτος καὶ σέ· καὶ πρώην σ' ἄναξ*
ἔφασκεν αὐτῷ μνᾶς ὀφείλειν χιλίους.
Ε. *ὀφείλομεν γὰρ χιλίας, ὤνθρωπέ, σοι;*
Ψ. *ἦ χιλίας, ὦ 'ταῖρε; μυρίας μὲν οὖν.*
σὴ γὰρ φιλία καὶ μυρίων ἀντάξια·
φιλίαν δ' ἐμοὶ τὴν σὴν ὀφείλεις, ὦ μέλε.
Π. *μὰ Δί' ἀλλὰ κόβαλον ἀπεκάλει σ', ὦ δέσποτα·*
κἄφασκεν ἄν σε κυνοκοπῆσαι ῥαβδίσας.
Ψ. *ἄληθες, ὦ Πάρδουλκε; λέγε πρὸς τῶν θεῶν.*
Π. *νὴ τοὺς θεούς σύ γ' ἔφασκες, ἱππότης Ἴων.*
Ψ. *εἰ τόνδε γ' οὗτος δακτύλιον φαίη ποτε*
χαλκοῦν τετύχθαι.

P. Hen. I say 'tis copper; darest thou be as good as thy word now?

Fal. Why, Hal, thou knowest, as thou art but a man, I dare: but as thou art a prince, I fear thee, as I fear the roaring of the lion's whelp.

P. Hen. And why not as the lion?

Fal. The king himself is to be feared as the lion.

Henry IV. Pt I. Act III. Sc. iii.

SHAKESPEARE.

Hubert.

OLD men and beldams in the streets
Do prophesy upon it dangerously:
Young Arthur's death is common in their mouths:
And, when they talk of him, they shake their heads,
And whisper one another in the ear;
And he that speaks doth gripe the hearer's wrist;
While he that hears makes fearful action,
With wrinkled brows, with nods, with rolling eyes.
I saw a smith stand with his hammer, thus,
The whilst his iron did on the anvil cool,
With open mouth swallowing a tailor's news;
Who, with his shears and measure in his hand,
Standing on slippers, which his nimble haste
Had falsely thrust upon contrary feet,
Told of a many thousand warlike French,

E. φημὶ μὲν οὖν· χαλκοῦς ἄρ' ἦν.
ἔπειτα τολμᾷς οἷς ποτ' ἔφασκες ἐμμένειν;
Ψ. τολμῶ γάρ, ὦ μέλ', ἀνδρὸς ὡς ὄντος σέθεν,
καὶ τοῦτο σύ γ' οἶσθ', ἀλλ' οἷα βασιλεύσοντά σε
δέδοικ' ἐγώ, καθάπερ λεοντείου βρόμον
σκύμνου.
E. τί δ' οὐ λέοντος ὡς βρυχωμένου;
Ψ. λέονθ' ὅπως γὰρ βασιλέα φοβητέον.

1851.

ΚΑΤ' ἄστυ πρεσβῦταί τε καὶ πρεσβύτιδες
δεινῶς προφητεύουσιν· Ἄρτυρος θανὼν
πολὺς διὰ στόμ' ἐστίν· ὃν λελακότες
εὐθὺς κάρα σείουσιν αἰνικτηρίως
ψιθυρούς τ' ἐς οὓς ἰᾶσιν ἀλλήλοις λόγους.
καρποῦ δ' ὀχμάζει τὸν κλύονθ' ὁ διαλαλῶν,
ὁ δ' ἀντακούων σχηματίζεται σφόδρα,
ὀφρῦς τε συσπῶν, διά τε νευμάτων ἰών,
κόρας θ' ἑλίσσων. εἶδον ἄνδρα χαλκέα
οὕτω μετὰ ῥαιστῆρος, ἄκμονος δ' ἔπι
τέως ὁ μύδρος ψύχεται, κεχηνότα
πρὸς οἳ' ἀκεστὴς ἱματίων τις ἐννέποι·
ὃς χερσὶ μέτρον καὶ μάχαιραν οὐ μίαν
ἔχων, σταθεὶς ἐπ' ἐμβάδων, ἐναντίᾳ
ἐναντίον πόδ' ἁρμόσας σύδην, διπλοῦν
πλάνημ', ἔφραζεν ἀλκίμους Κέλτας, ὅσοι

That were embattailed and rank'd in Kent;
Another lean unwash'd artificer
Cuts off his tale and talks of Arthur's death.

King John. Act IV. Sc. ii.

NOW a thing was secretly brought unto me, and mine ear received a little thereof.

In thoughts from the visions of the night, when deep sleep falleth on men,

Fear came upon me, and trembling, which made all my bones to shake.

Then a spirit passed before my face; the hair of my flesh stood up:

It stood still, but I could not discern the form thereof: an image was before mine eyes, there was silence, and I heard a voice, saying,

Shall mortal man be more just than God? shall a man be more pure than his maker?

Job iv. 12—17.

TENNYSON.

THESE flashes on the surface are not he.
He has a solid base of temperament:
But as the water-lily starts and slides
Upon the level in little puffs of wind,
Tho' anchored to the bottom, such is he.

κατασχέθοιεν Καντικήν, τρισμύριοι
Ἄρη πνέοντες, πρὸς μάχην τεταγμένοι·
τοῦτον δ' ὑπολαβὼν δημιουργὸς ἐν μέρει
ἄλουτος, ἰσχνός, θάνατον Ἀρτύρου θροεῖ.

1851.

ΕΠΟΣ λαθραῖόν μοι προσέπταθ' οὗ μέρος
σμικρόν τί πως δι' ὠτὸς εἰσεδεξάμην.
αἰωρόνυκτ' εἴδωλα διανοούμενον,
βροτῶν ἐν ὕπνῳ κειμένων ἤδη βαθεῖ,
ὀρρωδία μ' ὑπῆλθε καὶ τρόμος πολὺς
λύων τε γυῖα πρεμνόθεν τ' ὀστᾶ στροβῶν.
ἔπειτ' ἄσαρκον φάσμ' ἐν ὀφθαλμοῖσί μου
παρῆλθ', ἀναπτεροῖ δέ μ' ὀρθόθριξ φόβος·
ἔστη δὲ φάσμα κἀνέμεινεν ἡσυχῇ,
μόρφωμα δ' αὐτοῦ δυστόπαστον ἦν μαθεῖν·
ἦν μὲν σιωπή· φθέγματος δ' ἤκουσά του·
δίκαιος ἆρα μᾶλλον ἄνθρωπος θεοῦ,
θνητὸς δὲ τοῦ κτίσαντος εἰς ὑπερβολὴν
ἁγνὸς πέφυκεν;

1851.

ΟΥΚ αὐτός ἐστι, ταῦτά γε στίλβων· τὸ γὰρ
ἦθος σταδαῖον ἀσφαλές τ' ἔνδον τρέφει·
ἀλλ' ὥσπερ ἀνθοῦν λείριον λίμνης ἔπι
λεπταῖς ὑπὸ πνοαῖσιν ἔφριξέν τε καὶ
ὤλισθε, καίπερ γῆς ἐν ἀγκυρουχίαις,
τοιοῦτον ἀνὴρ λῆμ' ὑπὸ στέρνοις ἔχει.

Scarce had I ceased when from a tamarisk near
Two Proctors leapt upon us crying, 'Names':
He standing still was clutch'd; but I began
To thrid the musky-circled mazes, wind
And double in and out the boles, and race
By all the fountains: fleet I was of foot;
Before me shower'd the rose in flakes; behind
I heard the puffed pursuer; at mine ear
Bubbled the nightingale and heeded not,
And secret laughter tickled all my soul.
At last I hook'd my ankle in a vine,
That clasped the feet of a Mnemosyne,
And falling on my face was caught and known.

The Princess.

BE still, nor hurl these foul scorns in my teeth:
Unlearn to wield a sharp and cutting tongue:
Cease, cease to prate where words are not in season.
Me not the wealth of Attalus could win
To talk at random, where for my discourse
I felt no soundings. Speak thou with controul,
Lest thou become of speech incontinent,
Dropping the reins of language in disorder.
Set watch upon the portals of thy lips

καὶ ταῦθ' ἅμ' εἶπον κἀγγύθεν δύο σκοπὼ
δάφνης ἀφόρμω ῥίμφ' ἐπενθορόντε νῷν
κράζουσι· ποῖον ὄνομα κλῄζεσθον, ξένω;
καὶ τὸν μὲν αὐτοῦ στάντ' ἐμαρψάτην· ἐγὼ δ'
ἤδη ναπαίας ἐξεμάστευον πτυχάς,
δένδρη δρόμημα σκολιὸν ἐγκυκλούμενος,
κρήνας τε ποίας οὐ παρασκιρτῶν φυγῇ;
ἦν δ' οὐ βραδὺς θεῖν· ἐν ποσὶν δέ μοι πυκναὶ
ῥόδων ἔπιπτον νιφάδες, ἤκουον δ' ὁμοῦ
τὸ πνεῦμα τῶν ὄπισθεν ἠρεθισμένον·
καί μοι δι' ὤτων ηὐστομοῦν ἀηδόνες
οὐδὲν φρονοῦσαι τἀμά· λαθραῖος δέ τις
γέλως μ' ὑπελθὼν πᾶσαν ἔκνιζεν φρένα.
σφυρὸν δὲ χρόνιος ἐνδεθεὶς ἐν ἀμπέλῳ,
ἥπερ ποδῶν του Μνημοσύνης ἀντείχετο,
πεσὼν προνωπὴς ὧδ' ἐπεγώνσθην ἁλούς.

1852.

ΣΙΓΗΣΟΝ, οὐ μὴ ταῦτ' ὀνειδιεῖς ἐμοί·
οὐ μὴ μαθήσει κέρτομον γλῶσσαν νέμειν;
οὐ μὴ λαλήσεις ἔνθα μὴ καιρὸς λέγειν·
ἔμ' οὐδὲ χρήματ' Ἀττάλου πείσειεν ἂν
μάταια βάζειν, ἔνθα μὴ μυθουμένῳ
κρηπὶς ὑπείη. γλῶσσαν ἐγκρατῆ σύ μοι
εὔθυνε, μή πως κἀθυρόγλωσσος γένῃ
λέγων ἀπὸ ῥυτῆρος οὐκ ἐν εὐπρεπεῖ.
τάξαι σὺ φρουροὺς στόματος ἐν πυλώμασιν

To mark the character of their discourse,
The mien and gesture of each passing sound;
And so vain speeches, children of vain thoughts,
Shall not unfold their parents' vanity.

KEATS.

IN a drear-nighted December,
Too happy, happy tree,
Thy branches ne'er remember
Their green felicity:
The north cannot undo them,
With a sleety whistle through them;
Nor frozen thawings glue them
From budding at the prime.

In a drear-nighted December,
Too happy, happy brook,
Thy bubblings ne'er remember
Apollo's summer look;
But with a sweet forgetting
They stay their crystal fretting,
Never, never petting
About the frozen time.

Ah! would 'twere so with many
A gentle girl and boy!
But were there ever any
Writhed not at passed joy?

ὁποῖ' ἐκεῖθεν ῥήματ' ἐκρυήσεται,
οἷον δ' ἔχοντα σχῆμα καὶ κατάστασιν.
ἔπη κέν' οὕτω, φροντίδων κενῶν τέκνα,
νοῦν τὸν φυτεύσαντ' οὐ διαπτύξει κενόν.

Νιφοστιβὴ κατ' ὄρφνην,
δένδρον μακάρτατόν μοι,
σὰ κλήματ' οὐ μεριμνᾷ
τὸ πρὶν χλίδημα χλωρόν·
βορρᾶ τ' ἂν οὐ βλαβείη
συρίγμασιν διύγροις,
οὔτ' ἂν κρύει παγείη
τὸ μὴ οὐχ ἅμ' ἦρι θάλλειν.
νιφοστιβῆ κατ' ὄρφνην,
ῥεῖθρον μακάρτατόν μοι,
καχλάζον οὐ μεριμνᾷς
θερινὸν γέλασμα Φοίβου·
ἀλλ' ἡδέως ἀκηδοῦν
κρυσταλλόπηκτ' ἐπίσχεις
δακρύματ', οὐδὲ καιρῷ
κρυόεντι δυσκολαίνεις.
εἰ γὰρ τοιαῦτ' ἔπασχον
κόροι κόραι τε πολλαί·
ἀτὰρ τίς οὐ συναλγεῖ
τρυφαῖς ἐφημέροισιν;

To know the change and feel it,
When there is none to heal it,
Nor numbed sense to steel it,
Was never said in rhyme.

SHAKESPEARE.

Bernardo. Horatio. Marcellus.

Bern. It was about to speak when the cock crew.

Hor. And then it started like a guilty thing
Upon a fearful summons. I have heard
The cock that is the trumpet to the morn
Doth with his lofty and shrill-sounding throat
Awake the God of day; and, at his warning,
Whether in sea or fire, in earth or air,
The extravagant and erring spirit hies
To his confine: and of the truth herein
This present object made probation.

Mar. It faded on the crowing of the cock.
Some say that ever 'gainst that season comes,
Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
The bird of dawning singeth all night long:
And then, they say, no spirit dares stir abroad:
The nights are wholesome; then no planets strike,
No fairy takes, nor witch hath power to charm,
So hallow'd and so gracious is the time.

τὸ μανθάνειν τε γῆρας
ἀλγεῖν τε μηδὲ τέμνειν
ἄκεσμα μηδὲ ναρκᾶν
ἀνωδύνοις φραδαῖσιν
οὐκ ᾔσέ πω ποιητής.

ΒΕΡΝΑΡΔΟΣ. ΟΡΑΤΙΟΣ. ΜΑΡΚΕΛΛΟΣ.

B. ΗΝ μέν τι λέξων, φθέγμα δ' ἦκ' ἀλεκτρύων.
O. ἔπειτ' ἀνέπταθ' οἷά τις φεύγων ἄγος
ὑπ' ἐμφόβου κλητῆρος. οἶδά που κλύων
ὄρνιν τὸν ἠοῦς εὔστομον κήρυχ', ὅτι
λιγεῖαν ὀξύφωνον ἐκκλάζων ὄπα
ἄνακτ' ἐγείρει Φοῖβον. ἧς κλάγγης ὕπο
σκιαὶ θυραῖοι φοιτάδες τ' ἀλώμεναι
γαῖαν, θάλασσαν, αἰθέρ', Ἡφαίστου φλόγα,
παλίσσυτοι κίουσιν εἰς Ἅιδου πύλας.
δηλοῖ δ' ὅπερ νῦν εἴδομεν θέαμ', ὅτι
οὐ ψευδόφημον τοὔπος εἴρηται τόδε.
M. ὅτ' ἦσεν ὄρνις, εὐθὺς ἠφανίζετο·
πτηνὸν γὰρ ἠοῦς ἄγγελόν φασίν τινες,
ὡς, εὖθ' ἑορτάζουσι τὴν γενεθλίαν
βροτοὶ θεῷ σωτῆρι, τηνικαῦτα δὴ
ἵησιν ᾆσμα πάννυχον διηνεκῶς,
κἀν τῷδ' ἄτολμα νερτέρων φαντάσματα
θυραῖα φοιτᾶν, αἱ δὲ νύκτες ἀβλαβεῖς,
οὐδ' ἀστέρες βάλλουσι μανιάσιν νόσοις,
οὐδ' ἐκ ναπαίων δαιμονᾷ δόμος θεῶν
κακοῖς ἐπῳδῶν τ' οὐ κρατοῦσ' ἀγύρτριαι·
ὧδ' εὐσεβὴς ὁ καιρὸς εὐδαίμων τ' ἔφυ.

Hor. So have I heard, and do in part believe it.
But look, the morn in russet mantle clad
Walks o'er the dew of yon high eastern hill:
Break we our watch up; and, by my advice,
Let us impart what we have seen to-night
Unto young Hamlet: for, upon my life,
This spirit, dumb to us, will speak to him.

Hamlet. Act I. Sc. i.

TENNYSON.

THERE is sweet music here that softer falls
Than petals from blown roses on the grass,
Or night dews on still waters between walls
Of shadowy granite in a gleaming pass;
Music that gentlier on the spirit lies
Than tired eyelids upon tired eyes;
Music that draws sweet sleep down from the blissful skies.
Here are cool mosses deep,
And through the moss the ivies creep,
And in the stream the long-leaved flowers weep,
And from the craggy ledge the poppy hangs in sleep.

The Lotos Eaters.

O. ταῦτ' οὖν πέπυσμαι καὶ τὰ μὲν προσίεμαι.
καὶ μὴν Ἕως πρέπουσα φοινίσσῃ στολῇ
στείχει δρόσῳ στίλβοντα τὸν πρὸς ἀντολὰς
ὑψηλόκρημνον πρῶνα. λύσωμεν δ' ἄρα
φρουράν, ἐὰν δ' ἔπησθε βουλεύσαντί μοι,
τῷ κοιράνῳ λέγωμεν οἷον εἴδομεν.
καὶ γὰρ τὸ φάσμ' ἡμῶν μὲν οὐ προσήγορον
ἦν, ἀλλ' ἐκεῖνόν γ', εἴ τιν', ἂν προσέννεποι.

1855.

Α Δ' ἁρμονία γλυκερὰ στάζει
μέλος ἁβρότερον πετάλων τε ῥόδου
χλιδανῶν ἐπὶ γᾶν ποτινισσομένων,
καὶ νυκτερινᾶς ῥανίδος δροσερᾶς
ἐφ' ὕδωρ, στίλβον δι' ὁδοῦ πετρίνας
σκιερᾶς κρημνῶν τ' ἀδαμαντοδέτων·
ἁ δὲ ψαίρει φρένα λεπτότερον
βλεφάρων ὅσσοις ἐπιμισγομένων
μογερῶν μογεροῖς, καὶ θεῶν μακάρων
ὕπνον κατάγει γλυκὺ δῶρον.
τᾷδε βαθεῖα σκιερά τε χλοή,
καὶ μέσος ἕρπων κισσὸς κέχυται,
δουλιχόφυλλον δ' ἄνθος λίμνᾳ
δάκρυα λείβει, κἀπὸ λεπαίας
ὀφρύης κρέμαται
μάκων νεύουσα πρὸς οὖδας.

1855.

SHAKESPEARE.

Queen Margaret. Queen Elizabeth. The Duchess of York.

Q. Eliz. Ah, my poor princes! ah, my tender babes,
My unblown flowers, new-appearing sweets!
If yet your gentle souls fly in the air,
And be not fixed in doom perpetual,
Hover about me with your airy wings,
And hear your mother's lamentation!

Q. Marg. Hover about her; say that right for right
Hath dimm'd your infant morn to aged night.

Duch. So many miseries have crazed my voice,
That my woe-wearied tongue is still and mute.
Edward Plantagenet, why art thou dead?

Q. Marg. Plantagenet doth quit Plantagenet,
Edward for Edward pays a dying debt.

Q. Eliz. Wilt thou, O God, fly from such gentle lambs,
And throw them in the entrails of the wolf?
When didst thou sleep, when such a deed was done?

Q. Marg. When holy Harry died, and my sweet son.

King Richard III. Act IV. Sc. iv.

ΜΑΡΓΑΡΙΤΗ. ΕΛΙΣΑΒΕΤ. ΕΒΟΡΑΚΟΥ ΑΝΑΣΣΑ.

Ε. ΦΕΥ· *φεῦ· ἄνακτε δυσπότμω, βρέφη δ' ἐμά·*
ὦ φίλτατ' ἄνθη, κάλυκος ἐν λοχεύμασιν
οὔπω γανῶντα, νεοθαλῆ χλιδήματα·
εἰ δεῦρ' ἀεὶ σφῶν εὐγενεῖς ἐν ἀέρι
ψυχαὶ ποτῶνται, μηδ' ἀκινήτῳ νόμῳ
τὸν κλῆρον εἰλήχασι τὸν πανύστατον,
φέρ' ἀμφί μοι πτεροῖσιν αἰωρουμένω
γοωμένης τῆς μητρὸς εἰσακούετον.

Μ. *σκιάζετον πτεροῖς νιν· εἶπατον δ' ὅτι*
τὸ λευκὸν ἦβης φῶς ἐς ὀρφναῖον κνέφας
προὔτρεψ' ἀμαυρώσασα ποίνιμος δίκη.

Α. *κακῶν γε πλῆθος τὴν ἐμὴν ἔβλαψ' ὅπα*
ὥσθ' ἡ καμοῦσα γλῶσσα σιγηλῶς ἔχει
βάρει μεριμνῶν. λέξον, Εὐάρδου κάρα
βασίλειον, ἀντὶ τοῦ λιπὼν οἴχει φάος;

Μ. *ἔδωκε βασιλεὺς βασιλέως ποινὴν ὕπερ,*
θανὼν δ' ἔτισ' Εὔαρδος Εὐάρδου δίκην.

Ε. *θέλεις ἄρ', ὦ Θεός, ἄρνε τώδ' ἀποστραφεὶς*
ἔλωρ προδοῦναι ῥιπτὸν ὠμηστῇ λύκῳ;
ποίᾳ ποθ' ὥρᾳ σοῦ καθεύδοντος τόδε
τοὔργον διήνυθ';

Μ. *ἡνίκ' ἐξαπώλλυτο*
Ἑρρικὸς ἀγνὸς γλυκύτατον δ' ἐμὸν τέκνον.

Diner. I am a dainty diner and morose;
Therefore morose, because a dainty diner.
I would that I were neither; and on the spur
And impulse of that wish I shout, Boy, Boy!
See that thou set before me, when I dine,
No steaks of eel, nor flesh of fatted swine,
No brace of grouse, boy, roasted to a turn,
Nor entrails, children of the seething pot,
But bear with head elate and grave aspect
Of lordly beef a baron bravely browned.
Eschew beet's rosy root, with garniture
Of garlic and of culinary charms.

Cook. Nay not a duck, my lord, of fenny wing
Willest thou that I dress right daintily?

Diner. No not a duck, nor, what is more, a coot.

I PUT on righteousness and it clothed me: my judgment was as a robe and a diadem.

I was eyes to the blind, and feet was I to the lame.

I was a father to the poor: and the cause which I knew not I searched out.

And I brake the jaws of the wicked, and plucked the spoil out of his teeth.

ΔΕΙΠΝΗΤΙΚΟΣ. ΜΑΓΕΙΡΟΣ.

Δ. ΔΕΙΠΝΗΤΙΚΟΣ *μέν εἰμι δύσκολός τ' ἀνήρ·*
ἀλλ' οὐκ ἂν ἦν ὅδ', εἴ γε μηδ' ἐκεῖνος ἦν.
ἀλλ' ὤφελον γὰρ μηδέτερος εἶναί ποτε·
οἴστρῳ δὲ τούτου τοῦ πόθου δηχθείς, ἄφαρ
βωστρῶ μάγειρον προσμολεῖν· παῖ, δεῦρο, παῖ·
ὅπως συ, παῖ, δειπνοῦντι παραθήσεις φέρων
μήτ' ἐγχελείων μήθ' ὑείων μοι κρεῶν
μήτ' ἀτταγήνων ζεῦγος ἐξωπτημένον,
μήτ' αὖ βοείων ἐντέρων περιπτυχάς,
ἀναζέοντος χαλκίου γεννήματα.
ἀλλ' οἷσ' ἐπάρας κρᾶτα καὶ σεμνὸν βλέπων
βοὸς φερίστου πλεῦρον ἐξηνθισμένον.
τεῦτλον δ' ἀποτρέπου καὶ παροψωνήματα
σκορόδων τά τ' ἄλλα χαρμονῶν μαγειρικῶν.
Μ. *ἀλλ' οὐδ' ἕλειον νηττάριον, ὦ δέσποτα,*
βούλει παραθῶ σοι κομψότατα συσκευάσας;
Δ. *ἀλλ' οὐδὲ νῆτταν οὐδὲ μὴν φαλαρίδα.*

ΕΓΩ *δίκαιον ἦθος ἀμφεβαλλόμην*
κάλλιστον εἶμα· καφόρουν ὀρθὴν κρίσιν,
οἷον πέπλωμα καὶ στέφος χρυσήλατον.
ἦν γὰρ τυφλοῖς μὲν ὄμμ' ἐγώ, χωλοῖς δὲ ποῦς,
τοῖσιν δ' ἀμηχανοῦσι πατρῷον σθένος,
ὰς μὴ ξυνείην ἐξικνοσκοπῶν δίκας.
ἀλλ' ἀνδράσιν κακοῖσι συνθραύων γνάθους
σκῦλ' ἐξ ὀδόντων ἐξανήρπαζον βίᾳ.

Then I said, I shall die in my nest, and I shall multiply my days as the sand.

My root was spread out by the waters, and the dew lay all night upon my branch.

My glory was fresh in me, and my bow was renewed in my hand.

Unto me men gave ear, and waited, and kept silence at my counsel.

After my words they spake not again ; and my speech dropped upon them.

And they waited for me as for the rain ; and they opened their mouth wide as for the latter rain.

If I laughed on them, they believed it not ; and the light of my countenance they cast not down.

I chose out their way, and sat chief, and dwelt as a king in the army, as one that comforteth the mourners.

Job xxix. 14—25.

SHAKESPEARE.

Puck. Oberon.

Puck. My fairy lord, this must be done with haste;
For night's swift dragons cut the clouds full fast,
And yonder shines Aurora's harbinger;
At whose approach ghosts, wandering here and there,
Troop home to churchyards : damned spirits all,

ἐνταῦθ' ἔφασκον, ὡς τελευτήσω βίον
σκηνῆς ὕπαυλος πρέσβυς, ἡμερῶν δέ μοι
πλῆθος πρόσεσται, ψάμαθος ὡς, ἀνήριθμον.
καί μοι παρ' ὕδασι ταναὸς ἐξειλίσσετο
ἡ ῥίζ', ἔτεγγον δ' ἔννυχοι κλῶνας δρόσοι.
ἔθαλλε δ' αἰὲν ἄφθιτον τοὐμὸν σέβας,
τόξον δ' ἀγήρων αἴδ' ἐβάσταζον χέρες.
καὶ μὴν προσεῖχον ἄνδρες οὓς ὑπήκοον
σιγῇ διηνεκῶς τε βουλεύοντί μοι·
οὐδείς τ' ἐτόλμα πρὸς λόγους παλινστομεῖν,
ὡς ἄσμενός σφιν οὑμὸς ἔσταζεν λόγος.
καραδοκοῦντες δ' εἰς ἔμ', ὡς ἐς ὄμβριον
γάνος, διῃρον εὐρὺ δίψιον στόμα,
ὡς γῆ ποθοῦσα ψακάδα τὴν φερέσβιον.
εἰ προσγελῴην δ', οὐδ' ἐπίστευον γελᾶν,
οὕτω πρόσωπα τἄμ' ἐθαύμαζον μέγα·
κἀγὼ 'δίδασκον σφᾶς, ὅπη πορευτέον,
ἄναξ θρόνοισιν ἥμενος, ποιμὴν στρατοῦ,
λόγοισι πενθητῆρας ὡς παρηγορῶν.

1856.

ΠΥΚΝΟΣ. ΩΒΕΡΩΝ.

Π. ΔΑΙΜΟΝ *ναπαῖε, μὴ τριβὰς ἔθ', ὡς νέφη*
τέμνον δρακαίναις Νυκτὸς ἅρμ' ἐπείγεται,
κἀκεῖνος Ἠοῦς πρόδρομος ἐξαυγὴς φλέγει·
ὑφ' οὗ τὰ νυκτίφοιτα φάσματα φθιτῶν
ἐς τυμβόχωστον τέμενος οἰκάδ' ἄσσεται
φύρδην θαμίζοντ'· ἔγκοτοι δὲ δαίμονες

That in cross-ways and floods have burial,
Already to their wormy beds have gone;
For fear lest day should look their shames upon,
They wilfully themselves exile from light,
And must for aye consort with black-browed night.

Ober. But we are spirits of another sort:
I with the morning's love have oft made sport;
And, like a forester, the groves may tread,
Even till the eastern gate, all fiery red,
Opening on Neptune with fair blessed beams,
Turns into yellow gold his salt green streams.
But, notwithstanding, haste; make no delay:
We may effect this business yet ere day.

Midsummer Night's Dream. Act III. Sc. ii.

MILTON.

CAN any mortal mixture of earth's mould
Breathe such divine enchanting ravishment?
Sure something holy lodges in that breast,
And with these raptures moves the vocal air
To testify his hidden residence.
How sweetly did they float upon the wings
Of silence, through the empty-vaulted night,
At every fall smoothing the raven-down
Of darkness till it smiled! I have oft heard
My mother Circe with the Sirens three,

ταφὰς ἔχοντες ἐν ὕδασι σχισταῖς θ' ὁδοῖς,
οἰχνοῦσιν ἤδη κρύβδ' ἐπ' εὐναστήρια
σκωληκοπλήθη πάντες· οἱ δ', ὑφ' ἡμέρας
αἰσχρῶν κατόπτου δειματούμενοι, φάος
αὐτόσσυτοι φεύγουσιν, ἠναγκασμένοι
ἀεὶ ξυνοικεῖν εὐφρόνῃ μελαγκέρῳ.

Ω. νῦν δ' ἀλλόφυλοι δαίμονες πεφύκαμεν
ἡμεῖς· ἐγὼ γὰρ οὐχ ἅπαξ φίλης ἔω
ἔρωτ' ἄθυρμα προὐθέμην· νάπας δ' ἐμὸς
ποῦς ἐμβατέυει, φωτὸς ὡς δρυηκόπου,
εἰς τοῦθ' ἕως ἂν αἴθοπες Φοίβου πύλαι
ἀγνοὺς χαλῶσαι κανόνας ἐναλίῳ θεῷ
φλέγωσι χρυσοφεγγὲς ἅλσος ἁλμυρόν.
ἀλλ' ἔμπα μὴ βράδυνε· πρὶν γὰρ ἡμέραν
λάμψαι τόδ' ἔργον ἐσθ' ὅπως δρασείαμεν.

1856.

Μ Η τις βροτὸς γῆθέν τε πηλόπλαστος ὢν
πνοὰς ἀφῆκεν ὧδε κηλητηρίους;
θεῖόν τι δήπου ταῖσδε συνναῖον φρεσὶν
ῥιπαῖς γαληνοῖς ἡδύφωνον ἀέρα
κινεῖ, κρυφαίους ἀγγελοῦν ἕδρας ὅπου.
ὡς χαρίεν ἀψόφῳ μὲν αἰωρούμενον
πτέρυγι διῇσσεν εὐφρόνην μελαμβαθῆ,
σκότου δ', ὅπη σκήψειεν, ὀρφναῖον πτερὸν
ἔθελγε καλάμπρυνεν ὥσθ' ἁβρὸν γελᾶν.
ἦ πόλλ' ἀκούσας οἶδα Σειρήνων τριῶν
Κίρκης τε μητρὸς ποικιλειμόνων μετὰ

Amidst the flowery-kirtled Naiades,
Culling their potent herbs and baleful drugs;
Who, as they sung, would take the prison'd soul,
And lap it in Elysium; Scylla wept
And chid her barking waves into attention,
And fell Charybdis murmured soft applause.

Comus.

SHAKESPEARE.

THESE flags of France, that are advanced here
Before the eye and prospect of your town,
Have hither marched to your endamagement:
The cannons have their bowels full of wrath;
And ready mounted are they, to spit forth
Their iron indignation 'gainst your walls:
All preparation for a bloody siege
And merciless proceeding, by these French,
Confronts your city's eyes, your winking gates;
And, but for our approach, those sleeping stones,
That as a waist do girdle you about,
By the compulsion of their ordinance
By this time from their fixed beds of lime
Had been dishabited, and wide havoc made
For bloody power to rush upon your peace.

King John. Act II. Sc. i.

νυμφῶν, ὅτ' ἐντέμνοιεν ἀτηρὰν πόαν
καὶ ψυχαγωγὰ φάρμακ'· ᾄδουσαι δ' ἅμα
πέδαις ἀχαλκεύτοισιν ὤχμαζον φρένα
πάσης ἀπήμον' οἰζύος κοιμωμένην.
καὶ Σκύλλα μὲν κλαίουσα πελαγίους κύνας
ἐπηκόους παρεῖπ' ἂν ἐξ ὑλαγμάτων,
ἡ δ' ἄγριος Χάρυβδις ἦκ' ἐπερρόθει.

1857.

ΓΑΛΑΤΩΝ *τάδ' ὅπλα σημ'ιτων τ' ἀναπτυχαί,*
δεῖμ' ἀστύγειτον ὑμὶν ἐμφανές τ' ἰδεῖν,
ἐπεστράτευσαν δεῦρ' ἐπὶ βλάβῃ πόλεως.
γέμουσιν ὀργῆς μηχαναὶ χαλκόστομοι,
τροχηλατούμεναι δὲ μαιμῶσιν μένος
σιδηροβριθὲς τειχέων καταπτύσαι.
πάνθ' αἱματηροῦ προσβολῆς προοίμια
καὶ πρᾶξις ὠμόθυμος ἡ κεῖθέν γε δὴ
ἀστοῖς κατ' ὄμμ' ἔστηκε κἀν πύλαις βρέμει·
ἤδη τ' ἄν, εἰ μὴ ξυμπαρήλθομεν, λίθοι
βρίθοντες οἵδε, περίδρομος ζώνη πόλεως,
κείνων ὑπ' ἐμβολαῖσιν, ἀργεννῆς χθονὸς
οὐκ ἐν βάθροις ἔτ' ἦσαν, ἀλλ' ἀνάστατοι
σφαγὰς πολυθύτους θέντες εἰσέφρουν Ἄρη
σκήπτειν ἐς ὑμᾶς λυμεῶν' ἑλέπτολιν.

1858.

FORBEAR to add reproaches to my woes,
Whose weight is greater than I well can bear,
Unless I arm myself with all my courage.
Ah me, my footsteps whither shall I bend?
How can I thee forsake, my fatherland,
When thou art thus forsaken of thy people?
My heart is full of teen, mine eyes of tears,
When I survey the unfrequented groves,
The shrines abandoned of their Gods, the streets
Without a sound, untrod of human foot.
Lately within those stately palaces
Princes were seated in high festival.
Sudden the shock of battles at their gates
Dissolved their merriment. Now all is past,
As a vision of the night: nor sound of lute,
Nor tramp of steeds, nor clash of arms is heard.

MARLOWE.

MY friend, if gentle words might comfort me,
Thy speeches long ago had eased my sorrows:
For kind and loving thou hast ever been:
The griefs of private men are soon allayed
But not of kings. The forest deer being struck
Runs to a herb, that closeth up the wounds;

Οὐ μὴ προσοίσεις λοίδορον γλῶσσαν κακοῖς
ἐμοῖσιν, ὧν μοι κρεῖσσον ἄχθος ἢ φέρειν,
ἢν μὴ πρόθυμος πᾶν ὁπλίζωμαι θράσος.
οἴμοι ταλαίφρων, πῇ ποθ' εἱλίσσω πόδα ;
πῶς ἄν σ' ἐρημώσαιμι, πατρῴα πόλις,
αὐτήν, ἄνανδρον, ἄτεκνον, ἠρημωμένην ;
ἄλγει κέαρ βέβριθεν, οὐδὲ δακρύων
κενὸν τόδ' ὄμμα τοὐμὸν εἰσδεδορκότος
ἔρημά τ' ἄλση δαιμόνων θ' ἱδρύματα
πᾶσάν τ' ἀγυιὰν ἀψόφητον, ἀστιβῆ.
τοῖσδ' ἐν μελάθροις ἀρτίως ἐδαίνυτο
σεμνοῖσι σεμνὴ κοιράνων ὁμήγυρις·
πύλας δ' ἀράσσων πάταγος οὐχ ἑνὸς δορὸς
ἔπαυσε βακχεύοντας. οἴχεται δὲ νῦν
πάντ' ἐν τρόποισιν ἐννύχου φαντάσματος
φροῦδ'· οὐδ' ἀκόυειν ἔστιν οὔτ' αὐλοῦ πνοὰς
οὔθ' ἱππικὸν πατησμὸν οὔθ' ὅπλων κλόνον.

Ω ΦΙΛΤΑΤ', εἴ με πρευμενῆ προσφθέγματα
παρηγορεῖν ἤμελλε, κἂν πάλαι λέγων
ἐκούφισας σὺ τὴν ἐμὴν ἀλγηδόνα·
εὔφρων γὰρ ἀεὶ κεὐφιλὴς παραστατεῖς.
ἀστῶν μὲν οὖν δὴ κλαύματ' εὐνάζει τριβὴ
σμικρά, τυράννων δ' οὐδαμῶς. κάτοισθά που
νεβρὸν μὲν ὑλοφορβόν, ὡς βληθεὶς δορὶ
βοτάνην μετῆλθε τραύματος παιωνίαν·

But when the imperial lion's flesh is gored,
He rends and tears it with his wrathful paw,
And highly scorning that the lowly earth
Should drink his blood, mounts up to the air:
And so it fares with me, whose dauntless mind
The ambitious Mortimer would seek to curb.

Edward II. Act IV. Sc. i.

SHAKESPEARE.

FOR now the wind begins to blow;
Thunder above and deeps below
Make such unquiet, that the ship
Should house him safe is wrecked and split;
And he, good prince, having all lost,
By waves from coast to coast is toss'd;
All perishen of man, of pelf,
Ne aught escapen but himself;
Till fortune, tired with doing bad,
Threw him ashore to give him glad.

Pericles. Act II. Prologue.

λέων δ' ὁ σεμνὸς πλευρὸν ἡματωμένος
ὄνυχι πρὸς ὀργὴν σπᾷ διαρραγὲν κρέας,
τὸ δ' αἷμα μήπως γάποτον διαρρυῇ
δεινὸν τιθέμενος, οὐράνιος ἀνίσταται
ὑπερφρόνως. τοιαῦτα δὴ κἀγὼ τάδε
πέπονθ', ὅτου γε τὴν ἀδείμαντον φρένα
ὅδ' ὑψίφρων βόυλοιτ' ἂν ἡνιοστροφεῖν.

1858.

ΣΦΟΔΡΑ γὰρ καὶ δὴ πνεύματα φυσᾷ,
βροντῆς μὲν ἄνω πελάγους δὲ κάτω
θορυβοῦντος, ἕως οὐκέτι κλυσμῶν
ἁλίων στεγανὸν δορὺ ποντοπόρον
μέσον οἱ σχισθὲν ξυνεθραύσθη.
ὁ δὲ κοιρανίδας ἀπὸ πάντ' ὀλέσας
ἀνδρῶν τε κενὸς κτεάνων τ' ἄμορος
κύμασιν αὐτὸς μόνος ἐκσωθεὶς
ἁλιδινεῖται θῖνα πρὸ θινός,
πρίν γε κορεσθεὶς ὕβρεως δαίμων
ἐπὶ γαῖαν ἀνεὶς ἀνέπαυσεν.

1858.

O LORD, our Lord, how excellent is thy name in all the earth! who hast set thy glory above the heavens.

Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings hast thou ordained strength because of thine enemies, that thou mightest still the enemy and the avenger.

When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers, the moon and the stars, which thou hast ordained;

What is man that thou art mindful of him? and the son of man that thou visitest him?

For thou hast made him a little lower than the angels, and hast crowned him with glory and honour.

Thou madest him to have dominion over the works of thy hands; thou hast put all things under his feet:

All sheep and oxen, yea, and the beasts of the field;

The fowl of the air and the fish of the sea, and whatsoever passeth through the paths of the seas.

O Lord, our Lord, how excellent is thy name in all the earth!

Psalm viii.

Ω ΚΥΡΙ', *ἡμῶν δέσποθ', ὡς μάλ' εὐκλεὲς*
ἁπανταχοῦ γῆς ὄνομα σοῦ κηρύσσεται·
ὃς εὖ καθείσω κληδόν' ἀστέρων ὕπερ·
τέκνων γὰρ οὕλοις μαστὸν ἑλκόντων ἅμα
κἀκ τῶνδ' ἀώρου στόματος ἐστήσω μέγα
κράτος, δι' ἄνδρας δυσμενεῖς τῷ σῷ κάρᾳ,
παύσων τὸν ἀντίον τε καὶ ποινάτορα.
ὅταν μὲν εὖ σκοπῶμεν οὐρανοῦ πτυχάς,
σῆς δημιουργοῦ δεξιᾶς τεχνάσματα,
ὅταν δὲ μήνην ἀστέρων θ' ὁμήγυριν
ὅσους κατ' αἰθέρ' εὐρύθμως ἐστοιχίσας,
ποῖός τίς ἐστ' ἄνθρωπος οὗ μνείαν ἔχεις,
υἱὸν δὲ τούτου ποῖον ὄντ' ἐπισκοπεῖς;
ὃν ᾤκισας μὲν τῶν ἐν οὐρανῷ χορῶν
ἔχειν ἔλασσον ὀλίγον, ἀμφὶ δ' ἥρμοσας
κόμαισιν αὐτοῦ στέφανον εὐκλείας καλόν.
ἔργων δὲ χειρὸς σῆς ἔχειν ἐξουσίαν
ὤρθωσας αὐτόν, πάνθ' ὑποστήσας ποσίν,
μήλων τε ποίμνας εὐκέρων τ' ἰσχὺν βοῶν
πεδοστιβῆ τε κνώδαλ', οὐ τὰ μὲν τὰ δ' οὔ,
πτηνήν τε γένναν αἰθέρος καὶ ποντίαν
σποράν, ὅσ' οἷμον ἁλμυρὰν διέρχεται.
ὦ Κύρι', ἡμῶν δέσποθ', ὡς ἄρ' εὐκλεὲς
ἁπανταχοῦ γῆς ὄνομα σὸν κηρύσσεται.

1859.

MILTON.

O! why did God,
Creator wise, that peopled highest heaven
With spirits masculine, create at last
This novelty on earth, this fair defect
Of nature, and not fill the world at once
With men, as angels, without feminine;
Or find some other way to generate
Mankind?

Paradise Lost. B. x.

SHAKESPEARE.

Montague. Benvolio.

Mon. Many a morning hath he there been seen,
With tears augmenting the fresh morning's dew,
Adding to clouds more clouds with his deep sighs;
But all so soon as the all-cheering sun
Should in the farthest east begin to draw
The shady curtains from Aurora's bed,
Away from light steals home my heavy son,
And private in his chamber pens himself;
Shuts up his windows, locks fair daylight out,
And makes himself an artificial night:
Black and portentous must this humour prove,
Unless good counsel may the cause remove.

Ben. My noble uncle, do you know the cause?

Mon. I neither know it, nor can learn of him.

Ben. Have you importuned him by any means?

ΩΘΕΟΣ, ὁ πάντων τῶν ὑπ' οὐρανοῦ σοφὸς
τέκτων, ὃς ὕψιστ' ἀρσένων θεῖον γένος
ἐς οὐρανοῦ μέλαθρα συγκατῳκίσας,
τί δὴ τελευτῶν νεογενῆ τήνδε σποράν
παρέσχες ἀνθρώποισι, κίβδηλον χαράν·
ἀλλ' οὐκ ἐπύκνους γαῖαν ἀνδρείῳ γένει
ὡς οὐρανὸν θεοῖσι, θηλειῶν ἄτερ,
ἢ μηχαναῖς ἄλλαισιν ἔσπειρας βροτούς;

1860.

ΜΟΝΤΑΓΥΙΕΥΣ. ΒΕΝΒΟΥΛΙΟΣ.

Μ. ΠΡΩΙΟΣ μὲν ὤφθη πολλάκις τε κοὐχ ἅπαξ
θαλερὰν ἑῴαν δάκρυσιν ἀλδαίνων δρόσον,
πνοαὶς πνοαῖσιν αὐξάνων πολυστόνοις·
εὖτ' ἂν δ' ὁ πάντα παμφαὴς θάλπων θεὸς
ἄκρων ἄφορμος ἀντολῶν τὰ δάσκια
Ἠοῦς ἀνασπᾷ δεμνίων πετάσματα,
ἐνταῦθ' ἀπ' αὐγῆς παῖς ὁ δύστηνος πόδα
κλέπτει πρὸς οἶκον, κἀν στέγῃ φράξας δέμας,
μοχλοὺς ἐπιβαλὼν θυρίσιν ἐξέκλεισε φῶς
κἀμηχανήσατ' εὐφρόνην οὐκ εὐφρόνην.
ἦ που πανοιζὺς ἡ νόσος προβήσεται,
εἰ μὴ πάρεσται μῆχαρ ἐξ εὐβουλίας.
Β. οἶσθ' ἔνθεν ἐστίν, εὐγενὲς θείου κάρα;
Μ. οὔτ' οἶδ' ἐκείνου τ' οὐκ ἔχω μαθεῖν πάρα.
Β. ἀνιστόρησας γάρ σφε πρὸς τὸ λιπαρές;

Mon. Both by myself, and many others, friends:
But he, his own affections' counsellor,
Is to himself,—I will not say how true,—
But to himself so secret and so close,
So far from sounding and discovery,
As is the bud bit with an envious worm,
Ere he can spread his sweet leaves to the air
Or dedicate his beauty to the sun.
Could we but learn from whence his sorrows grow,
We would as willingly give cure, as know.

Romeo and Juliet. Act I. Sc. i.

SHAKESPEARE.

Queen Margaret.

GREAT lords, wise men ne'er sit and wail their loss,
But cheerly seek how to redress their harms.
What though the mast be now blown overboard,
The cable broke, the holding anchor lost,
And half our sailors swallow'd in the flood?
Yet lives our pilot still. Is't meet that he
Should leave the helm, and, like a fearful lad,
With tearful eyes add water to the sea,
And give more strength to that which hath too much;
Whiles, in his moan, the ship splits on the rock,
Which industry and courage might have saved?
Ah, what a shame! ah, what a fault were this!

Third Part of King Henry VI.
Act V. Sc. iv.

M. *αὐτός τ' ἔγωγε πλείονές τ' ἄλλοι φίλοι.*
ὁ δ', ὧν πρὸς αὑτὸν οἴκοθεν βουληφόρος,
αὑτῷ μὲν ὡς δίκαιός ἐστιν οὐκ ἐρῶ,
κρύπτει δέ, κρύπτει σῖγ' ὑπὸ στέρνοις πάθος
ἄβυσσον, ἀξύμβλητον, οἷα δὴ κάλυξ
φθονερᾶς ὑπ' εὐλῆς δῆγμ' ἔχουσα, πρίν ποτε
μολεῖν ἐς ἁβρῶν βοστρύχων ἀναπτυχὰς
ἢ φωσφόρῳ τὸ κάλλος ἀναθεῖναι θεῷ.
τὸ δ' ἄλγος ἂν μαθόντες ἔνθεν ἐξέφυ
θέλοιμεν ἂν γνῶναί τε κἀντέμνειν ἄκος.

1860.

ΑΝΑΚΤΕΣ, *οὔτις ὢν σοφὸς θρηνεῖ τύχας*
μάτην, ὅπως δὲ καναλήψεται σκοπεῖ.
τί δ', εἰ πνοαῖς ἱστὸς μὲν ἐκπέπτωκε δὴ
ἅλιος, κάλως δ' ἔαγεν, ἀγκυρουχίαι δ'
οὐκ εἰσί, πολλοὺς δ' οἶδμα ναυβάτας ἔχει
ῥοφῆσαν; ἀλλ' ἔτ' ἔστι πρυμνήτης ἀνήρ.
ἦ ξυμφέρει τοῦτον μὲν οἴακος κενόν,
παῖδ' ὡς περίφοβον, λιβάσιν ἀλδαίνειν ἅλα
ὀφθαλμοτέγκτοις, τὴν περίσσ' ὠγκωμένην
ὀγκοῦντα μείζω; ναῦν δὲ θραύεσθαι μέσην
τούτου μεταξὺ θρεομένου, πέτραις ἕλωρ
πρόβλητον, ἣν δὴ ξὺν πόνῳ γε καὶ θράσει
σῶσαι παρῆν; ὄνειδος οὐκ ἀνασχετόν.

1860.

SHAKESPEARE.

Timon.

THAT nature, being sick of man's unkindness,
Should yet be hungry! Common mother, thou
Whose womb unmeasurable, and infinite breast,
Teems and feeds all; whose self-same mettle,
Whereof thy proud child, arrogant man, is puffed,
Engenders the black toad and adder blue,
The gilded newt, and eyeless venom'd worm,
With all the abhorred births below crisp heaven
Whereon Hyperion's quickening fire doth shine;
Yield him, who all thy human sons doth hate,
From forth thy plenteous bosom one poor root!
Ensear thy fertile and conceptious womb,
Let it no more bring out ingrateful man!
Go great with tigers, dragons, wolves and bears;
Teem with new monsters, whom thy upward face
Hath to the marbled mansion all above
Never presented!—O, a root,—dear thanks!—
Dry up thy marrows, vines, and plough-torn leas;
Whereof ingrateful man, with liquorish draughts,
And morsels unctuous, greases his pure mind,
That from it all consideration slips.

Timon of Athens. Act IV. Sc. iii.

ΗΔΕΙΝΟΝ, *εἰς κόρον μὲν ἀστεργοῦς βροτῶν*
ὀργῆς ἀφῖχθαι τὴν φύσιν πεινῆν δ' ὅμως.
παμμῆτορ, ἥτις γαστρὸς ἀμετρήτου δία
σπαργῶσα βόσκεις πάντα, κἀκ πηγῆς μιᾶς
τήν θ' ὑψίκομπον γένναν ἐκφυσᾷς βροτῶν,
τὰ τέκνα σου τὰ γαῦρα, κἄχιδναν φύεις
γλαυκήν, φύεις δὲ φυσάλου μέλαν στύγος
σαύραν τε χρυσόνωτον ὀμματοστερῆ τ'
ἰοῦ πλέων σκώληκα καὶ λοχεύματα
μισήθ', ὅσ' ἄψὶς οὐρανοῦ κοίλη στέγει
φλὸξ δ' ἡλιῶτις ζῶντα θερμαίνει· σὺ δὲ
τῷ σὴν στυγοῦντι πᾶσαν ἀνθρώπων σπορὰν
τῷδ' οὐκ ἀνήσεις ἔκγονον τοῦ παμφόρου
κόλπου μίαν δὴ ῥίζαν; ἢ τὴν εὔτεκνον
ἐγκύμον' ἀεὶ νῆδυν οὐκ ἀπαμβλυνεῖς
μηδ' ἐξανήσεις αὖθις ἀστεργεῖς βροτούς;
τίγριν, δράκαιναν, ἄρκτον, ὠμηστὴν λύκον
βάσταζε γαστρί· κνωδάλοις ἔτι σφρίγα
καινοῖς, ἃ μήποτ' ὄψις ὑπτιασμένη
ἥ σὴ δόμοισι τοῖς ἄνω παμποικίλοις
παρέσχε. τὴν δὲ ῥίζαν· ὦ χάρις, χάρις·
οὐκ αὐανεῖσθε, μυελὸς ἄμπελοί τε γῆς
παχέα τ' ἀρώματ', ἔνθεν ἀστεργὴς ἀνὴρ
ἀμυστίδας σπῶν καὶ τὰ πίον' ἐσθίων
οὕτω λιπαίνει τὴν ἀκήρατον φρένα
ὥσθ' ἡ φρόνησις ἐξολισθάνει μάτην;

1860.

DRYDEN.

Tiresias. Priests.

Tir. CHOOSE the darkest part o' the grove,
Such as ghosts at noonday love,
Dig a trench and dig it nigh
Where the bones of Laius lie:
Altars raised of turf or stone
Will the infernal powers have none.
Answer me, if this be done.

Priests. 'Tis done.

Tir. Is the sacrifice made fit?
Draw her backward to the pit:
Draw the barren heifer back;
Barren let her be and black.
Cut the curled hair that grows
Full betwixt her horns and brows:
And turn your faces from the sun.
Answer me, if this be done.

Priests. 'Tis done.

Tir. Pour in blood and blood-like wine
To mother Earth and Proserpine;
Mingle milk into the stream;
Feast the ghosts that love the steam.

ΤΕΙΡΕΣΙΑΣ. ΙΕΡΕΙΣ.

Τ. ΙΘ' ἕλεσθ' ἅλσους ἵν' ἐρεμνοτάτου
μεσάτῳ φέγγει φάσματα φοιτᾷ,
καὶ τάφρον ἤδη κατορύξατέ μοι,
ταύταν δὲ πέλας Λαΐου ὀστῶν,
ἔνθα κέκευθεν· βωμοὺς δὲ θεῶν
ποιάεντας λιθοκολλήτους θ'
οἱ κατὰ γαίας οὐκ ἀπεδέξαντ'·
εἰπέ, πέπρακται
ταῦτα;

Ι. πέπρακται γὰρ ὅσ' εἶπας.

Τ. ἡτοίμασται δ' ἄρα καὶ θυσία;
τὰν μὲν ὄπισθεν τάφρον εἰς ἄκραν
ἕλκετ', ὄπισθεν δάμαλιν στεῖραν,
στεῖρα γὰρ ἔστω μελανόστερνος θ'
ἅμα· τὰν δὲ κερῶν κροτάφων τε μέσαν
τρίχα θάλλουσαν τέμνειν οὖλαν,
ἀποτρέψασθαί τ' ὄμματ' ἀπ' αὐγᾶς·
εἰπέ· πέπρακται
ταῦτα;

Ι. πέπρακται γὰρ ὅσ' εἶπας.

Τ. χέαθ' αἷμ' οἰνόν θ' αἱματοειδῆ
Γᾷ παμμάτορι καὶ Περσεφόνᾳ,
γάλα πῶμα τρίτον συγκεράσαντες·
δαίνυτε δ' ἀτμῷ φθιμένους γλυκερῷ.

Snatch a brand from funeral pile;
Toss it in to make them boil:
And turn your faces from the sun.
Answer me, if this be done.

Priests. All is done.

The Invocation of the Ghost of Laius.

LONGFELLOW.

I SHOT an arrow into the air,
It fell to earth, I knew not where;
For so swiftly it flew, the sight
Could not follow it in its flight.

I breathed a song into the air,
It fell to earth, I knew not where;
For who has sight so keen and strong,
That it can follow the flight of song?

Long, long afterward, in an oak
I found the arrow, still unbroke;
And the song, from beginning to end,
I found again in the heart of a friend.

δαλόν τε πυρᾶς ἀπὸ καιομένας
βάλετ' εἰς λίμναν, ὥσθ' ὑπὸ θέρμας
ζεῖν ἀμβολάδαν· εἶτ' ἀποτρέψασθ'
ὄψιν ἀπ' αὐγᾶς σκιεράν. λέξον δ'
εἰ τετέλεσται
τάδε;

I. καὶ τάδε γὰρ τετέλεσται.

1860.

ΟΙΣΤΟΝ μεθῆκ' ἐς αὔρας,
ὁ δ' οὐ κάτοιδ' ὅπου γῆς
ἔσκηψεν· οὐ γὰρ εἶα
πτηνὸς δίωξιν ὅσσων.
ᾠδὴν μεθῆκ' ἐς αὔρας,
ἡ δ' οὐ κάτοιδ' ὅπου γῆς
ἔσκηψε· τίς γὰρ ὀξὺ
δέδορκεν ὥστ' ἀοιδὴν
ποτωμένην διώκειν;
πολὺς χρόνος διῆλθεν,
καὶ τὸν μὲν οἰστὸν εἶδον
σῶν ἐν δρυὸς κλάδοισι,
τὸ δ' ᾇσμ' ἐφεῦρον ἐν νῷ
ἀνδρὸς φίλου τέλειον
πᾶν, οὐ τὰ μὲν τὰ δ' οὐχί.

1861.

MILTON.

WE, that are of purer fire,
Imitate the starry quire,
Who, in their nightly watchful spheres,
Lead in swift round the months and years.
The sounds and seas, with all their finny drove,
Now to the moon in wavering morrice move;
And on the tawny sands and shelves,
Trip the pert faeries and the dapper elves.
By dimpled brook and fountain brim,
The wood-nymphs, decked with daisies trim,
Their merry wakes and pastimes keep;
What hath night to do with sleep?

Comus.

SHAKESPEARE.

Hotspur. Prince Henry.

Hot. O Harry! thou hast robb'd me of my youth.
I better brook the loss of brittle life
Than those proud titles thou hast won of me;
They wound my thoughts worse than thy sword my flesh:
But thought's the slave of life, and life time's fool;
And time, that takes survey of all the world,
Must have a stop. O, I could prophesy,
But that the earthy and cold hand of death
Lies on my tongue. No, Percy, thou art dust,
And food for—

ΗΜΕΙΣ δέ, γονὴ πυρὸς ἀγνοτέρου,
παράδειγμ᾽ ἔχομεν χορὸν ἀστερόενθ᾽,
οἳ νυκτερινὸν κύκλον ἄϋπνοι
μῆνας καὶ ἔτη στρεφεδινοῦσιν.
πελάγη δὲ πόροι τ᾽ ἰχθυόεντες
νῦν γε σελήνῃ χορὸν εἱλίσσουσ᾽·
ἐπὶ δὲ ψαμάθοις ξανθαῖς ἀκτῇ θ᾽
ἁβρὸν αἱ λεπταὶ σκιρτῶσι θεαί.
καὶ παρὰ πηγῆς γάνος ἀργύρεον
νύμφαι Δρυάδες καλλιστέφανοι
λιπαραὶ λιπαρῶς ὄργια νύκτωρ
θεμιτεύουσιν·
τί γὰρ ὕπνου νυκτὶ μέτεστιν;

1861.

ΘΕΡΜΟΜΑΧΟΣ. ΕΡΡΙΚΟΣ.

Θ. ΗΒΗΣ μέν, ὦ τᾶν, σῶμ᾽ ἐνόσφισας τόδε·
στέργω δὲ μᾶλλον βραχέος ἀπολειφθεὶς βίου
ἢ τῶνδε κλεινῶν σῆς ἀριστείων χερός·
ἃ δηξίθυμα μᾶλλόν ἐστιν ἢ δόρυ
σὸν ἑλκοποιόν. ἀλλὰ δεσπόζει φρενῶν
βίος, βίῳ δὲ τοὔμπαλιν χρόνος γελᾷ,
ὃς δ᾽ αὖ τὰ θνητὰ πάντ᾽ ἐπισκοπεῖ χρόνος,
καὶ τοῦτον ἔστιν οἳ τελευτῆσαι χρεών.
αἰαῖ· προφητεῦσαι μὲν ἤμελλόν ποτε·
ἔρπων δ᾽ ὁ θάνατος τῇδ᾽ ἐπὶ γλώσσῃ χέρα,
ψυχρὸν βάρος, τέθεικεν· ὦ τάλας ἐγώ.
οὐδὲν γάρ εἰμι πλὴν κόνις, ῥιπτόν θ᾽ ἕλωρ—

Prince Henry. For worms, brave Percy. Fare thee well, great heart!
Ill-weaved ambition, how much art thou shrunk!
When that this body did contain a spirit,
A kingdom for it was too small a bound;
But now two paces of the vilest earth
Is room enough: this earth, that bears thee dead,
Bears not alive so stout a gentleman.
Adieu, and take thy praise with thee to heaven!
Thy ignominy sleep with thee in the grave,
But not remember'd in thy epitaph!

King Henry IV. Pt I. Act v. Sc. iv.

SHAKESPEARE.

SO when he had occasion to be seen,
He was but as the cuckoo is in June,
Heard, not regarded; seen, but with such eyes,
As, sick and blunted with community,
Afford no extraordinary gaze,
Such as is bent on sun-like majesty
When it shines seldom in admiring eyes:
But rather drowsed and hung their eyelids down,
Slept in his face, and rendered such aspect
As cloudy men use to their adversaries;
Being with his presence glutted, gorged, and full.
And in that very line, Harry, standest thou:
For thou hast lost thy princely privilege
With vile participation; not an eye

E. εὐλαῖς γ', ἄριστε· χαῖρε. φεῦ κακορράφου
βουλεύματ' ἀνδρός, ὡς τὸ μηδὲν ἦν ἄρα.
ψυχῇ γάρ, ἥτις τῷδ' ἐνοῦσα σώματι
ἤδη τυράννου δυνάμεως πλείω 'φρόνει,
ταύτῃ μέτρον γῆς σμικρὸν ἀρκούντως ἔχει·
ἥ τοι φέρουσα τὸν θανόντα τόνδε γῆ
ζῶντ' οὐδέν' ἄλλον ὧδε γενναῖον φέρει.
χαίρων δὲ σὸν μὲν κῦδος οἷ πορευτέον
αὐτὸς κομίζου· σὴ δ' ἀτιμία κάτω
εὖδοι ταφεῖσα σὺν ταφέντι σώματι,
ἀλλ' εἰς ἄμεμπτον σῆμα μὴ γεγραμμένη.

ΒΑΣΙΛΕΥΣ.

ΚΑΙΡΟΣ δ' ὅτ' εἰσάγοι νιν εἰς ὄψιν μολεῖν
βροτῶν, ὅπως κόκκυγος ἐν θέρει βοήν,
κλύοντες οὐκ ἤκουον· ἐντυχόντι δὲ
σχολῇ προσεῖχον ὄμμαθ', ὡς κοινωνίας
μακρᾶς ὑπερπλησθέντα κἀξημβλωμένα·
οὐδ' ἦν τοιάδ' ἔκπληξις ἐν τῷ προσβλέπειν
οἵαν φύει τύραννος, ἡλίου τρόπον
αὐγὰς προπέμπων διὰ χρόνου, θαῦμ' εἰσορᾶν·
ἐπεὶ κατηφῆ βλέφαρ' ὕπνῳ παρειμένοι
εὗδον παρόντες, ὄμμασιν θ' ὑπέβλεπον,
ἀνὴρ ὅπως δύσοργος ἄνδρα δυσμενῆ,
μεστοὶ γὰρ ἦσαν κἄκπλεω θεώμενοι·
τούτῳ δὲ καὶ σὺ σύμμετρον νοσεῖς νόσον.
ἀπώλεσας γὰρ κοιράνου σεμνὸν γέρας,
τοῖσιν βαναύσοις διὰ συνουσίας μολών.

But is aweary of thy common sight,
Save mine, which hath desired to see thee more:
Which now doth that I would not have it do,
Make blind itself with foolish tenderness.

King Henry IV. Pt I. Act III. Sc. ii.

BY the rivers of Babylon, there we sat down, yea, we wept, when we remembered Zion.

We hanged our harps upon the willows in the midst thereof.

For there they that carried us away captive required of us a song; and they that wasted us required of us mirth, saying, Sing us one of the songs of Zion.

How shall we sing the Lord's song in a strange land? If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning.

Psalm cxxxvii.

SHAKESPEARE.

Titania.

THESE are the forgeries of jealousy:
And never, since the middle summer's spring,
Met we on hill, in dale, forest, or mead,
By paved fountain, or by rushy brook,
Or on the beached margent of the sea,
To dance our ringlets to the whistling wind,
But with thy brawls thou hast disturbed our sport.

κοὐδεὶς ὃς οὐκ ὀφθαλμὸς ἄχθεται βλέπων
σὸν πᾶσι κοινὸν ὄμμα, πλὴν τοὐμοῦ μόνου
ὃς σοῦ πόθον μὲν ἔσχεν εἰς πλέον δρακεῖν
τὰ πρόσθε· νῦν δ' ἄκοντι κοὐχ ἑκόντι μοι
οἴκτου τυφλοῦται θηλύνου πλημμυρίδι.

ΒΑΒΥΛΩΝΟΣ *ἄγχι ῥευμάτων καθήμενοι*
ἐλείβομεν δὴ δάκρυα σῇ μνείᾳ, Σιών.
καὶ μὴν ἀφώνους βαρβίτους ἐς ἰτεῶν
κλάδους ἀνηψάμεσθα τῶν ἐγχωρίων,
ᾠδὴν γὰρ οἱ μὲν ἀπαγαγόντες ἐν δορὶ
ᾔτησαν ἡμᾶς, οἱ δ' ἀναλοῦντες γέλων·
φέρ' ἄδεθ' ἡμῖν τῶν Σιῶνος ᾀσμάτων.
πῶς γὰρ τὸ θεῖον ᾄσομεσθ' ἐπὶ ξένης;
εἴ πως λαθοίμην σοῦ, θεόδμητος πόλις,
καὶ δεξιὰ λάθοιτο τῆς εὐμουσίας.

1871.

TITANIA.

ΥΠΟΨΙΑ *δὴ ταῦτ' ἔκοψεν· οὐδ' ἀφ' οὗ*
θέρος μεσοῦν ἔθηλεν, ἡμεῖς μέν ποτε
ἐς πρῶν', ἐς ὕλην, βῆσαν, ὀργάδ', ἢ παρὰ
νασμὸν χλοήρη καὶ λιθόστρωτον ῥέος
ἢ ψάμαθον ἀμφὶ παραλίαν ἄμ' ἤλθομεν
πρὸς ὀξύμολπον πνεῦμ' ἑλίξοντες χορούς,
σὺ δ' οὐ τὸ τερπνὸν ἐθορύβεις λαβροστομῶν.

Therefore the winds, piping to us in vain,
As in revenge, have sucked up from the sea
Contagious fogs; which, falling in the land,
Have every pelting river made so proud,
That they have overborne their continents:
The ox hath therefore stretched his yoke in vain,
The ploughman lost his sweat: and the green corn
Hath rotted, ere his youth attain'd a beard;
The fold stands empty in the drowned field,
And crows are fatted with the murrain flock;
The nine men's morris is filled up with mud;
And the quaint mazes in the wanton green
For lack of tread are undistinguishable;
The human mortals want their winter here;
No night is now with hymn or carol bless'd:
Therefore the moon, the governess of floods,
Pale in her anger, washes all the air,
That rheumatic diseases do abound:
And thorough this distemperature we see
The seasons alter: hoary-headed frosts
Fall in the fresh lap of the crimson rose;
And on old Hiems' chin and icy crown
An odorous chaplet of sweet summer buds
Is, as in mockery, set.

A Midsummer Night's Dream. Act II. Sc. i.

τὸ πνεῦμ᾽ ἄρ᾽ ἡμῖν λιγέα συρίζον μάτην,
τῶνδ᾽ ἀντίποινα δῆθεν, ἐξανέσπασεν
νοτίδα θαλάσσης ἀναπεπλησμένην νόσου·
ἡ γῇ πεσοῦσα ῥεῖθρον ἐξώγκωσε πᾶν
βαιὸν μὲν ὀχθῶν δ᾽ εἰς ὑπερβολὴν σφριγῶν.
τοιγὰρ ζυγὸν μὲν διὰ κενῆς ἔτριψε βοῦς,
διερρύη δὲ γαπόνοις ἵδρως μάτην·
στάχυς δ᾽ ὁ χλωρὸς οὐδέπω φύσας ἄκρον
πώγωνα κεῖται σαθρός· εἶτ᾽ ἔπαυλα μὲν
γύαις διέστηκ᾽ ἐν καταρρύτοις κενά,
κόρακας δὲ δυσθνήσκοντα πιαίνει βοτά.
νῦν δ᾽ οἵ τε πεσσοὶ βορβόρῳ κεχωσμένοι,
φθίνει τ᾽ ἀν᾽ ἄλσος φιλόχορον στροφῶν ἴχνη
χρείᾳ πατησμῶν δυσμαθῆ· τὸ χεῖμα δὲ
δυσχείμερον τοῖς γ᾽ ἐνθάδ᾽ ἀνθρώποις βροτῶν.
ἀλλ᾽ οὐδὲ νὺξ παιᾶσιν ἐξεπᾴδεται.
ἡ δ᾽ οὖν Σελήνη, πότνια γὰρ πλημμυρίδων,
ὠχρὰ δι᾽ ὀργῆς ἀέρος κλύζει βάθος,
ὥστ᾽ ὀσφυαλγεῖς κὠδυνοσπάδες πόνοι
πλήθουσιν· ὥρας δ᾽ ἡ δυσαίθριος βλάβη
διαστρέφει· χλωρὸν μὲν ἐς κόλπον ῥόδου
φοινικοβάπτου λευκόθριξ πίτνει πάγος,
γεραιὲ χειμών, σοὶ δὲ πώγωνός τ᾽ ἔπι
κρυεροῦ τε κρατὸς ἠρινῶν ἡδυπνόος
καλύκων ἐφῆπται στέφανος, ὡς ἐπεγγελῶν.

1871.

SHAKESPEARE.

Oberon. Puck.

Obe. Well, go thy way: thou shalt not from this grove,
Till I torment thee for this injury.
My gentle Puck, come hither. Thou rememberest
Since once I sat upon a promontory,
And heard a mermaid, on a dolphin's back,
Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath,
That the rude sea grew civil at her song;
And certain stars shot madly from their spheres
To hear the sea-maid's music.

Puck. I remember.

Obe. That very time I saw, but thou couldst not,
Flying between the cold moon and the earth,
Cupid all armed: a certain aim he took
At a fair vestal throned by the west;
And loosed his love-shaft smartly from his bow,
As it should pierce a hundred thousand hearts:
But I might see young Cupid's fiery shaft
Quenched in the chaste beams of the watery moon;
And the imperial votaress passed on,
In maiden meditation fancy-free.
Yet marked I where the bolt of Cupid fell;
It fell upon a little western flower,

ΩΒΕΡΩΝ. ΠΥΚΝΟΣ.

Ω. EIEN πορεύου· τοῦδε δ' οὐκ ἐξεῖ νάπους
πρὶν ἂν βλάβης σε τῆσδε τίσωμαι δίκην.
δεῦρ' ἐλθέ, φίλτατ'· οἶσθά που μεμνημένος,
ἐπεί ποτ' ἤδη χοιράδος κλιθεὶς ἔπι
κόρην ἐναλίαν ἠσθόμην νώτων ἄπο
δελφῖνος ὕμνον ὧδε κηλητήριον
πνέουσαν, ὥστε κἄγριον κλύδων' ἁλὸς
ἐξημεροῦσθαι, καί τιν' ἀστέρων πέρα
κύκλου μανέν θ' ἑαυτὸν ἐξακοντίσαι
νύμφης ἀοιδῶν ἁλμυρᾶς πόθῳ κλύειν.
Π. οἶδ', οὐ γὰρ ἄκρας καρδίας ἔψαυσέ μοι.
Ω. ἐν τῷδ' ἐγὼ μὲν εἰσορῶ, σὺ δ' οὐχ ὁρᾷς,
κρυερᾶς σελήνης καὶ χθονὸς μεταίχμιον,
πάνοπλον Ἔρωτα πτηνὸν αἰωρούμενον.
ὁ δ' εὐπροσώπου παρθένου στοχάζεται
ἢ πρὸς φθινάσμαθ' ἡλίου θρόνους ἔχει.
νευροσπαδῆ δ' ἄτρακτον, ἱμέρου βέλος,
ἀφῆκε λαμπρῶς, ἥπαθ' ὡς τρισμύρια
βαλῶν διαμπάξ. πυρφόρον δ' αἰχμὴν θεοῦ
ὑγρᾶς σελήνης παρθένοισιν ἐν βολαῖς
ὁρῶ κατεσβηκυῖαν· ἡ δ' ἄζυξ γάμων
ἡ σεμνότιμος ἀβλαβὴς ὁδοιπορεῖ,
ἀκήρατ', ἀνυμέναια διανοουμένη.
τὸν δ' ἰὸν ἔμαθον ᾗ κατέσκηψε χθονὸς
πίπτων· ὁ δ' ἄνθος ἕσπερον βάλλει πεσών,

Before, milk-white, now purple with love's wound,
And maidens call it love-in-idleness.
Fetch me that flower: the herb I show'd thee once;
The juice of it, on sleeping eyelids laid,
Will make or man or woman madly dote
Upon the next live creature that it sees.

A Midsummer Night's Dream. Act II. Sc. i.

BROWNING.

THE centre-fire heaves underneath the earth,
And the earth changes like a human face;
The molten ore bursts up among the rocks,
Winds into the stone's heart, outbranches bright
In hidden mines, spots barren river-beds,
Crumbles into fine sands where sunbeams bask.
God joys therein. The wroth sea's waves are edged
With foam, white as the bitter lip of hate.
When in the solitary waste, strange groups
Of young volcanos come up, cyclops-like,
Staring together with their eyes on flame,
God tastes a pleasure in their uncouth pride.
Then all is still; earth is a wintry clod:
But spring-wind, like a dancing psaltress, passes
Over its breast to waken it, rare verdure

τὸ πρόσθε μὲν πάλλευκον, ἀλλὰ πορφυροῦν
νῦν ἐξ ἔρωτος τραυμάτων· κόραι δέ νιν
καὶ δὴ καλοῦσιν ὄνομ' ἐρωτοπαίγνιον.
ἰὼν κόμιζέ μοι τόδ'· ἔγνως γὰρ μαθών.
τούτου δ' ὁ χυλὸς τῶν καθευδόντων ἐπὶ
βλεφάρων τεθεὶς ἄνδρας τε καὶ θῆλυν σποράν
πείσει φλέγοντας ἱμέρῳ μαργᾶν τινος
ζώων, ὃ πρῶτον εἰσίδωσ' ἐν ὄμμασιν.

ΠΑΡΑΚΕΛΣΟΣ.

ΟΓΗΣ μεσῶν ἥφαιστος ἀσθμαίνει κάτω
καὶ γῆ, πρόσωπον ἀνδρὸς ὥς, αἰόλλεται·
τηκτὸς δ' ἀναζεῖ χαλκός, ἀμβάτης πετρῶν,
ἕρπων ἐλίγδην μαρμάρου διαμπερές,
* * * * * *
ἐδάφη τε ποταμῶν πλουτίσας πρὸς ἥλιον
ψῇ χρυσοφεγγὴς ψάμαθος ἀκτίνων χλιδῇ·
ᾧ καὶ θεὸς γέγηθ'· ἁλίρροθον δ' ἀφρῷ
κεκρασπέδωται κῦμα λευκανθεστέρῳ
χείλους στύγος πνέοντος, εὖτ' ἂν ἀστιβοῦς
ἡφαιστότευκτοι γῆς ἀναστῶσιν λόφοι
σέλας φλέγοντες νεόγονον, γοργὴ στάσις,
ὡς οἱ μονῶπες διαπύροις ὄσσων κύκλοις
ὁμῶς ἀθροῦντες ἀστρόφοις· τούτων δ' ὕβρει
χαίρει τι καὶ θεός. εἶτα πάντ' ἐν εὐδίᾳ·
καὶ χθὼν μὲν εὕδει, βῶλος ὡς κρυσταλλοπήξ·
ἀτὰρ πνοή νιν ἠρινὴ διέρχεται
μολπαῖσι φιλοχόροισιν ἀνεγεροῦσά νιν.

Buds tenderly upon rough banks, between
The withered tree-roots and the cracks of frost,
Like a smile striving with a wrinkled face;
The grass grows bright, the boughs are swollen with blooms.

Paracelsus.

TENNYSON.

THEN rode she forth clothed on with chastity:
The deep air listen'd round her as she rode,
And all the low wind hardly breathed for fear.
The little wide-mouthed heads upon the spout
Had cunning eyes to see: the barking cur
Made her cheek flame: her palfrey's foot-fall shot
Light horrors through her pulses: the blind walls
Were full of chinks and holes; and overhead
Fantastic gables, crowding, stared: but she
Not less through all bore up, till, last, she saw
The white-flowered elder thicket from the field
Gleam thro' the Gothic archways in the wall.

Godiva.

χλόη δ' ἐπ' ὀχθῶν βλαστάνει στυφλῶν ἁβρόν,
ῥιζῶν δ' ὑπ' αὔων καὶ κρύει σχιστῆς χθονὸς
σπαρνή, πρόσωπον ῥυσὸν ἀγέλαστος γέλως
ὡς εἰ βιάζοιθ'· ἡ δ' ἁβρύνεται χλόη
κλάδοι δὲ βρίθουσ' ἀνθεμώδεσιν χλιδαῖς.

ΤΟΤΝΘΕΝΔ', ἐπένδυμ' ἓν τὸ σῶφρον εἱμένη,
ἴϊσσ' ἔφιππος· περὶ δ' ἐσίγησεν βαθὺς
αἰθήρ· ἐθάμβει δ' ἦκ' ἀέντα πνεύματα,
κάρηνα δ' ὀχετῶν βραχέα μὲν χάσκοντα δὲ
στόμ' εὐρὺ πρός νιν γνωρίμως παρέβλεπεν·
κἄβαπτε μὲν παρῇδα φοίνισσαν κυνὸς
ὕλαγμα λαμπρόν· ἠρέθιζε δ' οἱ φλέβας
λεπταῖσι φρίκαις πίτυλος ἱππείου ποδός·
τοῖχοι δὲ τυφλοὶ τρημάτων τ' ἐπλήθυον
ὀπῶν θ'· ὕπερθεν δ' ἀετῶν ποικίλματα
ἤθρουν προκύψαντ' ἀθρό'· ἡ δ' ἐκαρτέρει
δύστηνος ἔμπας, ἔστε δήποτ' ἀγρόθεν
δι' ἀμφιτρῆτος τειχέων πυλώματος
στίλβουσαν ἐξαπεῖδε λευκανθῆ βάτον.

THE earth trembled and quaked; the very foundations also of the hills shook, and were removed, because he was wroth.

There went a smoke out in his presence, and a consuming fire out of his mouth, so that coals were kindled at it.

He bowed the heavens also, and came down: and it was dark under his feet.

He rode upon the cherubins, and did fly: he came flying upon the wings of the wind.

He made darkness his secret place; his pavilion round about him with dark water, and thick clouds to cover him.

At the brightness of his presence his clouds removed; hail-stones, and coals of fire.

The Lord also thundered out of heaven, and the Highest gave his thunder; hail-stones, and coals of fire.

He sent out his arrows, and scattered them: he cast forth lightnings, and destroyed them.

The springs of waters were seen, and the foundations of the round world were discovered, at thy chiding, O Lord, at the blasting of the breath of thy displeasure.

Psalm xviii. 7—15.

ΕΦΡΙΞΕ μὲν γῆ μυχόθεν, αὐτόπρεμνα δὲ
ὄρη σαλευθέντ' ἐξανεσπάσθη βάθρων,
κείνου κότον πνέοντος· ἤδη γὰρ πέλας
παρόντος ἀχλὺς πρόδρομος ἐξειλίσσετο.
ἐξερράγη δὲ φλὸξ ἀδηφάγος γνάθων
ὥστ' ἀνθράκων πρόσεδρον ἐμπρῆσαι μένος.
πέδοι δε κάμπτων οὐρανὸν καταιβάτης
ᾔσσ' ἐγγύς· ὄρφνη δ' ἦν ὑπόστεγος ποδῶν,
ἐν δ' ὠκυπόμποις πτεροφόροις ὀπάοσιν
ὠχεῖτο σεμνός· ὑψόθεν δ' ἐστέλλετο
πνοαῖς ταχυπτέροισιν ἱππεύων ἔπι.
καὶ τὴν μὲν ὄρφνην ἀστιβῆ καθείσατο
κευθμῶν', ὕδωρ δ' ἐρεμνὸν ἀμφεβάλλετο
ἀλίγκιον σκηναῖσι, κἀπυκάζετο
νεφέλαις τὸ σεμνὸν ἐνδυτηρίαις κάρα.
ἤλαυνε μὲν γὰρ ἅσσον ἀστραπαῖς φλέγων
νεφέλαι δὲ μαρμαίροντι παρεχώρουν ὁδοῦ·
χάλαζα δ' ᾖει κἄνθρακες σελασφόροι.

* * * * * *

καὶ μὴν ἰάπτων οὐράνια τοξεύματα
ἔτευξε τοῖς ἐχθροῖσι διαδρόμους φυγάς·
ῥίψας δ' ἐπ' αὐτοῖς τὰς κεραυνίους βολὰς
διημάθυνε κἀξεβρόντησε σθένος·
πηγαὶ δ' ὅθεν ῥέουσιν ὤφθησαν σαφεῖς
καὶ κυκλομόρφου γῆς διεπτύχθη βάθρα
ἀρχαῖ', ἀκούσαντ' ἔγκοτον φωνήν, Θεός,
τὴν σὴν πνέοντος ὀξυμηνίτους πνοάς.

MILTON.

Before the gates there sat
On either side a formidable shape;
The one seem'd woman to the waist and fair;
But ended foul in many a scaly fold,
Voluminous and vast; a serpent arm'd
With mortal sting: about her middle round
A cry of hell-hounds never-ceasing bark'd,
With wide Cerberean mouths, full loud, and rung
A hideous peal; yet, when they list, would creep,
If aught disturb'd their noise, into her womb
And kennel there; yet, there still bark'd and howl'd
Within, unseen. Far less abhorr'd than these
Vex'd Scylla, bathing in the sea that parts
Calabria from the hoarse Trinacrian shore;
Nor uglier follow the night-hag, when, call'd
In secret, riding through the air she comes,
Lured with the smell of infant blood, to dance
With Lapland witches, while the labouring-moon
Eclipses at their charms.

Paradise Lost. B. II. 648—667.

ΚΑΘΗΣΤΟ δ' ἔνθεν κἄνθεν ἐν πύλαις διπλῆ
μορφὴ περίφοβος· χὴ μὲν ἐς λαγόνα μέσην
γυναικόμιμον σχῆμα κάλλιστον θ' ὁρᾶν
παρεῖχεν, ἐς δὲ πολύπλοκα σπειράματα
στυγνὴ 'τελεύτα, πλεκτάναις βρύον τέρας,
δράκαινα δῆγμα δυσθάνατον ὡπλισμένη·
ὑπ' ὀμφαλὸν δὲ περίδρομοι κύκλῳ κύνες
ᾅδου βρόμον γεγωνὸν ἵεσαν λάβροι
καὶ Κερβέρειον εὐρὺ χάσκουσαι στόμα
ἴυζον οὐδ' ἔληξαν· ἀλλήλαις δ' ἀεὶ
φρικώδες ἀντέκλαζον· εἶθ' ὅπως ἄγοι
λῆμ', εἴ τι θείη τῇ πολυγλώσσῳ βοῇ
ταραγμόν, εἶρπον γαστρὸς εἰς περιπτυχὰς
κἄνδον κατευνάζοντ'· ἀτὰρ κἀκεῖθεν οὐκ
ἔκαμον ὑλακτοῦσαί τε καὶ βρυχώμεναι·
πολλῷ γε τούτων ἡσσόνως βδελύκτροποι
σκύλακες ἔθρασσον Σκύλλαν ἐν λουτροῖς ἁλὸς
ἣ ῥεῖ μεταξὺ Σικελίας τῆς τ' Ἰτάλων
κραταίλεω γῆς. οὐδὲ τῶνδ' αἰσχίονες
τὴν νυκτίφοιτον ἀμφιβαίνουσιν μάγον,
εὖτ' ἂν λάθρα κληθεῖσα καὶ κηλουμένη
νέων ὑπ' ὀσμῆς αἱμάτων, δι' αἰθέρος
ᾇσσῃ, βορείᾳ κοινόπουν ὁμηγύρει
χορὸν συνάψουσ', ἡ δὲ νύκτερος θεὰ
μογοῦσ' ἐπῳδαῖς ἐξεπᾴδηται φάος.

TENNYSON.

A TAWNY pirate anchor'd in his port,
Whose bark had plunder'd twenty nameless isles;
And passing one, at the high peep of dawn,
He saw two cities in a thousand boats
All fighting for a woman on the sea.
And pushing his black craft among them all,
He lightly scattered theirs and brought her off,
With loss of half his people arrow-slain:
A maid so smooth, so white, so wonderful,
They said a light came from her when she moved:
And since the pirate would not yield her up,
The King impaled him for his piracy;
Then made her queen: but those isle-nurtured eyes
Waged such unwilling, tho' successful war,
On all the youth, they sicken'd; councils thinned,
And armies waned, for magnet-like she drew
The rustiest iron of old fighters' hearts,
And beasts themselves would worship; camels knelt
Unbidden, and the brutes of mountain back
That carry kings in castles, bow'd black knees
Of homage, ringing with their serpent hands,
To make her smile, her golden ankle bells.

Τοῦτον δὲ λιμένας ἦλθ' ἐπ' ἀγκυρουχίας
λῃστὴς ἀνήρ τις ξουθός· ὃς πλοίῳ μολὼν
νήσους ἐλῄσατ' εἴκοσιν τὰς μηδαμοῦ·
ἄκρᾳ δ' ἅμ' ᾗοῖ παραπλέων τούτων μίαν
δισσὰς πόλεις ἀπεῖδε ναυσὶ χιλίαις
ὑπὲρ γυναικὸς ἄλιον ὁρμώσας Ἄρη.
ταῖσδ' ὁμόσε πάσαις ἐμβαλὼν σκάφος μέλαν,
τοὺς μὲν διεπτόησε, τὴν δ' ἠνείκατο
κόρην, ἀπολέσας τοῦ λεὼ τὸν ἥμισυν
τόξοις δαμέντα. παρθένος δ' ἁβρά τις ἦν
καὶ λευκόπηχυς, θαῦμ' ὁρᾶν· ὑμνεῖτο δὲ
στίλβειν ἀπ' αὐτῆς φῶς, ὅτ' ἀκταίνοι βάσιν.
ἣν οὐκ ἀφήσειν φάντα τὸν λῃστήν, δέμας
σκόλοψι πήξας, οἷα λῃστεύσειε δή,
ἔγημ' ἄναξ ἄνασσαν· ἡ δ' ἄκουσα μὲν
σκοποῦ δ' ἐπηβόλοισι νησαίων βολαῖς
ἀπ' ὀμμάτων ἔβαλλε τοὺς νεανίας
νοσοῦντας· ἐκ δ' ἔλειπε βουλευτήρια,
στράτευμα δ' ἐκενοῦθ'· ἡ γάρ, οἷά περ λίθος
Μαγνῆτις, ἀνδρῶν ἀλκίμων ὑφείλκετο
τὸ καρτερόν τε καὶ χαλυβδικὸν φρενῶν.
θῆρες μὲν οὖν νιν προσεκύνουν· ἔκαμπτε δ' οἱ
γόνατα κάμηλος αὐτεπαγγέλτῳ φρενί·
τὰ δ' αἰπύνωτα κνώδαλ', οἳ' ἄνδρας φέρει
πύργοις, πιτνοῦντα γονυπετεῖς ἕδρας, χερὶ
δρακοντομίμῳ ξυνεκρότει τἀπὶ σφυροῖς
χρυσώμαθ', ὥστε προσγελᾶν μάλ' ἀσμένην.

What wonder, being jealous, that he sent
His horns of proclamation out thro' all
The hundred under-kingdoms that he sway'd,
To find a wizard who might teach the King
Some charm, which being wrought upon the Queen
Might keep her all his own; to such a one
He promised more than ever king has given,
A league of mountain full of golden mines.

Vivien.

SHAKESPEARE.

Macb. Go bid thy mistress, when my drink is ready,
She strike upon the bell; get thee to bed.
Is this a dagger which I see before me,
The handle toward my hand? Come, let me clutch thee.
I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.
Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible
To feeling as to sight? Or art thou but
A dagger of the mind, a false creation,
Proceeding from the heat-oppressèd brain?
I see thee yet, in form as palpable
As this which now I draw.
Thou marshall'st me the way that I was going;
And such an instrument I was to use.
Mine eyes are made the fools o' the other senses,

φθονῶν δ' ἄρ' ὡς ἐκ τῶνδέ γ' ἐξηγγέλλετο
κήρυγμα χαλκόφωνον εἰς ὑπαρχίας
τὰς ἑκατὸν ἃς εὔθυνε παντάρχῳ δορί,
εἴ που φανείη τις γοητειῶν ἴδρις,
ὑφ' οὗ διδαχθεὶς ἐξεπάσεται πάλιν
ἐρῶσαν αὑτοῦ τὴν ἄνασσαν· ἢν δέ τις
τοιοῦτος ἐκβῇ, μισθὸν ἀφνεώτερον
δώσειν ὑπισχνεῖτ' ἢ κατ' ἄνδρα κοίρανον,
μεστὸν μετάλλων χρυσομητόρων ὄρος
τρισχιλίας ἀνῆκον ὀργυιὰς μακρόν.

1860.

Ι Θ' εἶπ' ἀνάσσῃ, πῶμ' ὅταν πρόχειρον ᾖ,
κώδωνα κροῦσαι, κἀπιδέμνιος γενοῦ.
ἦ φάσγανον τόδ' εἰσορῶ τοὔμπροσθέ μου,
λαβὴν προτεῖνον; δεῦρό μοι, μάρψω σ' ἀπρίξ·
ἔχω μὲν οὐχί σ', ἀλλ' ὅμως ἔτ' εἰσορῶ.
οὐκ ἦσθ' ἄρ', ὦ φάντασμα θανάσιμον φόνου,
καὶ ψαυστόν, ὡς ὁρατόν; ἤ σε φάσγανον
οὐ φάσγανον, τύπωμα δ' ἀσίδηρον λέγω
καὶ μηχάνημα παράκοπον θερμῆς φρενός;
ἔτ' εἰσορῶ σε, κοὐκ ἀχάλκευτον τόδε
σχῆμ', ἀλλ' ὅμοιον τῷδ' ὃ νῦν ἔλκω ξίφος.
καὶ μὴν προπέμπεις μ', ἣν ὁδὸν προὐστελλόμην·
ὅπλῳ δὲ καὶ τοιῷδε χρήσασθαί μ' ἔδει.
ἦ που τάδ' ὄμματ' ἢ γέλωτ' ὀφλισκάνει
πολύν γε ταῖς ἄλλαισι τῶν αἰσθήσεων,

Or else worth all the rest; I see thee still,
And on thy blade and dudgeon gouts of blood,
Which was not so before.

Macbeth. Act II. Sc. i.

HORATIVS.

QVO me, Bacche, rapis tui
plenum? quae nemora aut quos agor in specus
uelox mente noua? quibus
antris egregii Caesaris audiar
aeternum meditans decus
stellis inserere et consilio Iouis?
dicam insigne recens, adhuc
indictum ore alio. non secus in iugis
exsomnis stupet Euhias
Hebrum prospiciens et niue candidam
Thracen ac pede barbaro
lustratam Rhodopen, ut mihi deuio
ripas et uacuum nemus
mirari libet. o Naiadum potens,
Baccharumque ualentium
proceras manibus uertere fraxinos;
nil paruum aut humili modo
nil mortale loquar: dulce periculum est,
o Lenaee, sequi deum,
cingentem uiridi tempora pampino.

Carm. Lib. III. XXV.

ἢ ταῖς ἁπάσαις ἀξίαν ἴσην ἔχει.
ὁρῶ σ' ἐν ὀφθαλμοῖσι νῦν τε καὶ πάρος,
καὶ πρός γε κώπην κἀπικείμενον στόμα,
καινὸν θέαμα, σταγόνας αἱματορρύτους.

1853.

ΠΟΙ σοῦ μ' ἀπάγεις, Διόνυσε, πλέων;
ποῖ σπηλαίων ἢ τίν' ἐς ὕλην
φροντίδι καινῇ φέρομαι πτερόεις;
ποῖον ἀκούειν χρὴ σπέος ἤδη
μελετῶντος ἐμοῦ κληδόν' ἀγήρων
τοῦ μέγα σεμνοῦ Καίσαρος ὑμνεῖν
ἄστροισιν ἴσην παρέδροις τε Διός;
μέλος ἔνδοξον, μέλος αὐτοδαές,
κοὐδὲν στόματος
ῥηθὲν ἀπ' ἄλλου κελαδήσω.
ὅσον ἐν βουνοῖς Μαινὰς ἄϋπνος
προσορῶσ' Ἔβρον καὶ πλάκα Θρῄκης
τὴν χιόνεσσαν Ῥοδόπης τε πέτρας
βαρβαροφοίτους ἐκπαγλεῖται,
τόσον ἐν γλυκεραῖς κἀγὼ μανίαις
ἄλσος ἔρημον ποταμούς τ' ἄγαμαι
τηλόσε φοιτῶν, οἷος ἀπ' ἄλλων.
ὦ Ναϊάδων δέσποτα νυμφῶν
Βακχῶν τε πέδοι κάμπτειν βλοσυρῶν
μακρὰς ἐλάτας, οὐδὲν ἐγώ τοι
σμικρὸν ἂν ᾄσαιμ' οὐδὲ ταπεινὸν
καὶ βροτοειδές γ'. ἀδὺ τὸ δεινόν,
Ληναῖε, θεῷ γ' ὅστις ὀπαδεῖ
περιβαλλομένῳ
κροτάφοις κισσὸν βοτρυώδη.

SHAKESPEARE.

HER father loved me; oft invited me;
Still questioned me the story of my life,
From year to year; the battles, sieges, fortunes
That I have passed.
I ran it through, even from my boyish days,
To the very moment that he bade me tell it:
Wherein I spake of most disastrous chances,
Of moving accidents by flood and field,
Of hair-breadth 'scapes i' the imminent deadly breach,
Of being taken by the insolent foe
And sold to slavery, of my redemption thence,
And portance in my traveller's history:
Wherein of antres vast and deserts idle,
Rough quarries, rocks, and hills whose heads touch
heaven,
It was my hint to speak—such was the process—
And of the Cannibals that each other eat,
The Anthropophagi, and men whose heads
Do grow beneath their shoulders.

Othello. Act I. Sc. iii.

SHAKESPEARE.

AY, ay, Antipholus, look strange and frown;
Some other mistress hath thy sweet aspects:
I am not Adriana nor thy wife.

ΠΑΤΗΡ μὲν αὐτῆς ἠγάπα με, πολλάκις
καλῶν ἐπ᾽ οἴκους· καί μ᾽ ἀνιστόρει γε πρός,
ἔτειον ἱστόρημα, συμφορὰς βίου,
δορός τ᾽ ἀγῶνας τειχέων τε προσβολὰς
καὶ τἆλλα τοὐμοῦ δαίμονος παθήματα.
ἐγὼ μὲν οὖν δὴ καὶ διεξῄειν λόγοις
τἀκ παιδὸς ἔστε δὴ κελεύσειεν λέγειν.
ἔνθ᾽ ἠγόρευον πλεῖστον ἀτηρὰς τύχας,
τά τ᾽ οἰκτρά, πεζὸς κἀπὶ ναὸς ἄπαθον,
κηρός τ᾽ ἀλύξεις, ὡς ἐπὶ σμικρᾶς ῥοπῆς
τείχους ἐν ᾄδῃ φοινίῳ κεχηνότος·
εἶθ᾽ ὡς ὑβριστῶν πολεμίων ἁλοὺς δορὶ
ἐξημπολήθην δοῦλος· ἐντεῦθεν δ᾽ ἀλῶν
οἵων λυτρωθεὶς πολυπλάνων ἐγευσάμην,
ἐν αἷς ἀτερπεῖς κἀβάτους ἐρημίας
κένανδρά τε σπηλαῖα καὶ δυσχειμέρους
φάραγγας ὀρέων τ᾽ ἀστρογείτονας λόφους
ἔφραζον, οἳ᾽ ἐκεῖνος ἐξηγεῖτό μοι,
Ἀνθρωποφάγους θ᾽, οἳ σάρκας ἀλλήλων βορὰν
δάπτουσιν ὠμόσιτον· εἶθ᾽ ὅσοι κάρα
ὤμοις ὕπαι φύουσιν.

ΕΙΕΝ· σὺ σεμνὸν καὶ πεφροντικὸς βλέπε·
ἔξεστι δή σοι τοὐπί μ᾽· ἄλλῃ γὰρ διδοὺς
ἥδιστον ὄμμα παρθένῳ, μνείαν ἔχεις
οὔθ᾽ Ἀδρίανης οὔτε σῶν νυμφευμάτων,

The time was once, when thou unurg'd would'st vow
That never words were music to thine ear,
That never object pleasing in thine eye,
That never touch well-welcome to thy hand,
That never meat sweet-savour'd in thy taste,
Unless I spake, or look'd, or touch'd or carv'd to thee.

Comedy of Errors. Act II. Sc. ii.

GOLDSMITH.

GOOD people all, with one accord,
Lament for Madam Blaize,
Who never wanted a good word—
From those who spoke her praise.
The needy seldom passed her door,
And always found her kind:
She freely lent to all the poor—
Who left a pledge behind.
She strove the neighbourhood to please
With manners wondrous winning;
And never followed wicked ways—
Unless when she was sinning.
At church in silks and satins new,
With hoop of monstrous size,
She never slumbered in her pew—
But when she shut her eyes.
Her love was sought, I do aver,
By twenty beaux and more;
The king himself has followed her—
When she has walked before.

ἀλλ᾽ αὐτὸς ηὔχεις δήποθ᾽ ἡμίν· ὦ φίλη,
τίς γάρ με κηλεῖ μῦθος, ἢ τί τέρπομαι
ὁρῶν, τίνος δ᾽ ἥδιστ᾽ ἂν ἁψαίμην χερί,
καὶ τῷ τραπέζης δαιτὶ κνισωτῷ στόμα
προσαρμόσαιμ᾽ ἄν, ἢν ἐμοὶ σὺ μὴ θέλῃς
φωνεῖν, βλέπειν, ψαύειν τε, καὶ κρέα νέμειν;

ΔΗΜΟΤΑΙ, δακρύσατ᾽ ἤδη πάντες ἐξ ἑνὸς ῥόθου τὴν γυναῖκα τὴν θανοῦσαν ἄρτι, Παμφλέκτην λέγω·

εὖ γὰρ ἤκουεν βλέπουσα πρός γε τοῦ λέγοντος εὖ, τῆσδε τὰς θύρας ἀκλῄστους ὀλιγάκις παρῆλθον ἂν οἱ πένητες· ἢν γὰρ εὔφρων, κἀδάνειζεν ἀφθόνως τοῖς ἀχρημάτοισι πᾶσιν, ὑποτιθεῖσί γ᾽ ἐνέχυρον. εἶτα τοὺς πέλας πρόθυμος ἦν ἐπικτᾶσθαι φίλους σχῆμ᾽ ἔχουσα πιθανὸν ὥστε θαυμάσαι· τρόποισι γὰρ οὐδαμῶς κακοῖς ἐχρῆτο, πλήν γ᾽ ὅτ᾽ ἐξαμαρτάνοι. κἂν νεῷ λεπτοσπάθητα καὶ κρόκου βαφάς γε πρὸς εἱμένη πλευρῶν τ᾽ ἄγαλμα στρόφιον οὐράνιον ὅσον ἦστο, κοὐκ ἔβριζεν, εἰ μὴ βλέφαρα συγκλείσειέ πως. ἵμερος δὲ τῆσδ᾽ ἐπέσπα, δαίμονας μαρτύρομαι, εἴκοσι μνηστῆρας εἴτε πλείονας· καὐτὸς μὲν οὖν ὁ βασιλεὺς μετῆλθέ νίν ποθ᾽, ἡ δὲ πρόσθεν ἐστίβει.

But now, her wealth and finery fled,
Her hangers-on cut short all;
The doctors found, when she was dead—
Her last disorder mortal.
Let us lament in sorrow sore,
For Kent-Street well may say,
That, had she lived a twelvemonth more—
She had not died to-day.

E.

U. Dost thou descry yon sunlit table-land?

C. I do; but not distinctly, being one-eyed.

U. But, if half-sighted, half of it you see?

C. O Noman, Noman, where is thy discernment?
My vision fails in kind, not in degree;
Contemplate Luna in her properties:
Broader of disk, but shallower of sheen,
She lacks the sparkle of a brace of stars;
And in comparison of such twin lights,
As twinkle in the brows of mortal men,
More weakly burns the big circumference
That faintly moons this frontal firmament.

U. Lord of the lonely sphere, less luminous
Than large, I have no charm nor spell wherewith
To call upon thy brow another eye;
But this I have, a subtle potent potion,
Meet draught for earth-born giants, the red blood

ἀλλ' ἀπορρυέντος ἤδη χρυσέου χλιδήματος,
τοῖς δ' ἐρασταῖσιν ῥαγεισῶν ξυντόμως τῶν ἐλπίδων,
ὁ σοφὸς ἰατρός, θανάσιμος ὡς ἀπῴχεθ' ἡ γυνή,
εὗρε καὶ θανάσιμον οὖσαν τὴν πανυστάτην νόσον.
ἀλλ' ὀδυρώμεσθα ταύτην μὴ κενοῖς δακρύμασιν,
ἔστι γὰρ λέγειν νιν, εἴ γε καὶναιύσιον κύκλον
ζῆν ἔμελλ' ἔτ' ἄλλον, οὐδ' ἂν κατθανεῖν τῇδ' ἡμέρᾳ.

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ. ΚΥΚΛΩΨ.

Ο. ΟΡΑΙΣ ἐκείνην ἡλιόβλητον πλάκα;
Κ. ὁρῶ μέν, ἀλλ' οὐκ ἐμφανῆ, μονώψ γεγώς.
Ο. ἀλλ' ἡμίσειάν γ' εἶδες, ἥμισυ βλέπων;
Κ. ὦ Οὖτις, Οὖτις, ποῖ ποτ' ἐξίκου φρενῶν;
τὸ ποῖον, οὐχὶ τὸ πόσον οὐφθαλμὸς ποθεῖ·
σκέψαι Σελήνην, πρὸς θεῶν, οἵως ἔχει·
κύκλον μὲν εὐρὺν φῶς δ' ἄγαν λεπτὸν φέρει,
σέλας γ' ὑπείκουσ' ἀστέρων ξυνωρίδι·
καὶ τοῖς διπλοῖς λαμπτῆρσι τοῖς βροτησίῳ
ἐν κρατὶ μαρμαίρουσιν οὐκ ἴσον φλέγει
ὁ κύκλος οὐπίσημος ὁ σπείρων μόγις
ἀπ' οὐρανοῦ τοῦδ' ὡς σεληναῖον φάος.
Ο. ἄναξ μόνου μὲν καφίλου κυκλώματος
πελωρίου δὲ μᾶλλον ἢ 'ξαυγεστέρου,
ἔχω μὲν οὐχὶ θέλκτρα κἀπωδὰς λόγων
ὅπως καράνοις σοῖσιν ὄμμ' ἐπάσομαι
θάτερον, ἔχω δὲ φάρμακον πιστὸν τόδε
πρέπον γίγασι γῆθεν ὠνομασμένοις

Of earth-born fruits eye-shaped: take thou this bowl,
Which drained to the dregs shall multiply
Thy single vision till thou double see.
Now reel, then sleep and hold the fire-bar fast,
And this thy second sight shall prove thy last.

Ulysses and the Cyclops.

MILTON.

Each on himself relied,
As only in his arm the moment lay
Of victory. Deeds of eternal fame
Were done, but infinite; for wide was spread
That war, and various; sometimes on firm ground
A standing fight; then, soaring on main wing,
Tormented all the air; all air seemed then
Conflicting fire. Long time in even scale
The battle hung; till Satan, who that day
Prodigious power had shown, and met in arms
No equal, ranging through the dire attack
Of fighting seraphim confused, at length
Saw where the sword of Michael smote, and felled
Squadrons at once; with huge two-handed sway
Brandished aloft, the horrid edge came down
Wide-wasting; such destruction to withstand
He hasted, and opposed the rocky orb
Of tenfold adamant, his ample shield,
A vast circumference. At his approach,
The great archangel from his warlike toil
Surceased.

Paradise Lost. Book VI. 238—258.

ἐρυθρὸν αἷμα γηγενοῦς φυτεύματος
ὀφθαλμομόρφου. τοῦτό μοι δέξαι λαβών,
σπάσας δ' ἀμυστὶ τὴν πρόσοψιν ἐκτενεῖς
τοσοῦτον ὥστε κἀξ ἁπλοῦ διπλοῦν ὁρᾶν.
ἰλιγγία δή· κἆτα κοιμηθεὶς ὅπως
ἕξεις μοχλὸν φλέγοντα, τὴν δὲ δευτέραν
ὄψιν ξυνείσει καὶ πανυστάτην ἔχων.

ΜΑΡΝΑΝΤΟ σφετέρῃσι πεποιθότες ἠνορέῃσιν
ὡς ἐν χερσὶ ἕκαστος ἔχων ἑτεραλκέα νίκην.
ἔνθ' ἐτελέσθη ἔργ' ὧν δὴ κλέος οὔποτ' ὀλεῖται,
ἀλλ' ἀπερείσια ταῦτα· πολύς τε γὰρ ἐκτέτατό σφιν
καὶ παντοῖος Ἄρης· ὅτε μὲν γὰρ ἐπ' οὔδεϊ μακρῷ
μάρναντο σταδίην, τότε δ' αἰρομένων πτερύγεσσιν
αἰθὴρ μαίνετο πᾶσα, δέμας πυρὸς αἰθομένοιο.
καὶ δηρόν γ' ἐπὶ ἶσα τέλος τέτατο πτολέμοιο,
πρίν γ' ὅτε δὴ Σατάνας—ἀπέδειξεν δ' ἤματι κείνῳ
ἠνορέην ὑπέροπλον ἔκυρσε δ' ἄρ' οὐδενὶ ἴσῳ
ἔγχος δινεύοντι—κατ' αἰνὴν δηιοτῆτα
οὐρανιδέων τ' ἀνὰ μῶλον ἀρήϊον ἠλασκάζων,
ὀψὲ Μιχαήλοιο βίην ἴδεν, ἔνθ' ἐδάϊζε
βάλλων ῥεῖα φάλαγγας, ὕπερθε δὲ χειρὶ διπάλτῳ
αἶψα κραδαινομένοιο κατήϊε δουρὸς ἀκωκὴ
οὐλομένη. τῷ δ' ἔσσυθ' ὅγ' ἀντιόων ὀλέκοντι
καὶ προέχων σάκος εὐρὺ πολύπτυχον ἐξ ἀδάμαντος,
κύκλον θεσπέσιον. τὸν δέγμενος ἀΐσσοντα
ὄρχαμος οὐρανιδέων ἠρώησεν καμάτοιο.

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